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The Towneley Plays.

Early English Text Society,

Extra Series, No. LXVI.

1897.

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The Towneley Plays.

RE-EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS.

BY

GEORGE ENGLAND

WITH SIDE-NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ALFRED W. POLLARD, M.A.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY
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no. 11

Extra Series, No. LXXI.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BUNGAY.

TO
THE MEMORY OF
William Morris,
WHO LOVED THESE PLAYS,
OUR SHARE IN THIS BOOK
A. W. P., F. J. F.

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¹ Incomplete. Twelve leaves are out of the MS. between this play and the next.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Towneley Plays were printed for the first time by the Surtees Society in 1836, with an introduction which is variously assigned to the Society's secretary, James Raine, and to J. Hunter. The text of the plays as printed in this Surtees edition is, on the whole, very creditably accurate, and is certainly far more free from serious blunders than that of the so-called 'Coventry' Plays, edited by Halliwell-Phillipps for the Shakespeare Society, or even than that of the Chester Plays, as edited by Thomas Wright. It was not, however, a transcript with which students of the present day could be content in the case of a unique manuscript, the ultimate destination of which is still, unhappily, uncertain. Under Dr. Furnivall's superintendence a new transcript was, therefore, made by Mr. George England, who, by the great kindness and liberality of Mr. Quaritch, the present owner of the manuscript, after the book had been placed at his disposal for some weeks at the British Museum, was allowed the use of it a second time at 15 Piccadilly to correct his proofs by the original.

To the text thus produced Dr. Furnivall himself added notes of the metres, and at his request the present writer supplied the usual sidenotes, an interesting and pleasant task in the case of a work of so great variety and literary value. Dr. Furnivall's further commands for the supply of an Introduction were far less agreeable. The Towneley Plays present many problems, more especially as to their language, which deserve to be dealt with by some learned professor, or at any rate by an editor of really wide reading and experience. The learned professor, however, could not be obtained. The difficulty of procuring an introducer threatened to postpone indefinitely the appearance of the new text (a consideration all the more serious since the Surtees edition has long been difficult to procure); and as texts are far more important than introductions, it seemed better to be content to draw attention to a few points of interest rather than further to delay publication.

Short as is the preface to the Surtees edition, it contains much

that is of real value, as being written by a local antiquary to whom the history and topography of the district to which the plays are assigned were thoroughly familiar. I cannot, therefore, make a better beginning than by quoting the most essential passages of what was written in 1836, since it has not yet been superseded:—

“The Manuscript Volume in which these Mysteries have been preserved formed part of the library at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, collected by the family of Towneley; a family which, in the two last centuries, produced several remarkable men, through whom it becomes connected with the arts, with literature, and with science. The library was dispersed in two sales by auction, at Evans’ Rooms, in Pall Mall, the first in 1814, when there were seven days’ sale; the second in 1815, when the sale lasted ten days.”

“This manuscript, as well as the famous Towneley Homer, was in the first sale. It was bought by John Louis Goldsmid, Esq. From his possession it very soon passed to Mr. North, but before 1822 it had returned to the family in whose library it had for so many years found protection.”

“By what means the Towneley family became possessed of it, or at what period is not known. There is nothing known with certainty respecting any previous ownership. When, however, the catalogue of the Towneley books and manuscripts was prepared for the sale in 1814, Mr. Douce was requested to write a short notice, for insertion in it. In this notice, after assigning the composition of the Mysteries to the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV.,¹ he says of the volume itself, that it is supposed to have formerly ‘belonged to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the County of York.’”²

¹ There is a passage in the *Judicium* which may assist in determining the period at which it was written. Tutivillus, in describing a fashionable female, tells his brother demons “she is hornyd like a kowe” (p. 312 [Surtees; p. 375, l. 267 in present edition]). He appears to allude to the same description of head dress which Stowe thus records: “1388, King Richard (the second) married Anne, daughter of Veselaus, King of Bohem. In her dayes, noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes, with long trained gownes.”—*Surtees Note*.

² After returning into the possession of the Towneley family, as narrated above, the Plays were again sold, with the rest of the Towneley MSS., at Sotheby’s, on June 27, 28, 1883. The description of the lot was as follows:

202. TOWNELEY MYSTERIES. A most valuable collection of early English Mysteries, supposed to have been written at Woodkirk in the Cell there of Augustinian or Black Canons, for the Amusement

"This supposition, however, he appears to have subsequently considered as not worthy of much regard; for when Mr. Peregrine Edward Towneley, in 1822, printed, from this manuscript, the *Iudicium*, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, an introduction was written by Mr. Douce, in which he says that the volume is 'supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Whalley,' and to have passed at the dissolution into the library of the neighbouring family of Towneley."

"On what foundation either of these suppositions rests we are not informed. The first, however, is that which has been most generally accepted, and the three principal collections of Mysteries now known have been usually quoted or referred to as those of Chester, Coventry, and Widkirk."

"In the absence of precise information, we may assume that the supposition of its having formerly belonged to 'the Abbey of Widkirk' was the Towneley tradition respecting it; and previously to any investigation it may be assumed, that if we are to trace the possession of such a volume as this in a period before the Reformation, next perhaps to the archives of some guild or other corporation in one of the cities or towns of England, we may expect to find it in the possession of some Conventual society. The question of that early possession is, in fact, the question of the composition of these Mysteries, as to the place and people. We shall now endeavour to determine it."

"The supposition that this book belonged 'to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield,' has upon it remarkably the characteristics of a genuine tradition. There is no distinct enunciation of the fact which the tradition proposes to exhibit, and yet out of the words of the supposition we may decisively and easily extract what the fact in it originally was. There is no place called Widkirk in the

and Edification of Persons attending these Pageants. *Manuscript on Vellum, written circa 1388, in a bold hand, with initial Letters ornamented with the Pen, having the speeches separated by lines of red Ink, olive morocco extra, gold-tooling, tooled leather joints and gilt edges, by C. Lewis, back broken.* SAEC. XIV.

The lot was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, in whose possession the manuscript has ever since remained. The date assigned to the plays by the cataloguer is clearly derived from the Surtees foot-note on the woman's head-gear satirized by Tutivillus; for a discussion of this, see p. xxiv. Whether the date given to the Plays is right or wrong, that assigned to the MS. is certainly three-quarters of a century too early.

neighbourhood of Wakefield, and neither there nor in any part of England was there ever an Abbey of Widkirk. But there is a place called Woodkirk in that neighbourhood, and at Woodkirk there was a cell of Augustinian or Black Canons, a dependence on the great house of St. Oswald, at Nostel. Whatever weight there may be attached to the supposition or tradition respecting the original possession, must, therefore, be given to the claim of this Cell of Canons at Woodkirk."

"Woodkirk is about four miles to the north of Wakefield. A small religious community was established there in the first half century after the Conquest, by the Earls Warren, to whom the great Lordship of Wakefield belonged, and they were placed in subjection to the house of Nostel. King Henry I. granted to the Canons of Nostel, a charter, for two fairs, to be held at Woodkirk, one at the Feast of the Assumption, the other at the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary. This grant was confirmed by King Stephen. These fairs, in a rural district, continued to attract a concourse of people to the time of the Reformation. In the *Valor* of King Henry VIII. the profit of the tolls and stallage was returned at £13 6s. 8d., which was more than one-fourth of the yearly revenue of the house. The buildings in which the few Canons resided have gradually disappeared. Some portions of the Cloisters were remaining not long ago. The Church still exists, on a retired and elevated site, and remains of large reservoirs for the Canons' fish in the vale below are still very conspicuous. (*Loidis and Elmete*, p. 240.)"

The writer of the Introduction inserts here a few paragraphs of no great value, pointing out resemblances between the language of the plays and the dialect spoken in his own day in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We may take advantage of his pause to note, that Professor Skeat, in a letter to the *Athenæum* of December 2, 1893, proved decisively that the difficulty as to the place called Widkirk, of whose existence the writer of the preface could find no trace, is only an instance of a variation of spelling, Widkirk being merely an older form of Woodkirk, and one which still survives in the mouths of the country people (cp. the parallel forms Wydeville and Woodville, for the name of the Queen of King Edward IV.).

After the philological remarks the Introduction proceeds:—

"Perhaps the supposition in the Towneley family, on whatever it

may have been founded, and the striking resemblance which there is between the language of several of these pieces and the language of the same class of society as it may still be heard on the hills and in the plains of Yorkshire, may be sufficient to render it at least a point of probability that the composition of these Mysteries, and the original possession of this volume, are to be attributed to the Canons of Woodkirk; or that the possession is to be traced to them, and the composition, perhaps, to some one of the Canons in the far larger fraternity at Nostel. But the manuscript itself contains that which connects it with Wakefield; and there are topographical allusions in one of the pieces, the *Secunda Pastorum*, which belong to the country near Wakefield and Woodkirk."

"Thus, at the beginning of the first is written in a large hand 'Wakefelde' and 'Berkers,' the meaning of which seems to be, that on some occasion this Mystery was represented at the town of Wakefield by the company or fellowship of the Barkers or Tanners. To the second is prefixed 'Glover Pag...' without the word Wakefield. The imperfect word is 'Pagina,' which appears to have been used as the Latin term for these kinds of exhibitions or pageants. The meaning appears to be that this was exhibited by the Glovers. At the head of the third, however, we find 'Wakefield' again, without the name of any trade. These are the only notices of the kind, except that at the head of the 'Peregrini,' the words 'Fysshers Pagent'¹ occur."²

"It is in the *Secunda Pastorum*, which is truly described by Mr. Collier as 'the most singular piece in the whole collection,' that the local allusions occur which tend so strongly to corroborate the claim of Woodkirk and its Canons to the production of these Mysteries. Intended in the first instance for the edification or the amusement of the persons in the immediate vicinity of the places in which these Pageants were to be exhibited, we may expect to find that there will be, when the subject fairly admitted of it, attempts to arrest their attention, and to interest their minds, by such a simple artifice as the introduction of the names of places with which they were familiar. Thus, in the Chester Mysteries, the River Conway is spoken of, and

¹ Mr. England notes that these words are in a later hand.—A. W. P.

² The words *Lytster Play* occur at the head of the *Pharao*. They were overlooked by the copyist, but the mistake is noticed in the errata.—*Surtees Note*.

Boughton is mentioned, a kind of suburb to Chester. In the *Secunda Pastorum*.

Secundus Pastor. Who shuld do us that skorne? that were a fowlle spott.

Primus Pastor. Some shrewe.

I have soght with my doges

All Horbery shroges

And of XV hoges

Fond I bot oone ewe.

"Horbury is the name of a village about two or three miles south-west from Wakefield. Shroges or Scroggs is a northern term applied to any piece of rough uninclosed ground more or less covered with low brushwood."

"The other local allusion is less decisive than this. When the two Shepherds appoint to meet, the place which they appoint is 'the crokyd thorne.' Now, though it cannot, perhaps, be shown that there was any place or tree then precisely so denominated, yet it can be shown that, at no great distance from Horbury, there was at that time a remarkable thorn tree which was known by the name of the Shepherd's Thorn. It stood in Mapplewell, near the borders of the two manors of Notton and Darton. A jury in the 20th of Edward IV., on a question between James Strangeways of Harlsey, and the Prior of Bretton, found that the Shepherd's Thorn 'was in Darton'; and in the time of Charles I., one John Webster of Kexborough, then aged 77, deposed that the inhabitants of Mapplewell and Darton had been accustomed to turn their sheep on the moor at all times, and that it extended southward to a place called 'The Shepherd's Thorn,' where a thorn tree stood. There must be here more than an accidental coincidence."

Since the publication of the Surtees Society edition of the Towneley Plays in 1836, all the three other great cycles of English Miracle Plays have been printed, the so-called 'Coventry' cycle in 1841, the Chester in 1843, and the York Plays, admirably edited by Miss Toulmin Smith, in 1885. The publication of this last cycle revealed the fact that five of the York Plays were based, in whole or in part, on the same originals as five of the Towneley. The importance of this discovery for the study of Miracle Plays and of the conditions under which they were produced, is hardly to be over-estimated. There is no reason to believe that it is by a mere chance, some peculiarly malicious freak of

the arch-enemy Time, that, as far as I am aware, in no single case are there two early copies extant of any miracle play. Human nature, we may presume, was much the same in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as in our own, and the ordinary author, when he had written a poem or a chronicle, no doubt did everything in his power to multiply copies of it, since every fresh copy would increase his chance of obtaining the patronage or preferment which constituted the rewards of authorship in those days. But in the case of plays we can easily see that a wholly different motive would come into action. With the highly doubtful exception of the Chester cycle, not a single Miracle Play has the name of any author connected with it. The author's personality is wholly lost in that of the actors and their paymasters; and in the absence of any law of copyright or custom as to 'acting rights,' it was to the interest of these jealously to guard their book of the words, lest the popularity of their entertainment should suffer from unauthorized rivalry. Since many of the players probably could not read, even the multiplication of 'actors' parts' would be very limited, and fresh copies would only be made when the plays underwent revision. The apparent exception to this theory, the five copies extant of the Chester cycle, really only confirm it, for all of these were made between 1590 and 1607, and must owe their existence to the desire of literary antiquaries either simply for their preservation or, more probably, for their revival, at a time when miracle plays were almost gone out of fashion.

For the reason thus hazarded, opportunities for the study of the genesis of any given cycle of plays are extremely small. We know that a fragment of the old poem of the *Harrowing of Hell*, beginning, 'Harde gatys haue I gon,' is found imbedded in the 'Coventry' Play of the Resurrection, and, thanks once more to the industry of Miss Toulmin Smith, in the Brome 'Common-Place Book' we can now study a version of the Sacrifice of Isaac closely similar to that in the Chester cycle. But the relations of the five plays in the York and Towneley cycles are much more interesting and important than these, and it will be worth while to examine them with some minuteness.

The first of these five plays is that called by Miss Smith, 'the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' No. xi. in the York Cycle,¹ acted by the 'Hoseers,' No. viii. in the Towneley Cycle, where it is

¹ Printed, with the generous addition of the Towneley text at the foot of the page, on pp. 68—92 of Miss Smith's edition (*York Plays*. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1885).

called *Pharao*, and where also the sidenote 'Litsters Pagonn' informs us that it is one of the plays acted by the Craft-Gilds of Wakefield.

In comparing the two texts, the first point we notice is, that while the York Play consists of 408¹ lines, divided with unbroken regularity into 34 twelve-line stanzas, the metrical scheme of the Towneley Play is far less orderly. At the outset, indeed, it is evident that the Wakefield reviser mistook the metre, for by the addition of a quatrain of mere surplusage, he has turned the first 12-line stanza into two octetts. After seven long stanzas (divided in this text into octetts and quatrains, 3—16), we find similar additions in ll. 113—117 and 127—133, turning two 12-line stanzas into four octetts. Everything then proceeds regularly till we come to Towneley stanza 49, when we find a line—

Als wele on myddyng als on more

—missing after l. 308.

Again in stanza 55 the two lines—

Lorde, was they wente than walde it sese,
So shuld we saye ys and oure seede

—are omitted after l. 340.

In stanzas 57, 58, ll. 355—359 appear in the Towneley MS. as—

Primus Miles. A, my lord !
Pharao. hagh !
ijus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn ;
 It is like ful long to last.
Pharao. In the dwilys name !
 then is oure pride ouer past.

—in place of the regular York text (ll. 344—348)—

i Egip. My lord, grete pestelence
Is like ful lange to last.
Rex. Owe! come that in oure presence,
Than is oure pride al past.

Lastly, we find that the Towneley text has added, or more probably retained, twelve lines at the end of the play which do not appear in the York edition.

If now we turn our attention to single lines, we shall find numerous instances in which the Towneley text exhibits an unmetrical corruption of the York. Here are a few—

¹ Numbered by Miss Smith as 406, but the last couplet is really a quatrain, and might with advantage have been so printed.

That wold my fors down fell (T. 32)
That wolde aught fand owre forse to fell (Y. 23)
That shall euer last (T. 39)
They are like and they laste (Y. 34)
I shall sheld the from shame (T. 189)
I sall the saffe from synne and shame (Y. 176)
What, ragyd the dwyll of hell, alys you so to cry (T. 304)
What deuyll ayles you so to crye (Y. 291) (cp. T. 337 and 415,
Y. 334 and 403)

On the other hand, T. 106—

And euer elyke the leyfes are greyn

—is plainly better than Y. 102—

And the leues last ay in like grene

—and T. 216, 217—

God graunt you good weyndyng,
And euermore with you be

—both for their sense and the purity of the rime to ‘kyng’ are better
than Y. 203, 204—

God sende vs gude tythingis
And all may with you be.

Lastly we may take a pair of lines—

My lord, bot if this menyne may remeve (T. 270)
Lord, whills ve [*sic*] with this menyhe meve (Y. 277)

—in which we may reasonably suspect that both texts are corrupt
forms of some such original as—

My lord, bot if this menyne meve.

The inevitable conclusion from these notes is, that the Towneley text of *Pharao* is a corrupted and edited version of the York play of ‘The Hoseers’ in a slightly purer form than we have it at present. I think we may also say that the majority of the corruptions in the Towneley text are of the kind which would most naturally arise in oral transmission, rather than from the blunders of a scribe.

Turning now to the second play in which the two cycles partly agree, *The Play of the Doctors* (Towneley xviii.; York xxii., played by the ‘Sporiers and Loriners’), we find that the Towneley text, which lacks the opening speech of ‘Primus Magister,’ begins in its present form with twelve quatrains which are quite different from the York version, and then follows closely the York twelve-line stanzas to the end, only interrupting them to substitute a longer

exposition of the Ten Commandments, for which again quatrains are used. In some instances, as before, the Towneley text is better than the York, but we cannot doubt that the nearly homogeneous¹ York play represents the original on which the Towneley playwright incorporated his variations in a different metre.

A comparison of the third pair of plays—the York play of the *Sadilleres* (No. xxxvii.) and Towneley No. xxv.—representing the *Extraccio Animarum* or *Harrowing of Hell*, yields still more striking results. The York play, as usual quite regular, consists of 34 twelve-line stanzas, and it is clear that the Towneley playwright had these in his mind all the way through, though sometimes, perhaps from failure of memory on the part of his informants, he can do no more than imbed a few York lines into new stanzas of his own, while elsewhere he makes intentional additions.

Summarizing the result of these changes, we find that the first twenty-four lines of Towneley reproduce ten from York; then we have York stanzas 4—10 with interpolations between 4 and 5, 8 and 9, and the omission of the last quatrain of 5. Stanzas 11 and 12 are represented by ll. 115—147, but only nine lines are preserved. Stanzas 13—15 are intact; stanza 16 is docked of its first quatrain; then we have an interpolation of twelve lines; then the first quatrain of 17, the second and third being expanded into twelve lines. Stanzas 18—28 are only interrupted by an interpolation (ll. 314—322) between 25 and 26. In 29 there is a substitution of a new third quatrain for four lines in the octett, the effect being so good that we may doubt whether in this case we have not really a preservation of an older text. Then come stanzas 30 and 31, and eight lines of 32, and with two substituted quatrains the Towneley play reaches its rather abrupt end.

In the fourth pair of plays, treating of 'The Resurrection' (York xxxviii. 'The Carpenteres': Towneley xxvi.), the resemblance begins four lines earlier than Miss Toulmin Smith has noted, T. 41—44 answering to Y. 31, 32, 35, 36, while the 'rybaldys' of T. 42 is a better reading than the York 'rebelles.' In the preceding speech of Pilate we may note how the Towneley adaptor altered the York metre by lengthening the last line of the first four stanzas from two beats to three. We find the same difference in the added stanzas 9—11 (ll. 51—73), while five (or rather seven) lines tacked on to the

¹ There is a slight disturbance, in which Towneley agrees, in York, stanzas 19, 20 (ll. 216—240) and Towneley, stanzas 44—46 (ll. 204—228).

last of these are outside the metrical scheme altogether. Stanzas 12 and 13 have half their lines as in York and half new. Stanzas 14—22, though with many corruptions, reproduce York 11—22. Stanza 23 is added; 24 (which should have been printed as in four lines) agrees with York 20, omitting the two opening lines; 25, save in its third line, is the same as York 21. In stanza 26 some of the York phrases are retained, but every line has been changed, and the bad rimes 'emang' and 'stand' show the work of a botcher. After this, with various corruptions, too numerous to mention, stanzas 27—35 reproduce York 23—31, but there is nothing in the York play to answer to ll. 214—333 (stanzas 36—55). The first ten of these 120 lines continue the talk of the soldiers, the rest is made up of the monologue of the risen Christ. The metre continues regular; with a few exceptions, the origin of which can easily be seen, the last line of each stanza remains quadrisyllabic, instead of being lengthened as in the added stanzas at the beginning of the play, and I think there can be no doubt that this speech of Christ once formed part of the York Cycle, but was subsequently omitted. Similar speeches occur in the 'Coventry' and Chester cycles, and in the last-named there are some positive resemblances which, in case they have not been noticed before, I set forth in a footnote.¹

It will be noticed that this play falls naturally into three parts, of which Christ's monologue is the centre; and it is much easier to

¹ Towneley, ll. 226—231.

Erthly man, that I haue wrought
Wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!
With bytter bayll I haue the boght,
To make the fre;
Into this dongeon depe I soght
And all for luf of the.

ll. 322—327.

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may releasse,
And whoso will of synnes seasse
And mercy cry,

I grauntt theym here a measse
In brede myn awn body.

Chester, vol. 2, p. 89. (Sh. Soc. ed.)

*Eirthly man that I have wroughte,
Awake out of thy slepe;
Eirthly man that I have bought,
Of me thou have no kepe.
From heaven man's soule I soughte
Into a dongion depe
My dere lemon from thense I broughte
For ruthe of her I weepe.
I am vereye prince of pece,
And kinge of free mereye;
Who will of synnes have release
On me the call and crye.
And yf the will of synnes cease
I graunte them pece trewlye,
And therto a full rich messye,
In brede my owne bodye.*

The verbal resemblances here seem almost too close to be explained by a common original. If there has been direct transmission, it must have been southwards.

believe that in some process of amalgamating or dividing the different parts, this speech was omitted from the York manuscript, than that so important a feature in the plays was not represented in the cycle.

After l. 333 in Towneley, etc., agreement between the two cycles is resumed, and continues, with the usual verbal variations, to l. 561, the agreement of the stanzas being as follows—

Towneley.		York.		Towneley.		York.
56—66	=	32—42		88 part'y	=	67
67	=	parts of 43, 44		89	=	68
68—85	=	45—62		90—93	=	70—73
86, 87	=	64, 65				

Stanzas 63, 66 and 69 of York are unrepresented. L. 562 in Towneley is extra metrum, and cuts short the rather wearisome talk of Pilate which lasts in the York play for another eighteen lines. The scene between Christ and S. Mary Magdalene, which follows in the Towneley cycle, forms a separate play (No. xxxix.) in the York, and there are no textual resemblances. It will be noticed that of the first eight of the eleven stanzas into which it is divided, every one has a different metre—a sure sign, I think, of the hasty work rendered necessary by an incident which could not be omitted having to be tacked on to a different play.

The case of the last of the five parallel texts, that of the play of the Last Judgment (Towneley xxx. *Judicium*; York xlviii. acted by the 'Merceres'), is again very striking and interesting. The Towneley play, unfortunately, lacks some lines (the speech of 'Primus Malus') at the beginning, and the first sixteen lines which have been preserved to us, written in two different metres, are additions to the York text. The next three stanzas, with the exception of the last half of the fourth, are founded on York stanzas 19—21, then we have an inserted speech by 'Quartus Malus' (32 lines), then two more York stanzas, then the broad comedy of the Demons (stanzas 16—48, ll. 89—384), which takes the place of a short passage in York (ll. 185—228), the greater part of which is occupied by the speeches of Christ and the Apostles. After l. 385 the borrowings begin again, and for the whole of the Judgment-scene proper (Towneley, st. 49—67, ll. 386—531 = York, st. 30—47, ll. 229—372), the regular 8-line stanzas of the York dramatist are only interrupted by a single insertion of four lines (st. 65). But between

the final dooming of the damned and the thanksgiving of the saved (l. 612—620), the Towneley play-wright inserts a long passage in which the fiends gloat over their victims, and this is all his own. Where the last stanza was taken from we cannot say. It is quite different from the York text, and bears more resemblance to the Towneley ending of the *Extraccio Animarum* (p. 305).

The foregoing conspectus of the points of agreement and disagreement between the Towneley and York texts of these five plays has probably been found almost as tedious to read as it certainly was to compile. But it was worth while to work it out in full, since the most cursory perusal of it must suffice to show that, in the circumstances under which the borrowings took place, it was practically impossible for a play to pass from one cycle to another without showing signs of the process in marked disturbances of metre and frequent corruptions both of sense and rhyme. It follows from this that wherever we find a play (not merely a fragment) the metre of which is uniform, or is obviously varied only in correspondence with the character of the speakers, while at the same time the rhymes are regular and the text good, in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary we are not only entitled, but bound, to assume that the play was composed for the place and the cycle to which it now belongs. A play full of obvious corruptions need not be a borrowed play, because corruptions may have arisen in many other ways; but a play which is creditably free from corruptions can hardly by any possibility have been borrowed.

Now if we apply this canon to the Towneley Plays, it will enable us to set some limit to the amount of imported work which we can safely recognize as existing in the cycle as it has come down to us. Long before the publication of the York Plays, the composite character of the Towneley was recognized by its first editor, though the reasons he assigned were less happy than his surmise itself,¹ and later writers have not failed to enlarge on the point. It thus becomes interesting to see how much of the cycle we can claim on sure evidence as composed especially for it. It is no bad beginning to be able to say at once, at least one-fourth, and this the fourth which contains the finest and most original work. The evidence for

¹ *c. g.* He says that there are no Yorkshireisms in the *Pharao*, which we now know to be mainly borrowed from the York cycle, and remarks "*Cæsar Augustus* is plainly by the same hand as *Pharao*. The heroes in both swear by 'Mahowne'"—a habit shared by most potentates in miracle plays.

this is irresistible. We find the Wakefield or Woodkirk editor interpolating two broadly humorous scenes, the one containing 297 lines, the other 81, on the impressive York play of the Judgment. These scenes are written in a complex metre, a 9-line stanza riming *aaaa bcccb*, with central rimes in the first four lines (I should prefer to write it $\frac{aaaa}{bbbb} cddde$), and we find this same metre used with admir-

able regularity throughout five long plays, viz.—

III. Processus Noe cum filiis	558 lines
XII. Prima Pastorum	502 (2 lines lost)
XIII. Secunda Pastorum ¹	754 (2 lines lost)
XIV. Magnus Herodes	513
XXI. Coliphizacio	450

—or, including the two passages in the *Judicium*, in no less than 3155 lines, occupying in this edition almost exactly 100 pages out of 396. If any one will read these plays together, I think he cannot fail to feel that they are all the work of the same writer, and that this writer deserves to be ranked—if only we knew his name!—at least as high as Langland, and as an exponent of a rather boisterous kind of humour had no equal in his own day. We may also be sure that the two other plays, *Flagellacio* (No. xxii.) and *Processus Talentorum* (No. xxiv.), contain about the same proportion of his work as does the *Judicium*. They are closely akin to the *Coliphizacio*, and contain the one 24, the other 8 of his favourite stanzas.

For one other play which it is very tempting to assign to the same hand, the *Martario Abel* (No. ii.), we lack the evidence of identity of metre; in fact, the frequent changes from one metrical form to another would make us suspect that we had here an instance of editing, if it were not quite impossible to isolate from the present text any underlying original. But the extraordinary boldness of the play, and the character of its humour, make it difficult to dissociate it from the work of the author of the *Shepherds' Plays*, and I cannot doubt that this also, at least in part, must be added to his credit.

When the work of this man of real genius has been eliminated, the search for another Wakefield, or Woodkirk, author becomes distinctly less interesting. It will be worth while, however, now to pass the whole cycle in review, adding what notes we can to each play, especially as to their metres.

¹ This play is further stamped as especially composed for the Wakefield district by the allusion to 'Horbury' noted above, p. xiv.

- I. *Creation*. Couplets (aa⁴) and stanzas, mostly aa⁴b³a⁴b³. Connected with Barkers of Wakefield.
- II. *Abel*. Metres very confused. Apparently a bold rehandling of an earlier and simpler play. Connected with [Wakefield] Glovers.
- III. *Noah*. 9-line stanza $\frac{aaaa^2}{bbbb^2}$ c¹ddd²e². Connected with Wakefield.
- IV. *Abraham*. abababab⁴. Cp. No. XIX.
- { IV. *Isaac*. Fragments of 35 couplets (aa⁴).
- { V. *Jacob*. Fragments of 71 couplets (aa⁴).
- VIII. [VII.] *Pharaoh*. abababab⁴eded³, with many corruptions. Connected with Litsters of Wakefield. Based on York XI.
- { VII. [VIII.] *Processus Prophetarum*. aa⁴b³cc⁴b³, less often aa⁴b³aa⁴b³
- { IX. *Caesar Augustus*. aa⁴b³aa⁴b³.
- { X. *Annunciation*. Couplets (aa⁴) and stanzas aa²b³cc⁴b³.
- { XI. *Salutation*. aa⁴b³cc⁴b³.
- { XII. *Prima Pastorum*. 9-line stanza, as III.
- { XIII. *Secunda Pastorum*. As XII.
- XIV. *Magi*. aaa¹b²a⁴b², with four disturbances. Alliterative.
- XV. *Flight into Egypt*. ababaabaab³c¹b³c². Alliterative.
- XVI. *Herod*. 9-line stanza as III., etc.
- XVII. *Purification*. aaa¹b²ccc⁴b² and aa⁴ b³cc⁴b³.
- XXVIII. *Doctors*. abababab⁴eded³, with corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXIII.
- XIX. *John the Baptist*. abababab⁴. Cp. No. IV.
- XX^a. *Conspiracio*. abababab⁴eded³. Speech of Pilate prefixed in 9-line stanzas.
- XX^b. *Capcio*. Couplets and quatrains (aa⁴ and abab⁴) with interpolations.
- XXI. *Coliphizacio*. 9-line stanza, as III., &c.
- XXII. *Flagellacio*. Mixed metres. About half the play in 9-line stanzas.
- XXIII. *Processus Crucis*. Much edited and interpolated from an original basis of aa⁴b³cc⁴b³.
- XXIV. *Processus Talentorum*. Metres very confused. Much interpolation.
- XXV. *Extraccio Animarum*. abababab⁴eded³, with additions and corruptions. Based on York XXXVII.
- XXVI. *Resurrection*. aaa¹b²a⁴b², with many corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXXVIII.
- XXVII. *Peregrini*. aaa¹b²a⁴b², with corruptions and interpolations.
- XXVIII. *S. Thomas*. aa⁴b³cc⁴b³ followed by a¹b⁴a¹b².a⁴b³a¹b³.
- XXIX. *Ascension*. Metres very confused.
- XXX. *Judgment*. Based on abababab⁴ of York XLVIII., with interpolations of abababab³ and 8-line stanzas.
- Lazarus*. Couplets with stanzas in several different metres.
- Suspensio Iude*. Fragment in aaa¹b²a⁴b². [Cp. xxvi., xxvii.]

In this conspectus, besides the plays written in the 8-line stanza, we may note that we have two fragments (Nos. iv. and v.) written in couplets on the history of *Isaac* and *Jacob*: two plays, the *Creation* (No. i.) and *Annunciation* (No. x.), in which couplets are joined with a 6-line stanza rhyming aa⁴b³cc⁴b³, or aa⁴b³aa⁴b³, and three plays,

the *Processus Prophetarum* (No. vii.; it should of course change places with the *Pharaoh*, No. viii.), the *Caesar Augustus* (No. ix.) and *Salutation* (No. xi.), written throughout in this stanza, which is also employed for parts of the plays of the *Purification* (No. xvii.), *Processus Crucis* (No. xxiii.), and *S. Thomas of India* (xxviii.).

As to the two fragments (iv. and v.) the late Professor Ten-Brink wrote¹—

“About a generation—but hardly much more—separates this oldest extant English drama [*i. e.* the *Harrowing of Hell*, ‘composed shortly after the middle of the thirteenth century’] from the next. The play of *Jacob and Esau*, as we take the liberty of calling it, appears to have been composed not far from the mouth of the Humber, and probably to the north of the dialect line. The influence of the East Midlands is seen in the choice of subject, which was not popular on the earlier stage elsewhere, and the manner of treatment also reminds us of the districts and the century which produced the poems of *Genesis* and *Ecolus*.”

“In *Jacob and Esau* the dramatic art is still of a low standard; the situations are not made much use of; the characteristics show little depth or originality. The poet is full of reverence for his subject, and dramatizes faithfully what seems to him its most important traits, without putting to it much of his own originality,” etc.

In his Appendix (vol. iii. p. 274), Prof. Ten-Brink supported this view of the play with the following note—

“This play has been handed down in the Towneley Collection: unfortunately it is mutilated at the beginning, and also divided into two parts: *Isaac* and *Jacob*. However, it originally formed, and, in fact, still forms, one drama, which was produced independently without regard to any cycle of mysteries, and indeed earlier than most of the others, probably than all the other parts of the cycle in which it was subsequently incorporated. All this can easily be proved by means now at the disposal of philology, but this is not the place for entering into the subject. Less certain is the local origin of the piece. The assumption that few of the rhyming words have been altered in their transmission could, for instance, allow of the supposition that the drama might have been produced in the north of the East-Midland territory, rather than in the southern districts of Northumbria, a supposition which would coincide very well with many other peculiarities of the work.”

I have quoted these passages from Prof. Ten-Brink in full, because the opinion of the writer who has produced the only really good history of our early literature, is a thousand times more important than my own. But my difficulties in accepting his theory in

¹ *History of English Literature* (English edition), vol. ii. p. 244.

its entirety are both numerous and great. The *Harroving of Hell* itself seems to me—as it has seemed to my betters before me—rather a dramatic poem than a Miracle Play properly so called, and I cannot conceive on what occasion, or by whom, an isolated play on *Jacob and Esau* could come to be acted in the vernacular. In a cycle, the presence of a play on Abraham might easily suggest a continuation dealing with his immediate descendants, and its simpler and more archaic form might be partly accounted for by the nature of its subject. I should prefer, also, to attribute differences of dialect to the removal from one district to another of a play-writing monk, rather than to the acceptance in one district of a play which had been composed for another many years before. It is obvious, however, that these two fragments do belong to a period, whether prae-cyclic or cyclic, at which the narrative and didactic interest of the representation was uppermost, and before the constantly increasing importation of external attractions had produced a distaste for the simpler and more exclusively religious form of drama. We know from Chaucer's allusions, as well as from the evidence of the York plays, that by the last quarter of the fourteenth century Noah and his quarrelsome wife and the ranting Herods and Pilates were already stock characters, and we may thus well believe that the cycle 'of matter from the beginning of the world' in its simplest form, must have been in existence during the first half of that century. The fact that this play has only come to us in fragments, is probably good evidence that it was considered antiquated at the time our manuscript was written, and that only a few speeches from it were used.

I must confess, however, that I cannot find anything either in the style or the language of these fragments which need compel us to separate them from the couplets in the play of the *Creation* and the *Annunciation*; and I incline strongly to believe that in these plays, and the others which I have mentioned as written wholly or partly in the aa⁴b³cc⁴b³ stanza, we possess part of an original didactic cycle, of much the same tone as the Chester Plays, on to which other plays, mostly written in a more popular style, have been tacked from time to time. In any case I do not think it can be doubted that the four plays, VII., IX., X., and XI., are the work of the same writer, and the rest seem to me to go with them.

The plays of the *Magi* (xiv.) and of the *Flight into Egypt* (xv.) are marked off from this group by their much greater use of alliteration,

and seem to me—though my opinion on questions of dialect is worth very little—to have been written by an author of somewhat different speech. The *Abraham* and *John the Baptist* again are in a totally different metre, and may belong to the period when the York plays were being incorporated into the cycle. As regards these York plays, enough has already been said; but it is worth noting that the predominant metre of the *Conspiracio* (xx^a.) is the same as that of three out of the five plays connected with York (the *Pharaoh*, *Doctor*, and *Extraccio Animarum*), and may possibly be based on a lost alternative to the extant York play on this subject. A similar guess may be hazarded as to the play of the *Peregrini* (xxvii.), the metre of which is the same as that of the *Resurrectio* (xxvi., York xxxviii.), while the obvious corruptions and interpolations of the text may well lead us to doubt its being indigenous. The fragment of the *Suspensio Iude*, printed at the end of the cycle, but which would naturally come immediately before the *Resurrectio*, is in the same metre, and subject to the same hypothesis.

As regards the work of the one real genius of the Towneley cycle, the author of the two plays of the *Shepherds*, and of the others written in the same metre, the converse of the arguments of which we admitted the force as regards the *Isaac* and the *Jacob*, will naturally lead us to assign to them as late a date as possible.

As noted by the Surtees editor, the allusion in the *Judicium* to the head-gear which could make a woman look 'horned like a cow,' enables us to be sure that this play-wright was a younger contemporary of Chaucer. We must not, indeed, like the cataloguer of the auction-room, argue that because Stow writes that in the days of Anne of Bohemia 'noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes,' therefore these plays may be assigned approximately to the date of her arrival in England. I imagine that in those days as in these the fashions in the Yorkshire countryside were apt to be a little behind those of London; the piked head-gear is found in manuscripts as late as about 1420 (*e.g.* Harl. 2897, f. 188^b, and Harl. 4431, f. 2, kindly pointed out to me by Sir E. M. Thompson),¹ and the other allusions of these plays, *e.g.* the reference to tennis (*Sec. Past.* 736), the frequent

¹ See also Lydgate's 15th century 'Dyté of Womenhis Hornys' in his *Minor Poems*, Percy Soc. p. 46-9, and Harl. MSS. 2255, 2251, etc. Horns were in fashion in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries; see Fairholt's *Costume in England*, ed. Dillon, 1885, ii. 224-5, and Planché's paper therein named.—F. J. F.

and rather learned talk about music (*Sec. Past.* 186—89, 656—60, *Judicium* 537, 538), and the general talk of Shepherds and Devils about the state of the country¹—all agree very well with the early years of the fifteenth century. In a writer so full of allusions, the absence of any reference to fighting tends, I think, to show that the plays were not written during the war with France, and thus everything seems to point to the reign of Henry IV. as the most likely date of their composition. The date of our text is probably about half a century later, but the example of the York Plays shows us that in its own habitat the text of a play could be preserved in tolerable purity for a longer period than this. In the direction of popular treatment it was impossible for any editor, however much disposed towards tinkering, to think he could improve on the play-wright of the 9-line stanzas, while it is reasonable to presume that the hold of these plays on the Yorkshire audience was sufficiently strong to resist the intrusion of didactics.

As regards the only plays not yet mentioned in the survey, the *Capcio* (xx^b.), *Processus Talentorum* (xxiv.), *Ascension* (xxix^b.) and *Lazarus*, there has been so much editing and interpolating, and the consequent mixture of metres is so great, that it is difficult to arrive at any clear conclusion about them.² But, subject to such corrections as the survey of the dialect now being undertaken by Dr. Matthews may suggest, I think we may fairly regard this Towneley cycle as built up in at least three distinct stages. In the first of these we find the simple religious tone which we naturally assign to the beginning of the cyclical religious drama, the majority of them being written in one of the favourite metres of the fourteenth-century romances which were already going out of fashion in Chaucer's day.³ In the second

¹ Note especially the allusions to 'maintenance' in *Let. Past.* l. 35, and the claim of Tutivillus to be a 'master lollar' in *Jud.* 213.

² The *Lazarus*, for instance, seems to be built up in three layers, the last of them the grim passage on death being strikingly in the style of some of the 9-line stanzas.

³ A curious reminiscence of these romances is preserved in stanza 26 of the *Processus Prophetarum*:

*Now haue I songen you a fytt ;
loke in mynd that ye haue it,
I rede with my myght ;
He that maide vs with his wytt,
Sheld vs all from hell pytt,
And graunt us heuen lyght*

—which might have come straight out of a romance.

stage we have the introduction by some playwright, who brought the knowledge of them from elsewhere, of at least five—possibly seven or eight—of the plays which were acted at York, and the composition of some others in the same style. In the third stage a writer of genuine dramatic power, whose humour was unchecked by any respect for conventionality, wrote, especially for this cycle, the plays in the 9-line stanza which form its backbone, and added here and there to others. Taken together, the three stages probably cover something like half a century, ending about 1410, though subsequent editors may have tinkered here and there, as editors will, and much allowance must be made for continual corruption by the actors.

It may be as well to note here that whatever weight we may be disposed to attach to the tradition that the cycle belonged to the Woodkirk monks and was acted at Woodkirk Fair, it is impossible to believe that the plays noted in the MS. as connected with Wakefield form in any way a group by themselves. The Barkers' play of the Creation, however much edited, belongs in its origin to our first stage; the *Pharaoh*, played by the Wakefield Litsters, but based on York xi., to our second, to which also I should assign the *Peregrini* played by the Fishers, written in the metre of the York *Resurrectio*. Lastly, the *Noah*, against which Wakefield is written, is in the 9-line stanza of the Shepherds' Plays, and the Glovers' play of *Abel*, whether re-written by the same author or not, is, in its present form, certainly late work. With the exception of the *Fishers*, we might say, without much exaggeration, that all the three crafts named, Dyers, Tanners, and Glovers, had some connection with the sheep, their hides and wool, which were probably the chief commodities sold at the Woodkirk fair,¹ and so might have taken a special interest in any pageant likely to bring customers to it. But we are bound to remember that the connection with Woodkirk is a mere tradition, and that it is quite possible that the whole cycle belongs to Wakefield, which is the only place with which it is authoritatively connected.

To bring literary criticism to bear on a cycle built up, even approximately, in the manner which I have suggested, is no easy

¹ If the Fishers, as at York, were allied with the Mariners, they too might be dragged in as concerned with the export trade. If they were *Fishers*, 'purs et simples,' one is tempted to say that they may have lent a hand at play-acting for the lack of sufficient employment in an inland town!

task. The plays were not written for our reading, but for the edification and amusement of the uncritical audience of their own day; and we can certainly say of them that, whatever effect the playwright aimed at, he almost always attained. Of the simply devotional plays the *Annunciation* seems to me the finest. The whole of this play, indeed, is full of tenderness; and there are touches in it in which Rossetti, if he knew it, must have delighted. The reconciliation between Joseph and the Blessed Virgin is delightful; and the passage in which Joseph describes his enforced marriage is really poetically written. One verse is especially quotable:

Whan I all thus had wed hir thare,
We and my madyns home can fare,
That kyngys daughters were;
All wroght thay sylk to find them on,
Marie wroght purpyll, the oder none
bot othere colers sere.

If this touch had been entirely of the dramatist's own invention he must, indeed, have been Rossetti's spiritual forbear; but it is needless to say that it comes from the apocryphal gospel of Mary, though he deserves all credit for bringing together two widely separated verses.¹

The plays which I have put into my second group are on the whole very dull. The dramatist of the *Abraham* could not fail to attain to some pathos in the treatment of the scene between Isaac and his father; but though he avoids the mistake of the York playwright who represented Isaac as a man of thirty, his handling of the scene is distinctly inferior to that of the Brome Play and the Chester cycle. The general characteristic, indeed, of the group is, that the playwright plods perseveringly through his subject, but never rises above the level of the honest journeyman.

Between the dull work and the abounding humour and constant

¹ Chap. vi. 7: "But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee;" and Chap. iv. 1—4: "And it came to pass, in a council of the priests it was said, 'Let us make a new veil for the temple of the Lord.' And the high-priest said, 'Call together to me seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David.' And the servants went and brought them unto the temple of the Lord; and the high-priest said unto them, 'Cast lots before me now, who of you shall spin the golden thread, who the blue, who the scarlet, who the fine linen, and who the true purple.' Then the high-priest knew Mary, that she was of the tribe of David; and he called her, and the true purple fell to her lot to spin, and she went away to her own house." (Hone's *Apocryphal Gospels*, 1820.)

allusiveness of the author of the plays in the 9-line stanza, the distance can only be measured by the two words respectability and genius. It is all the more pleasant to use the first to denote the dull level from which he keeps aloof, in that I have a strong suspicion that during his life the author of our 9-line stanza plays may have been censured for the lack of this very quality. His sympathy with poor folk, and his dislike of the "gentlery men" who oppressed them, seem something more than conventional; and his satire is sometimes as grim as it is free. From his frequent allusions to music, his scraps of Latin and allusions to Latin authors, his dislike of Lollards, and the daring of some of his phrases, which seems to surpass what would have been permitted to a layman, it is probable that he was in orders; and the vision of the Friar Tuck of Peacock's *Maid Marian* rises up before me as I read his plays. As a dramatist it is difficult to praise him too highly, if we remember the limitations under which he worked, and the feeble efforts of his contemporaries and successors.

The *Secunda Pastorum*, the survival of which "in Archie Armstrong's Aith" Prof. Kölbing has so pleasantly illustrated (see his Appendix), is really perfect as a work of art; and if in the *Prima Pastorum* our author was only feeling his way, and in the *Noah*, *Herod*, etc., was cramped by the natural limitation of his subject, we have the more reason to regret that a writer of such real power had no other scope for his abilities than that offered by the cyclical miracle play. Even within these limits, however, he had room to display other gifts besides those of dramatic construction and humour. The three speeches of the Shepherds to the little Jesus are exquisite in their rustic tenderness, and even if we may not attribute to him the really terrific picture of corruption in the *Lazarus*, there is contrast enough between these and the denunciation of the usurers and extortioners in the *Judicium*. Without his aid, the Towneley cycle would have been interesting, but not more interesting than any of its three competitors. His additions entitle it to be ranked among the great works of our earlier literature.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

APPENDIX.

THE *SECUNDA PASTORUM* OF THE TOWNELEY PLAYS (p. 116 ff.) AND
ARCHIE ARMSTRANG'S AITH.

By PROF. E. KÖLBING, PH.D.

So far as I know, nobody has yet discovered that the leading incident in the Second Play of the Shepherds is repeated in quite another department of English Literature, viz. in *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, by the Rev. John Marriott, printed in 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 5th ed. vol. iii. Edinb., 1821, p. 481 ff. Archie Armstrong was, as we learn from the Notes of this poem, p. 487 f., "a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves . . . and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate. . . . He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English Court. . . . He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637. . . . The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale."

The story runs as follows :—

Archie has stolen a sheep, and is pursued by the shepherds, but manages to reach his house, where, with the assistance of his wife, he skins the sheep, throws its entrails and hide into the river, and stuffs the body into a child's cradle. Then he sits down by it and sings a lullaby. At this very moment the pursuers enter the house and declare him to be the thief. But Archie protests, wants them to be quiet, because his child is dying, and swears an oath, that, if he has ever lessened the herds of his neighbour, he will eat the flesh that is now lying in the cradle. Besides, he gives them leave to ransack every corner of his house in order to find the sheep which they say he has stolen. So they search—naturally without result,—and the shepherds conclude that it was either the devil himself, that they saw running off with the sheep, or that they mistook the culprit, and that Maggie Brown is the real thief. As to Archie, when the shepherds are gone, he piques himself not a little on his ability in representing a nurse ; and, at the same time, says that nobody is entitled to call him a perjurer, for he really eats up the sheep in the cradle.

We see at once the striking point in the story, that the thief and his wife hide the stolen sheep from the suspicious shepherds in a cradle, is common to both versions. Besides, I ask my readers to compare the following single passages.

When the thief returns to his house, his wife is afraid that he will be discovered and tied up; he wants her to be quiet and to help him. *Towneley*, p. 126—

Uxor: By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.

Mak: Do way

Uxor: It were a fowth blott to be hanged for the case.

Mak: I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.

Uxor: Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says

At last

Comys it home broken.

Mak: WeH knowe I the token,

Bot let it never be spoken,

Bot com and help fast.

I wold he were slayn, etc.

corresponds to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 6 ff.

And oh! when he stepp'd o'er the door,

His wife she look'd aghast.

“A, wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight

Ilk word o' timely warning?

I trow ye will be ta'en the night,

And hangit i' the morning.”

“Now hawd your tongue, ye prating wife,

And help me as ye dow;

I wad be laith to lose my life

For ae poor silly yowe.”

In *Town.*, p. 130, the thief's wife gives the following advice—

Harken ay, when thay calle: thay will com anone.

Com and make redy alle, and syng by thyn oone,

Syng lullay thou shalle

Syng lullay on fast,

When thou heris at the last.

According to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 13 f., Archie performs this skilful service—

And down sat Archie daintillie,

And rock'd it wi' his hand;

Siccan a rough nourice as he

Was not in a' the land.

And saftlie he began to croon,

“Hush, hushabye, my dear.”

He hadna sang to sic a tunc,

I trow, for mony a year.

For the rhyme *croon : tune* we may compare the following lines in the conversation of the shepherds in front of Mak's hut (p. 131)—

Tertius Pastor : Wið ye here how thay hak ? Oure syre, lyst, *croyne* !

Primus Pastor : Hard I never none crak so clere out of *toyne*.

In *Towneley*, p. 133, Uxor says—

I pray to God so mylde,
If ever I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde,
That lygys in this credyð.

Likewise in *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 18, the husband—

If e'er I did sae fause a feat,
As thin my neebor's faulds,
May I doom'd the flesh to eat
This vera cradyl halds !

In both versions the shepherds, not having found anything, believe they have made a mistake ; *Town.*, p. 134—

Primus Pastor : We have merkyd amys : I hold us *begyld*.

Archie Armstrong's Aith, st. 22—

Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,
And thus *beguiled* your e'e.

The principal difference between the two versions of the same story is, that in the play the thief, in spite of this trick, is finally discovered and punished by lynch-law, whilst according to the ballad the thief and his wife succeed in their plot, and the suspicion falls upon another. It is in harmony with this difference that the seemingly not realizable oath is only of a secondary interest in the play, while in the ballad it forms the centre of the whole.

Now the only MS. of the Towneley Plays seems to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century, whilst Archie Armstrong's Aith, belonging to the "Imitations of the ancient ballad," was scarcely composed long before 1802, in which year the 'Minstrelsy' made its first appearance in the literary world. It is most unlikely that John Marriott,—who, according to Allibone's Dictionary, was Curate of Broad Clift, Devon, and Rector of Church Liford, Warwickshire, and in 1820 and 1836 published some collections of sermons,—borrowed this story from the then unprinted MS. of the Towneley Plays and transferred it, of his own authority, to Archie Armstrong, so that the whole of his notes were a forgery.¹ It is much

¹ It is perhaps worth noting that the *Secunda Pastorum* was printed in the *Collection of English Miracle Plays* published at Basel in 1838 by a Dr. William Marriott, who may possibly have been a relation of the Rev. John Marriott of Prof. Kölbing's ballad.—A. W. P.

more credible that this funny tale was preserved by oral traditions, possibly in a metrical form. The tale was first brought into the Christmas story by the author of the Towneley Play, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the famous thief and jester, Archie Armstrong.

Whether the happy or unhappy end of the story is to be considered as the original one, is a question, which, in the want of other materials, we shall perhaps never be able to solve with any certainty.¹

This little paper is englisht from the original in the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, herausgegeben von M. Koch. Neue Folge. Elfter Band, p. 137 ff.—E. K.

¹ As “bang went saxpence” would have been the result of the Shepherds kissing the babe in the cradle, I suggest that Scotch shepherds, at any rate, would never have thought of incurring such an awful liability.—F. J. F.

THE TOWNELEY PLAYS.

(I.)

[267 lines, in stanzas and couplets. Stanzas 12—15 have 10 (aabab aabab), 7 (aab ab ab), 5 and 5 (aabab) lines respectively, the rest 6 (aab ccb).]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Deus.</i>		<i>Angeli Mali 1 et 2.¹</i>		<i>Demones 1 et 2.¹</i>
<i>Cherubyn.</i>		<i>Angeli Boni 1 et 2.</i>		<i>Adam.</i>
<i>Lucifer.</i>				<i>Eua.]</i>

IN dei nomine amen.

Assit Principio, Sancta Maria, Meo. Wakefeld.

[SCENE I. *Heaven.*]

[*Deus*]

(1)

BARKERS. [Fol. 1, a.]
God declares
His nature
& might.

Ego sum alpha et o,
I am the first, the last also,
Oone god in mageste;
Meruelus, of myght most,
ffader, & son, & holy goost,
On god in trinyte.

3

6

(2)

I am without begynnyng,
My godhede hath none endyng,
I am god in trone;
Oone god in persons thre,
Which may neuer twynnyd be,
ffor I am god alone.

9

12

(3)

AH maner thyngt is in my thought,
Withoutten me ther may be noght,
ffor ah is in my sight;
hit shaH be done after my wiH,
that I haue thought I shaH fulfilH
And manteyn with my myght.

15

18

Nothing may
exist with-
out Him.

¹ These may be the same.

(4)

God begins
the work of
creation.
The 1st day:
the parting
of darkness
& light.

At the begynnyng of oure dede
make we heuen & erth, on brede,
and lyghtys fayre to se, 21
ffor it is good to be so ;
darknes from light we parte on two,
In tyme to serue and be. 24

(5)

Darknes we call the nyght,
and liht also the bright,
It shaH be as I say ; 27
after my wiH this is furth broght,
Euen and morne both ar thay wroght,
and thus is maid a day. 30

(6)

The 2nd day :
the firma-
ment divides
the waters.

In medys the water, bi oure assent,
be now maide the firmament,
And parte ather from othere, 33
Water aboue, I-wis ;
Euen and morne maide is this
A day, [so was] the tothere. 36

(7)

The 3rd day :
the division
of earth &
sea.

Waters, that so wyde ben spred,
be gedered to geder in to one stede,
that dry the erth may seyn ; 39
that at is dry the erth shaH be,
the waters also I call the see ;
this warke to me is queme. 42

(8)

The earth to
bring forth
fruit.

Out of the erth herbys shal spryng,
Trees to florish and frute furth bryng,
thare kynde that it be kyd. 45
This is done after my wiH ;
Euen & morn maide is ther tiH
A day, this is the thryd. [MS. thyrde.] 48

(9)

The 4th day :
creation of
sun & moon.

Son & moyne set in the heuen,
With starnes, & the planetts seuen,
To stand in thare degre ; 51

The son to serue the day lyght,
 The moyne also to serue the nyght;
 The fourte day shaH this be. 54

(10)

The water to norish the fysh swynand,
 The erth to norish bestys crepeand,
 That fly or go may. 57
 Multiplie in erth, and be
 In my blyssyng, wax now ye;
 This is the fyft day. 60

The 5th day :
 the creation
 of fish &
 "creeping
 beasts that
 may fly or
 go." [Cp.
 ll. 162, 163.]

(11)

Cherubyn. Oure lord god in trynyte,
 Myrth and lovyng be to the,
 Myrth and lovyng ouer al thyng;
 ffor thou has made¹, with thi bidyng,
 Heuen, & erth, and aH that is,
 and giffen vs Ioy that neuer shaH mys.
 Lord, thou art fuH mych of myght,
 that has maide lucifer so bright; 68
 we loue the, lord, bright ar we,
 bot none of vs so bright as he :
 He may weH hight lucifere,
 ffor lufly light that he doth bere. 72
 He is so lufly and so bright
 It is grete ioy to se that sight;
 We lofe the, lord, with aH oure thoght,
 that sich thyng can make of noght. 76

[Fol. 1, b.]
 Cherubim
 praise God.

He has made
 all of them
 bright, but
 Lucifer
 brightest.

hic deus recedit à suo solio & lucifer sedebit in eodem solio.

(12)

Lucifer. Certys, it is a semely sight,
 Syn that we ar aH angels bright,
 and euer in blis to be;
 If that ye wiH behold me right,
 this mastre longys to me. 77
 I am so fare and bright,
 of me commys aH this light,
 this gam and aH this gle; 81

Lucifer
 prides him-
 self on his
 brightness &
 strength.

¹ The words "has made" are in a later hand, the originals having been obliterated.

Agans my grete myght^t
¹ may [no]thyng^t stand [ne] be. 86
 (13)

And ye weH me behold
 I am a thowsand fold^t
 bright^r then^d is the son^d;
 my strengthe may not be told,
 my myght may no thyng^t kon^d;

Who shall be
 above him in
 heaven?

In heuen, therfor^t, wit I wold^t
 Above me who shuld won^d. 93
 (14)

ffor^t I am lord of blis,
 ouer aH this warld^t, I-wis,
 My myrth is most of aH;
 the[r]for^t my wiH is this,
 master^t ye shaH me caH. 98
 (15)

He is so
 seemly he
 will take
 God's throne
 as King of
 bliss.

And ye shaH se, fuH sone onone,
 How that me semys to sit^t in trone
 as kyng^t of blis;
 I am^d so semely, blode & bone,
 my sete shaH be ther^t as was his. 103
 (16)

[He seats
 himself &]
 asks the
 angels how
 he looks.

Say, felows, how semys now me
 To sit in seyte of trynyte?
 I am so bright^t of ich^t a lym^d
 I trow me seme as weH as hym^d. 107

The bad
 praise, and
 the good
 warn him.

primus angelus malus. Thou art^t so fayre vnto my
 syght,
 thou semys weH to sytt on^d high^t;
 So thynke me that thou doyse.
primus bonus angelus. I rede ye leyfe that vanys
 royse, 111

ffor^t that seyte may non^d angeH seme
 So weH as hym^d that aH shaH deme.
Secundus bonus angelus. I reyde ye sese of that ye sayn^d,
 ffor^t weH I wote ye carpe in vayne; 115
 hit semyd hym^d neuer, ne neuer shaH,
 So weH as hym^d that has maide aH.

¹ MS. may thyng^t stand then^d be.

Secundus malus angelus. Now, and bi oght that I can witt,
 he semys fuH weH theron to sytt; 119
 He is so fayre, withouten les,
 he semys fuH weH to sytt on des.
 therfor, fellow, hold thi peasse,
 and vmbithynke the what thou sayse. 123
 he semys as weH to sytt there
 as god hymself, if he were here.
*Lucifer*¹. leyf fellow, thyнк the not so? 126
primus malus angelus. Yee, god wote, so dos othere mo. [Fol. 2, a.]
primus bonus [Angelus]. Nay, forsoth, so thyнк not vs.
*lucifer*¹. Now, therof a leke what rekys vs?
 Syn I my self am so bright
 therfor wiH I take a flyght.¹ 131

The bad
angels think
him as hit to
sit in God's
seat as God
Himself.

Lucifer says
he will take
a flight.¹

Tunc exhibunt demones clamando, & dicit primus,

[SCENE II. Hell.]

*primus demon*¹. Alas, alas, and wele-wo!
 lucifer, whi feH thou so? 135
 We, that were angels so fare,
 and sat so hie aboue the ayere,
 Now ar we waxen blak as any coyH,
 and vgly, tatyrd as a foyH.
 What alyd the, lucifer, to faH?
 was thou not farist of angels aH? 139
 Brightist, and best, & most of luf
 With god hym self, that syttyys aboyf?
 thou has maide [neyn,²] there was [ten,³]
 thou art fouH comyn from thi kyn;
 thou art fallen, that was the teynd,
 ffrom an angeH to a feynd.
 thou has vs doyn a vyle dispyte,
 and broght thi self to sorow and sitt. 147
 Alas, ther is noght els to say
 bot we ar tynt for now and ay. 149

The devils
reproach
Lucifer.

They are
waxen black
as coal.

He has made
nine where
there were
ten [i.e. a
tenth part
of each order
of angels has
fallen. Cp.
ll. 256, 257].

Secundus demon.—Alas, the ioy that we were In
 haue we lost, for oure syn.

¹ A scribe has mistaken Lucifer's boastful flight for his fall. One or more stanzas containing either a speech of Deus (cp. *Chester* and *Coventry Plays*) or the exclamations of the devils as they fall (cp. *York Plays*) must have been omitted.

² MS. ix.

³ MS. x.

alas, that euer cam pride in thoght,
ffor' it has broght vs aH to noght. 153

We were in myrth and Ioy enogh
When lucifer to pride drogh.

We may
curse our
wicked
pride : "so
may ye all
that stand
beside."

Alas, we may warrie wikkyd pride,
so may ye aH that standys be side ; 157

We held with hym ther' he saide leasse,
and therfor' haue we aH vnpeasse.

Alas, alas, oure Ioye is tynt,
We mon' haue payne that neuer shaH stynt. 161

[SCENE III. *Earth.*]

(17)

God pro-
ceeds to
make man.

Deus.—Erthly bestys, that may crepe and go,
bryng ye furth and wax ye mo,

I se that it is good ; 164

now make we man to oure liknes,
that shaH be keper of more & les,

of fowles, and fysh in flood. *Et tempt' eum.* 167

(18)

spreyte of life I in the blaw,

good and iH both shaH thou knaw ;

rise vp, and stand bi me. 170

AH that is in water or land,

It shaH bow vnto thi hand,

and sufferan' shaH thou be ; 173

(19)

He gives
him know-
ledge,
strength, the
government
of the world,
& paradise
to dwell in.

I gif the witt, I gif the strenght,
of aH thou sees, of brede & lengthe ;

thou shaH be wonder wise. 176

Myrth and Ioy to haue at wiH,

AH thi likyng to fulfih,

and dweH in paradise. 179

(20)

This I make thi wonnyng playce,

fful of myrth and of solace,

and I seasse the therin. 182

It is not good to be alone,

to walk here in this worthely wone,

In aH this welthly wynd ; 185

(21)

therfor, a rib I from the take,
therof shaH be [maide] thi make,

God makes
woman to
be man's
helping.

And be to thi helpyngt.

188

Ye both to gouerne that here is,
and euer more to be in blis,

ye wax in my blissyngt.

191

(22)

ye shaH have Ioye & blis therin,
whils ye wiH kepe you out of syn,

I say without[ten] lese.

194

Ryse vp, myn angeH cherubyn,

[Fol. 2. b.1]

And bids an
angel lead
them to
paradise.

Take and leyd theym both in,

And leyf them there in peasse.

197

*Tunc capit cherubyn adam per manum, & dicit eis
dominus,*

(23)

Heris thou adam, and cue thi wife,

I forbede you the tre of life,

And I commaund, that it be gat,

God forbids
Adam and
Eve the
tree of life.

Take which ye wiH, bot negh not that.

201

Adam, if thou breke my rede,

thow shaH dye a dulfuH dede.

Cherubyn. Oure lord, oure god, thi wiH be done ;

I shaH go with theym fuH sone.

205

ffor' soth, my lord, I shaH not sted

tiH I haue theym theder led.

we thank the, lord, with fuH good chere,

that has maide man to be oure feere. [*Exit Deus.*]

209

Com furth, adam, I shaH the leyd ;

take tent to me, I shaH the reyd.

The Angel
instructs
Adam.

I rede the thynk how thou art wroght,

and luf my lord in aH thi thoght,

213

That has maide the through his wiH,

angels ordir to fulfih.

Many thyngys he has the giffen,

and maide the master of aH that liffen ;

217

He has forbed the bot a tre ;

look that thou let it be,

ffor if thou breke his commaundment,
thow skapys not bot thou be shent. 221

Weynd here in to paradise,
and luke now that ye be wyse,
And kepe you wel, for I must go
vnto my lord, ther I cam fro. [*Exit Cherubyn.*] 225

Adam and
Eve con-
gratulate
themselves
& thank
God.

Adam. Almyghty lord, I thank it the
that is, and was, and shaH be,
Of thi luf and of thi grace,
ffor now is here a mery place ; 229
Eue, my felow, how thynk the this ?

Eua. A stede me thynk of Ioye and blis,
Thar god has giffen to the and me ;
Withoutten ende blissyd be he. 233

Adam. Eue, felow, abide me thore,
ffor I wiH go to viset more,
To se what trees that here been ;
here ar wel moo then we have seen, 237
Gresys, and othere smaH floures,
that smeH fuH swete, of seyr coloures.

Eua. Gladly, sir, I wiH fuH fayne ;
When ye haue sene theyn, com agane. 241

Adam bids
Eve keep
away from
the Tree of
Life.

Adam. Bot luke wel, eue, my wife,
that thow negh not the tree of life ;
ffor if thow do he bese ih paide ;
then be we tynt, as he has saide. 245

Eua. Go furth and play the aH aboute.
I shaH not negh it while thow art oute ;
ffor be thou sekyp I were fuH loth
ffor any thynge that he were wroth. [*Exeunt Adam & Eve.*]

[SCENE IV. *Hell.*]

The tenth
order of
angels is
fallen.

Lucifer. Who wend euer this tyme haue seyn ?
We, that in sich myrth haue beynd,
That we shuld suffre so mych wo ?
Who wold euer trow it shuld be so ? 253

[¹ Ten] orders in heuen were
of angels, that had offyce sere ;
Of ich order, in thare degre,
the [² teynd] parte feH downe with me ; 257

ffor^t thay held *with* me that^t tyde,
 and mantenyd me in my pride;
 Bot^t herkyns, felows, what I say—
 the Ioy that we haue lost for ay, 261
 God has maide man *with* his hend,
 to haue that^t blis *with*outten end,
 The ¹ neyn ordre to fulfitt,
 that^t after^t vs left, sich is his wiH. 265
 And now ar^t thay in paradise;
 bot^t thens thay shaH, if we be wise. 267

God has
maide man
to fill its
place.

The MS. has apparently lost 12 leaves here, containing (no doubt) the Temptation of Eve and the Expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

(II.)

Mactacio abel. *Secunda pagina.*

[Fol. 3, a.]

[473 lines in thirteens (aaab cccb bbbd, no. 1), twelves (aaab cccb bbbd, no. 3), elevens (aab cccb, no. 2—or aaab ccb, no. 7—bbbd), nines, eights (aaab bcbe, no. 6, or cccb, no. 10; aaa bbb cc, no. 14), sevens (aaab ccb, no. 4; aab ab cc, no. 16), sixes, fives (aa bbb, no. 5), fours (ab ab, no. 13), threes and twos.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Garcio.

Cayn.

Abel.

Deus.]

Garcio.

(1)

Glover Pag.² ..

AH hayH, aH hayH, both blithe and glad,
 ffor^t here com I, a mery lad;
 be peasse youre dyn, my master^t bad,
 Or els the dwiH you spede.

Garcio
makes a
ranting
speech.

4

Wote ye not I com before?

Bot who that^t Ianglis any more
 He must^t blaw my blak hoiH bore,
 both behynd^t and before,

TiH his tetHe blede.

9

ffelows, here I you forbede

To make nother nose ne cry;

Who so is so hardy to do that^t dede

The dwiH³ hang hym vp to dry.

13

¹ MS. ix.

² In a later hand.

³ MS. dewill; the "e" having been overlined by a later hand.

(2)

His master is a good yeoman : Gedlyngis, I am a full grete wat,
 A good yoman my master' hat,
 full weH ye aH hym ken ; 16

ill to quarrel with. Begyn he with you for to stryfe,
 certis, then mon ye neuer thryfe ;
 Bot I trow, bi god on life,
 Som of you ar' his men. 20

Bot let youre lippis couer youre ten,
 harlottis, euerichon !
 ffor if my master' com, welcom hym then.
 ffareweH, for I am gone. [Exit Garcio.] 24

[Enter Cain, ploughing.]

(3)

Cain calls to his mare. Cayn. Io furth, greyn-horne ! and war' oute, gryme !
 Drawes on ! god gif you iH to tyme !
 Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme ;
 What ! wiH ye no forther, mare ? 28

Pull on a bit, you shrew. War ! let me se how down wiH draw ;
 Yit, shrew, yit, puH on a thraw !
 What ! it semys for me ye stand none aw !
 I say, donnyng, go fare ! 32

You're the worst mare I ever had in plough. A, ha ! god gif the soro & care !
 Io ! now hard she what I saide ;
 now yit art thou the warst mare
 In plogh that euer I haide. 36

(4)

He calls the Boy. How ! pike-harnes, how ! com heder belife !
 [Enter Garcio.]

They wrangle. Garcio. I fend, godis forbot, that euer thou thrife !
 Cayn. What, boy, shal I both hold and drife ? 39
 heris thou not how I cry ?
 Garcio. Say, maH and stott, wiH ye not go ?
 Lemyng, moreH, white-horne, Io !
 now wiH ye not se how thay hy ? 43

(5)

Cayn. Gog gif the sorow, boy ; want of mete it gars.
 Garcio. thare prouand, sir, for thi, I lay behynd thare ars,
 And tyes them fast bi the nekis,
 With many stans in thare hekis.

Cayn. That shaH bi thi fals chekis. 48

(6)

Garcio. And haue agane as right.

49 Cain offers
to fight him.

Cayn. I am thi master, wilt thou fight?

Garcio. Yai, with the same mesure and weghit
That I bere wiH I qwite.

52 The Boy is
quite ready.

Cayn. We! now, no thyngt, bot' eah on tye,
that we had ployde this land.

Garcio. harrer, moreH, iofurth, hyte!
and let the plogH stand.

56

[Enter Abel.]

(7)

AbelH. God, as he both may and can,
Spede the, brother, & thi man.

57 Abel bids
them God
speed.

Cayn. Com kis myne ars, me list not ban,
As welcom standis ther' oute.

60 Cain tells
him he isn't
wanted.

Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;
Com nar', & other' drife or' hald,
and kys the dwillis toute.

63

Go grese thi shepe vnder' the toute,
ffor that' is the moste lefe.

AbelH. broder', ther' is none here aboute
that' wold the any grefe;

67

(8)

bot', leif' brother', here my sawe—

It is the custom of oure law,

AH that' wyrk as the wise

shaH worship god with sacrifice.

Abel exhorts
him to come
& make
burnt-offer-
ings of his
tenths of
corn &
cattle.

71

Oure fader' vs bad, oure fader' vs kend,
that' oure tend shuld be brend.

Com furth, brothere, and let vs gang

To worship god; we dweH fuH langt;

75

Gif' we hym parte of oure fee,

Corne or' cataH, wheder it' be.

77

(9)

And therfor', brother', let vs weynd,

And first' clens vs from the feynd

or' we make sacrifice;

Then blis withoutten end

get we for' oure seruyce,

82

(10)

Of hym that is oure saulis leche. 83

Cain will
none of his
sermoning.

Cayn! How! let furth youre geyse, the fox wið preche;

How long wilt thou me appech

With thi sermonyng? 86

Hold thi tong; yit I say,

Euen ther the good wife strokid the hay;

Or sit downe in the dwið way,

With thi vayn carpyng. 90

(11)

He won't
leave his
plough & his
work. God
only gives
him sorrow
& woe.

Shuld I leife my plogh & aH thyng

And go with the to make offeryng?

Nay! thou fyndys me not so mad!

Go to the dwiH, and say I bad! 94

What gifys god the to rose hym so?

me gifys he nocht bot soro and wo. 96

[Fol. 4, a.]

(12)

Abel. Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,

ffor god giffys the aH thi lifyng.

Cayn! Yit boroed I neuer a farthyng 99

of hym, here my hend.

Abel says
their elders
have told
them they
must tithe &
make burnt-
offering.

Abel. Brother, as elders haue vs kend,

ffirst shuld we tend with oure hend,

and to his lofyng sithen be brend. 103

(13)

Cayn! My farthyng is in the preest hand
syn last tyme I offyrd.

Abel. leif brother, let vs be walkand;

I wold oure tend were profyrd. 107

(14)

Cain replies
he is worse
off each year.

Cayn! We! wherof shuld I tend, leif brothere!

ffor I am ich yere wars then othere,

here my trouth it is none othere; 110

My wynmyngis ar bot meyn,

No wonder if that I be leyn;

ffuH long tiH hym I may me meyn, 113

ffor bi hym that me dere boghit,

I traw that he wiH leyn me noghit. 115

(15)

AbeH. Yis, aH the good thou has in wone
Of godis grace is bot a lone.

Cayn. Lenys he me, as com thrift' apone the so?

ffor' he has ener yit' beyn my fo ;

119 God has
always been
his foe.

ffor' had he my freynd' beyn,

Other' gatis it' had beyn seyn.

When aH mens corn was fayre in feld' ✓

Then was myne not' worth a neld¹ ;

123 His own
corn is the
worst of
anybody's.

When I shuld saw, & wantyd seyde,

And of corn had fuH grete neyde,

Then gaf' he me none of his,

No more with I gif hym of this.

127

hardely hold me to blame

bot' if I serue hym of the same.

AbeH. Leif' brother', say not' so,

bot let vs furth togeder go ;

131

Good brother, let vs weynd sone,

no longer here I rede we hone.

Cayn. Yei, yei, thou langyls waste ;

the dwiH me spede if I haue hast,

135 He is in no
haste to give.

As long as I may lif,

to dele my good or' gif

Ather to god or' yit' to man,

of any good that' euer I wan ;

139

ffor' had I giffen away my goode,

then myght I go with a ryffen hood,

And it is better' hold that' I haue

then go from doore to doore & craue.

143 If he had
given away
his good he
might go
with a torn
hood.
Better keep,
than beg.

AbeH. Brother', com furth, in godis name,

I am fuH ferd' that' we get blame ;

Hy we fast' that' we were thore.

Cayn. We ! ryn on, in the dwiHs nayme Before ! 147

Wemay, man, I hold the mad !

wenys thou now that' I list gad

To gif away my warldis aght ?

[Fol. 4, b.]
He thinks
Abel mad.

the dwiH hym spede that me so taght !

151

what' nede had I my traueH to lose,

to were my shoyne & ryfe my hose ?

¹ MS. an eld.

Abel doesn't
want to go
without him.

AbeH. Dere brother, hit were grete wonder
that I & thou shuld go in sonder, 155
Then wold oure faier haue grete ferly ;
Ar' we not brether, thou & I ?

Cayn. No, bot' cry on, cry, whyls the thyнк good ;
Here my trowth, I hold the woode ; 159
Wheder that he be blithe or' wroth
to dele my good is me fuH lothe.
I haue gone oft' on softer' wise
ther' I trowed som prow wold rise. 163

I see I must
come then.
Go on be-
fore.

Bot' weH I se go must' I nede ;
now weynd before, iH myght' thou spede !
syn that' we shaH algatis go.

AbeH. leif' brother, whi sais thou so ? 167

Let us go
together,
says Abel.

Bot' go we furth both togeder ;
blissid' be god we haue fare weder.

Cayn. lay downe thi trusseH apen this hiH.

AbeH. fforsoth broder, so I wiH : 171

Gog of' heuen, take it' to good.

You tithe
first, says
Cain.

Cayn. Thou shaH tend first if thou were wood.

AbeH. God that' shope both erth and heuen),
I pray to the thou here my steven), 175
And take in thank, if thi wiH be,
the tend that I offere here to the ;
ffor' I gif' it' in good entent'
to the, my lord, that aH has sent. 179

Abel burns
his tithes.

I bren it now, with stedfast thought,
In worship of hym that' aH has wroght.

Cain begins
tithing.

Cayn. Ryse ! let' me now, syn thou has done ;
lord of' heuen, thou here my boyne ! 183
And ouer, godis forbot', be to the
thank or' thew to kun me ;
ffor', as browke I thise two shankys,
It is fuH sore, myne vnthankys, 187
The teynd that' I here gif' to the,
of' corn, or' thyng, that' newys me ;
Bot now begyn wiH I then,
syn I must' nede my tend to bren. 191
Oone shefe, oone, and this makys two,
bot' nawder of' thise may I forgo :

- Two, two, now this is thre,
 yei, this also shaH leif with me : 195 He chooses
 ffor I wiH chose and best haue, & keeps the
 this hold I thrift of aH this thrafe ; best for
 Wemo, wemo, foure, lo, here ! himself,
 better groveH me no this yere. 199 grumbling
 At yere tyme I sew fayre corn, all the time.
 yit was it sich when it was shorne,
 Thystyls & brerys, yei grete plente,
 And aH kyn wedis that myght be. 203 Cain keeps
 ffoure shefis, foure, lo, this makis fyfe— on counting.
 deyH I fast thus long or I thrife— [The repeti-
 ffye and sex, now this is sevn, tion of the
 bot this gettis neuer god of heuen ; 207 numbers
 Nor none of thise foure, at my myght, may mean
 shaH neuer com in godis sight. that he
 Sevn, sevn, now this is aght, counts 20
 AbeH. Cain, brother, thou art not god betaght. 211 sheaves as
 Cayn. We ! therfor is it that I say, 10, so as to
 ffor I wiH not deyle my good away : pay a 20th
 Bot had I gyffen hym this to teynd instead of a
 Then wold thou say he were my Freynd ; 215 10th.]
 Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,
 To departe so lightly fro my goode.
 we ! aght, aght, & neyn, & ten is this,
 we ! this may we best mys. 219 We may best
 Gif hym that that ligis thore ? do without
 It goyse agans myn hart fuH sore. 221 this one.

(16)

- AbeH. Cam ! teynd right of aH bedeyn.
 Cayn. we ! lo twelve, fyfteyn, sexteyn ¹
 AbeH. Cayn, thou tendis wrang, and of the warst. Abel tells
 Cayn. we ! com nar, and hide myne een ; him he is
 In the wenyand wist ye now at last, 226 titling
 Or els wiH thou that I wynk ? wrongly &
 then shaH I doy no wrong, me thynk. 228 of the worst

(17)

- let me se now how it is—
 lo, yit I hold me paide ;
 I teyndyd wonder weH bi ges,
 And so euen I laide. 232

¹ MS. xij, xv, xvi.

(18)

AbeH. Came, of god me thynke thou has no drede.Devil speed
me if he get
a sheaf more.*Came.* Now and he get more, the dwiH me spede !

As myeh as oone reepe,
ffor' that cam hym fuH light chepe ; 236

Not as mekiH, grete ne smaH,
as he myght wipe his ars with aH.
ffor' that, and this that lyys here,
haue cost me fuH dere ; 240

I had many
a weary back
in getting
this.

Or' it was shorne, and broght in stak,
had I many a very bak ;
Therfor' aske me no more of this,
ffor' I haue giffen that my wiH is. 244

AbeH. Cam, I rede thou tend right
ffor' drede of hym that sittis on hight.

Never you
mind how
I'm titling.

Cayn. How that I tend, rek the neuer a deiH.
bot' tend thi skabbid shepe wele ; 248
ffor' if thou to my teynd tent' take,
It' bese the wars for' thi sake.

Here are two
sheaves, and
that must
do.

Thou wold I gaf hym this shefe, or' this sheyfe ;
na, nawder of thise [two¹] wil I leife ; 252
Bot take this, now has he two,
and for' my sauH now mot' it' go,
Bot' it gos sore agans my wiH,
and shal he like fuH iH. 256

AbeH. Cam, I reyde thou so teynd
that' god of heuen be thi freynd.

Cayn. My freynd ? na, not' bot' if he wiH !
I did hym neuer yit' bot' skiH. 260
If he be neuer so my fo,
I am avisid' gif hym no mo ;
Bot' chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn,
yit' teynd thou not' thi mesel swyne ? 264

AbeH. If thou teynd right thou mon' it fynde.

Cayn. Yei, kys the dwiHs ars behynde ;
The dwiH hang the bi the nek !
how that I teynd, neuer thou rek. 268

Cease your
jangling.

WiH thou not' yit hold thi peasse ?
of this Ianglyng I reyde thou seasse.
And teynd I weH, or' tend I iH,
bere the euen & speke bot' skiH. 272

- Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,
Now wiſt I ſet fyr¹ on myne. [Fol. 6, a. He ſets fire
Sig. C. 2.]¹ to his offer-
ing.
We! out! haro! help to blaw!
It wiſt not¹ bren for¹ me, I traw; 276
Puſt! this ſmoke doſe me mych ſhame—
now bren, in the dwiſtys name!
A! what¹ dwiſt of heſt is it?
Almoſt had myne breth¹ beyn dit. 280
had I blawen¹ oone blaſt more
I had beyn choked right¹ thore;
It ſtunk like the dwiſt in heſt,
that longer ther¹ myght I not dweſt. 284
AbeH. Cam, this is not¹ worth¹ oone leke;
thy tend ſhuld bren withouten¹ ſmeke. Abel ſays it
is no good.
Caym¹. Com kys the dwiſt right¹ in the ars,
for the it¹ brens bot¹ the wars; 288
I wold that¹ it were in thi throte,
ffyr¹, & ſhefe, and ich¹ a ſprote.. [*God appears above.*]
Deus. Cam, whi art¹ thou ſo rebeſt
Agans thi brother¹ abeH? 292
Thar¹ thou nowther¹ flyte ne chyde,
iſt thou tend right¹ thou gettis thi mede;
And be thou ſekir¹, iſt thou teynd falſ,
thou beſe alowed ther¹ after als. [*Exit Deus.*] 296

(19)

- Caym¹.* Whi, who is that¹ hob-over-the-waH?
we! who was that¹ that¹ piped ſo ſmaH?
Com go we hens, for¹ perels aH; God ſcoffs
at God.
God is out¹ of hys wit. 300
Com furth, abeH, & let¹ vs weynd;
Me thynk that¹ god is not¹ my freynd,
on land then wiſt I flyt. 303

(20)

- AbeH.* A, Caym, brother¹, that¹ is iH done. Abel is
shocked.
Caym¹. No, bot¹ go we hens ſone;

¹ The writer of MS. has by mistake continued his lines on Fol. 6 a, instead of fol. 5 b, and has made a note in red ink on top of fol. 5 b, as follows;—" [M]t that¹ this syde of the leyfe [sh]uld¹ folow the other next¹ syde [ac]cording to the tokyns here maide, [an]t then after al stondys in ordre."

And if I may, I shaH be
ther' as god shaH not me see. 307

He says he
will go to his
beasts.

Abel. Dere brother', I wiH fayre
on feld ther' oure best/s ar',
To looke if thay be holgh or' fuH.

Cain stops
him and
says it is
time to pay
Abel what
he owes him.

Caym'. Na, na, abide, we haue a crow to puH; 311
Hark, speke *with* me or' thou go;
what! wenys thou to skape so?
we! na! I aght the a fowH dispyte,
and now is tyme that I hit qwite. 315

Abel. Brother', whi art thou so to me in Ire?

Why did
your tithe
burn & not
mine?

Caym'. we! theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre?
Ther' myne did bot' smoked
right as it wold vs both haue choked. 319

Abel. God/s wiH I trow it were
that myn brended so clere;
1 If thyne smoked am I to wite?

I will take
your life for
it with this
cheek bone.

Caym'. we! yei! that shal thou sore abite; 323
with cheke bon, or' that I blyn,
shal I the & thi life twyn; [*Cain kills Abel.*]
So lig down ther' and take thi rest,
thus shaH shrewes be chastysed best. 327

(21)

Abel cries
for venge-
ance.

Abel. Veniance, veniance, lord, I cry!
for' I am slayn, & not gilty.

Caym'. Yei, ly ther' old shrew, ly ther', ly! 330

(22)

If any one
thinks he
did amys,
Cain will
make things
worse.

And if any of' you thynk I did amys
I shal it amend wars then it is,
that aH men may it se: 333

weH wars then it is
right so shaH it be. 335

(23)

[*Fol. 5, b.*]
But now
that Abel is
brought to
sleep I e
would fain
creep into a
hole for 40
days.

Bot' now, syn he is Broght on Slepe,
Into Som' hole fayn wold I crepe;
ffor ferd I qwake and can no rede,
ffor be I taken, I be bot dede; 339

1 Originally written "I am not to wite"; "I" and "not" have been struck out with red ink, and "I" placed after "am."

here wiH I lig thise fourty dayes,

And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse.

Deus. Caym, Caym ! [*God appears above.*]

God calls to Cain.

Caym. who is that that callis me ?

I am yonder, may thou not se ? 343

Deus. Caym, where is thi brother¹ abeH ?

Where is thy brother ?

Caym. what askis thou me ? I trow at heH :

At heH I trow he be—

who so were ther¹ then myght he se— 347

Cain answers he may be in hell or asleep.

Or¹ somewhere fallen on slepyng ;

when was he in my kepyng¹ ?

Deus. Caym, Caym, thou was wode ;

The voyce of thi brotheris blode 351

That¹ thou has slayn, on fals wise,

from erth to heuen venvyance cryse.

God curses him.

And, for¹ thou has broght thi brother¹ downe,

here I gif the my malison. 355

*Caym*¹. Yei, dele aboute the, for¹ I wiH none,

or¹ take it the when I am gone.

Cain says since he has lost God's grace he will hide himself.

Syn I haue done so mekiH syn,

that¹ I may not thi mercy wyn, 359

And thou thus dos me from thi grace,

I shaH hyde me fro thi face ;

And where so any man may fynd me,

Let hym slo me hardely ; 363

If any man find him, let him slay him : and bury him " in gudeboure at the quarell head."

And where so any man may me meyte,

Ayther¹ bi sty, or¹ yit¹ bi strete ;

And hardely, when I am dede,

bery me in gudeboure at the quareH hede, 367

ffor¹, may I pas this place in quarte,

bi aH men set I not a fart.

Deus. Nay, caym, it¹ bese not so ;

I wiH that¹ no man other¹ slo,¹ 371

God will not let him be slain.

ffor¹ he that sloys yong or¹ old

It shaH be punyshid sevenfold. [*Exit Deus.*]

*Caym*¹. No force, I wote wheder I shaH ;

In heH I wote mon be my staH. 375

Cain knows that hell will be his place.

It¹ is no boyte mercy to craue,

ffor¹ if I do I mon none haue ; 377

¹ Opposite this line a later hand has added in the margin, "& that shaH do thy boddie der."

He wants to
hide the
body. Bot this cors I wold were hid, 378
ifor som man myght com at vngayn,
'file fals shrew,' wold he bid,

If Pike-
harnes were
there they
would bury
it together. And weyn I had my brother' slayn. 381
Bot were pike-harnes, my knafe, here,
we shuld bery hym both in fere.

How, pyke-harnes, scape-thryft ! how, pike-harnes, how !
Garcio. Master, master ! 385

Cain calls
Pyke-
harnes and
hits him *Cayn*. harstow, boy ? ther' is a podyng in the pot :
take the that, boy, tak *the that* !

Garcio. I shrew thi baH vnder thi hode.
If thou were my syre of flesh & blode ; 389
Ah the day to ryn and trott,
And euer amang thou strykeand,
Thus am I comen bofettis to fott.

to keep his
hand in. *Cayn*. Peas, man, I did it bot to vse my hand ; 393

(24)

[Fol. c, b.]
He tells him
he has slain
Abel. Bot Harke, boy, I haue a counseH to the to Say—
I slogh my brother' this same day ;
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,
to ryn away *with* the bayn. 397

The boy
cries out
upon him. *Garcio.* We ! out apou the, thefe !
has thou thi brother' slayn ?
Cayn. Peasse, man, for' godis payn ! 400

(25)

I saide it for' a skaunce.

We shall
come off ill
if the bailies
catch us. *Garcio.* Yey, bot for ferde of grevance
here I the forsake ;
we mon haue a mekiH myschaunce
and the bayles vs take. 405

(26)

Cain pro-
mises to cry
his peace. *Cayn*. A, sir, I cry you mercy ; seasse !
and I shaH make you a release.

Garcio. what, wilt thou cry my peasse 408

(27)

throught this land ?

Cayn. Yey, that I gif god a vow, belife.

Garcio. how wiH thou do long or' thou thrive ?

Cayn. Stand vp, my good boy, belife,
and thaym peasse both man & [w]ife : 412

(28)

And who so wiH do after me
ffuH slape of thrift then shal he be.
Bot thou must be my good boy,
and cry oyes, oyes, oy!

He bids him
cry *Oyez*.

Garcio. Browes, browes, to thi boy. 417

(29)

*Caym*¹. I commaund you in the kyngis nayme,
Garcio. And in my masteres, fals Cayme,
*Caym*¹. That no man at thame fynd fawt ne blame.
Garcio. Yey, cold rost is at my masteres hame. 421

Cain makes
proclama-
tion of
pardon for
himself &
his boy.
The boy
mocks him
in audible
'asides.'

(30)

*Caym*¹. Nowther¹ with hym nor¹ with his knafe,
Garcio. What¹, I hope my master rafe.
*Caym*¹. ffor¹ thay ar¹ trew, fuff many fold;
Garcio. My master suppy¹s no coyle bot cold. 425
*Caym*¹. The kyng wrytis you vntiH.
Garcio. Yit ete I neuer half my fiH. 427

(31)

*Caym*¹. The kyng wiH that thay be safe,
Garcio. Yey, a draght of drynke fayne wold I hayfe.
*Caym*¹. At thare awne wiH let tham wafe;
Garcio. My stomak is redy to receyfe. 431

(32)

*Caym*¹. Loke no man say to theym, on nor¹ other¹;
Garcio. This same is he that slo his brother¹. 433
*Caym*¹. Byd euery man thaym luf and lowt,
Garcio. Yey, iH spon weft ay comes foule out.
*Caym*¹.¹ long or¹ thou get thi hoyse and thou go thus
about. 436

(33)

Byd euery man theym please to pay.

Garcio. Yey, gif don, thyne hors, a wisp of hay.
*Caym*¹. we! com downe in twenty dwiH way,
The dwiH I the betake; 440
ffor bot it were abeH, my brothere,
yit knew I neuer thi make. 442

Cain curses
the boy.
He has never
known his
equal since
Abel.
[Fol. 7, a.
Sig. C, 3.]

¹ This line should probably be *Garcio*'s.

(34)

The boy
wishes the
spectators
the blessing
God gave
Cain.

Garcio. Now old and yong, or that ye weynd, 443

The same blissyng withoutten end,

AH sam then shaH ye haue, 445

That god of heuen my master has giffen;

Browke it weH, whils that ye lifen,

he vowche it fuh weH safe. 448

(35)

Cain makes
the boy go
to the
plough.

Caym. Com downe yit in the dwiH's way,

And angre me no more;

And take yond plogh, I say,

And weynd the furth fast before; 452

And I shaH, if I may,

Tech the another' lore;

I warn the lad, for ay,

firo now furth, euermore,

That thou greue me noght: 457

If he angers
him he will
hang him
on it.

fior', bi God's sydis, if thou do.

I shaH hang the apon this plo,

with this rope, lo, lad, lo!

By hym that me dere boght. 461

(36)

Now fayre weH, felows aH,

fior I must ned's weynd,

And to the dwiH be thraH,

warld withoutten end. 465

His own
place must
be in hell.

Ordand ther is my staH,

with sathanas the feynd,

Euer iH myght hym befah

that theder me commend,

This tyde. 470

ffare weH les, & fare weH more,

fior' now and euer more,

I wiH go me to hyde. 473

Explicit Mactacio AbeH.

Sequitur' Noe.

(III.)

Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefeld.

[Fol. 7, b.]

[In 62 nine-line stanzas, aaaabceeb, with central rymes in aaaa, markt here by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Noe.		Primus filius.		Prima Mulier.
Deus.		Secundus filius.		Secunda Mulier.
Vxor Noe.		Tercius filius.		Tercia Mulier.]

Noe. (1)

MyghtfuH god veray / Maker oft aH that is,
Thre persons withoutten nay / oone god in
endles blis,
Thou maide both nyght & day / beest, fowle,
& fysh,

Noah praises
God for His
work of
creation.

AH creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,

As thou wel myght; 5

The son, the moyne, verament,

Thou maide; the firmament,

The sternes also fuH feruent,

To shyne thou maide ful bright. 9

(2)

Angels thou maide ful euen / aH orders that is,

To haue the blis in heuen / this did thou more & les,

ffuH mervelus to neuē / yit was ther' vnkyndnes,

More bi foldis seuen / then I can weH expres;

ffor' whi? 14

Of aH angels in brightnes

God gaf lucifer' most lightnes,

Yit prowldy he flyt his des,

And set hym euen hym by. 18

(3)

He thought hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,

In brightnes, in bewty / therfor' he hym degrade;

put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,

hym and aH his menyē / wher' he may be vnglad

ffor euer. 23

shaH thay neuer wyn away

hence vnto domysday,

Bot burne in bayle for' ay,

shaH thay neuer dysseuer. 27

and the fall
of Lucifer.

(4)

Noah recalls
the creation
of Adam &
Eve

Soyne after that gracyous lord / to his liknes maide
man), 28

That place to be restord / euen as he began),
Of the trinite bi accord / Adam & eue that woman),
To multiplie without discord / In paradise put he thaym),
And sithen to both 32

Gaf in commaundement,
On the tre of life to lay no hend ;
Bot yit the fals feynd
Made hym with man wroth, 36

(5)

and their
Fall.

Entysyd man to glotony / styrd him to syn in pride ;
Bot in paradise securly / myght no syn abide,
And therfor man fuH hastely / was put out, in *that* tyde,
In wo & wandreth for to be / In paynes fuH vnrid
To knowe,¹ 41

ffyrst in erth, in sythen in heH
with feyndis for to dweH,
Bot he his mercy meH
To those that wiH hym trawe. 45

(6)

[Fol. S, a.
Sig. C, 4.]

Oyle of mercy he Hus hight / As I haue Hard red,
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred ;
Bot now before his sight / euery lifyng leyde,

All living
people now
sin boldly.

Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede
ifuH bold ; 50

Som in pride. Ire. and enuy,
Som in Couet[yse]² & glotyny,
Som in sloth and lechery,
And other wise many folk. 54

(7)

So that he
dreads God's
vengeance.

Therfor I drede lest god / on vs will take veniance,
ffor syn is now alod / without any repentance ;
Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,
In erth, as any soH / lifyd with grete grevance
AH way ; 59

¹ MS. knowe.

² MS. Couetous.

And now I wax old,
seke, sory, and cold,
As muk apon mold
I widder away ;

Noah him-
self is old.

63

(8)

Bot yit wiH I cry / for mercy and caH ;
Noe thi seruant, am I / lord ouer aH !
Therfor me and my fry / shal wiH me faH ;
saue from velany / and bryng to thi haH

He calls to
God for
mercy.

68

In heuen ;
And kepe me from syn,
This warld within ;
Comly kyng of mankyn,

I pray the here my stevyn ! [God appears above.]

(9)

Deus. Syn I haue maide aH thyng / that is lifland,
Duke, emperour, and kyng / wiH myne awne hand,
ffor to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand,
Euery man to my bydyng / shuld be bowand

God solilo-
quizes. He
has made all
men & they
should love
Him &
repent.

77

ffuH feruent ;
That maide man sich a creatoure,
ffarest of favoure,
Man must luf me paramoure,
by reson, and repent.

81

(10)

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be
aH angels abuf / like to the trynyte ;
And now in grete reprufe / fuH low ligis he,
In erth hymself to stuf / wiH syn that displeasse me
Most of aH ;

But they lie
sunk in sin,
for which He
will take
vengeance.

86

Veniance wiH I take,
In erth for syn sake,
My grame thus wiH I wake,
both of grete and smaH.

90

(11)

I repente fuH sore / that euer maide I man),
Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan ;
I wiH distroy therfor / Botli beest, man, and woman,
aH shaH perish les and more / that bargan may thay
ban,

He repents
He ever
made man.
[Fol. S, b.]

- The earth is
full of sin.
- That iH has done. 95
In erth I se right nought
Bot syn that is vnsoght;
Of those that weH has wroght
ffynd I bot ¹ a fone. 99
- (12)
- God will
destroy it
with floods,
- Therfor shaH I fordo / AH this mediH-erd
with floodis that shaH flo / & ryn with hidous rend;
I haue good cause therto / ffor me no man is ferd,
As I say shal I do / of veniance draw my swerd,
- & make end
of every
thing living,
save Noah
& his wife.
- And make end 104
of all that beris life,
Sayf noe and his wife,
ffor thay wold neuer stryfe
With me [ne] me offend. [MS. then.] 108
- (13)
- He will
warn Noah
quickly.
- hym to mekiH wyn / hastily wiH I go,
To noe my seruand, or I blyn / to warn hym of his wo.
In erth I se bot syn / reynand to and fro,
Emang both more & myn / ichon other fo;
With aH thare entent : 113
AH shaH I fordo
with floodis that shall floo,
wirk shaH I thaym wo,
That wiH not repent. [*God descends & comes to Noah.*]
- (14)
- God bids
Noah build
a ship
- Noe, my freend, I thee commaund / from cares the to
keyle, 118
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord ful wele.
Thou was alway weH wirkand / to me trew as stele,
To my bydyng obediand / frendship shal thou fele
To mede ; 122
of lenntie thi ship be
Thre hundreth cubett/s, warn I the,
Of heghit euen thirte.
of fyfty als in brede. 126
- (15)
- Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar / without & als within,
The water out to spar / this is a noble gyn;

¹ MS. bot.

look no man the mar' / thre chese¹ chambres begyn,
 Thou must spend many a spar' / this wark or' thou wyn
 To end fully. 131

How the ark
 is to be
 fitted.

Make in thi ship also,
 parloures oone or' two,
 And houses of offyce mo,
 ffor' beest's that ther must be. 135

(16)

Oone cubite on hight / A wynde shal thou make ;
 on the syde a doore with slyght / be-neyth shal thou take ;
 With the shal no man fyght / nor' do the no kyn wrake.
 When aH is doyne thus right / thi wife, that is thi make,
 Take in to the ; 140
 Thi sonnes of good fame,
 Sem, Iaphet, and Came,
 Take in also hame,
 Thare wif's also thre. 144

[Fol. 9, a.]
 Noah is to
 take his
 wife, his
 three sons &
 their wives,

(17)

ffor' aH shal be fordone / that lif in land bot ye,
 with flood's that from abone / shal faH, & that plente ;
 It shaH begyn fuH sone / to rayn vncessantle,
 After dayes seuen be done / and induyr' dayes fourty,
 withoutten fayH. 149

to escape the
 rain that
 shall last
 40 days.

Take to thi ship also
 of ich kynd beest's two,
 MayH & femayH, bot no mo,
 Or' thou puH vp thi sayH. 153

He is to take
 in the ark
 two beasts
 of every
 kind,

(18)

ffor' thay may the awayH / when al this thyng is wrought ;
 Stuf' thi ship with vitayH, / ffor' hungre that ye perisH
 noght ;
 Of beest's, fouH, and catayH / ffor' thaym haue thou in
 thoght,
 ffor' thaym is my counsayH / that som socour' be sought,
 In hast ; 158

and to
 victual it
 well.

Thay must haue corn and hay,
 And oder' mete alway ;
 Do now as I the say,
 In the name of the holy gast. 162

¹ MS. "chefe." Compare line 231.

(19)

Noah asks
who it is
who speaks. *Noe.* A! benedicite! / what art thou that thus 163
Tellys afore that shaH be? / thou art fuH mervelus!
TeH me, for charite / thi name so gracijs.
God declares
Himself. *Deus.* My name is of dignyte / and also fuH glorijs
To knowe.¹ 167
I am god most myghty,
Oone god in trynty,
Made the and ich man to be;
To luf me weH thou awe. 171

(20)

Noah thanks
Him for
appearing to
a simple
knave like
himself, &
begs His
blessing. *Noe.* I thank the, lord, so dere / that wold^d vowch sayf
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;
Blis vs, lord, here / for charite I lit crafe,
The better may we stere / the ship that we shaH hafe,
Certayn.^l 176
God blesses
him. *Deus.* Noe, to the and to thi fry
My blyssyng graunt I;
Ye shaH wax and multiply,
And fiH the erth agane, 180

(21)

When aH thise floodis ar^d past / and fully gone away.
Noah says
he will go
tell his wife. *Noe.* lord, homward wiH I hast / as fast as that I may;
My [wife] wiH I frast / what she wiH say, [*Ecit Deus.*]
And I am agast / that we get som fray
Betwixt vs both; 185
ffor she is fuH tethee,
ffor litiH oft angre,
If any thyng^t wrang be,
Soyne is she wroth. *Tunc perget ad uxorem^l.* 189

(22)

[Fol. 9. b.] God spede, dere wife / how fayre ye?
 Uxor^l. Now, as euer myght I thryfe / the wars
 I thee see;
She wants to
know what
he has been
doing. Do teH me belife / where has thou thus long be?
To dede may we dryfe / or lif for the,
ffor want. 194

¹ MS. knowe.

When we swete or^s swynk,
thou dos what thou thynk,
Yit of mete and of drynk
haue we veray skant.

We sweat
while you
play.

195

(23)

Noe. Wife, we ar^s hard^s sted / with tythyngis new.

Noah has
bad news.

Vxor^s. Bot thou were worthi be cled / In stafford blew ;
ffor thou art alway adred / be it fals or^s trew ;
Bot god knowes I am led / and that may I rew,
ffuH ih ;

His wife says
he should be
"cled in
stafford
blew," for
he is always
afraid.

203

ffor I dar^s be thi borow,
ffrom euen vnto morow,

Thou spekis euer of sorow ;

God send the onys thi fiH !

207

(24)

We women may wary / aH ih husbandis ;

I haue oone, bi mary ! / that lowsyd me of my bandis ;

If he teyn I must tary / how so euer it standis.

With seynland fuH sory, / wryngand both my handis

Women may
curse all ill
husbands,
but she
knows how
to pay out
hers.

ffor drede.

212

Bot yit other while,

What with gam & with gyle,

I shaH smyte and smyle,

And qwrite hym his mede.

216

(25)

Noe. We ! hold^s thi tong, ram-skyt / or I shaH the stiH.

Vxor^s. By my thryft, if^s thou smyte / I shal turne the
vntiH.

Noe. We shaH assay as tyte / haue at the, giH !

Apon the bone shal it byte. /

Vxor^s. A, so, mary ! thou smytis ih !

Noah bids
her hold her
tongue.
She dares
him. He
strikes her.

Bot I suppose

221

I shal not in thi det,

fflyt of this flett !

Take the ther^s a langett

She hits
back.

To tye vp thi hose !

225

(26)

Noe. A ! wilt thou so ? / mary, that^s is myne.

Vxor^s. Thou shal thre for two / I swere bi godis pyne.

& promises
three blows
for two.

Noah pro-
mises to pay
her back.

Noe. And I shaH qwyte the tho / In fayth or' syne. 228

Vxor'. Out' apon the, ho ! /

Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne,
with a renk ; 230

fior aH if' she stryke,
yit' fast' wiH she skryke,
In fayth I hold' none slyke
In aH mediH-er' ; 234

There is no
wife like her
on earth.

(27)

Bot' I wiH kepe charyte / ffor' I haue at do.

She says she
will go spin.

Vxor'. Here shal no man tary the / I pray the go to !
ffuH weH may we mys the / as euer haue I ro ;
To spyn wiH I dres me. /

Noe. We ! fare weH, lo ;

Noah bids
her pray for
him.

Bot wife, 239
Pray for me besele,
To eft I com vnto the.

Vxor. Euen as thou prays for' me,
As euer myght' I thrife. [Exit Vxor.] 243

(28)

[Fol. 10, a.]
Noah begins
work on the
ark,

Noe. I tary fuH Lang / Fro my warke, I traw ;
Now my gere wiH I fang / and thederward draw ;
I may fuH iH gang / the soth for to knaw,
Bot if god help amang / I may sit' downe daw
To ken ; 248

Now assay wiH I
how I can of wrightry,
In *nomine patris*, & filii,
Et *spiritus sancti*, Amen. 252

first invok-
ing the
Trinity.

(29)

He gets the
ark of the
right
dimensions.

To begyn of this tree / my bonys wiH I bend,
I traw from the trynyte / socoure wiH be sent ;
It fayres fuH fayre, thynk me / this wark to my hend :
Now blissid be he / that this can amenk.
lo, here the lenght, 257

Thre hundreth cubett's euenly,
of breed lo is it fyfty,
The hegh't is euen thyrtty
Cubett's fuH strenght. 261

(30)

Now my gowne wiH I cast / and wyrk in my cote, 262 Takes off his
Make wiH I the mast / or I flyt oone foote, gown to
A! my bak, I traw, wiH brast! / this is a sory note! work at the
hit is wonder that I last / sich an old dote mast, but
finds it hard
work for his
old bones.

AH dold, 266
To begyn sich a wark!
My bonys ar so stark,
No wonder if thay wark,
ffor I am full old. 270

(31)

The top and the sayH / both wiH I make, He makes
The helme and the casteH / also wiH I take, top & sail,
helm &
castle, &
drives in the
nails.
To drife ich a nayH / wiH I not forsake,
This gere may neuer fayH / that dar' I vndertake
Onone. 275

This is a nobuH gyn,
Thise nayles so thay ryn,
Thoro more and myn,
Thise bordis ichon; 279

(32)

wyndow and doore / euen as he saide, He makes
Thre ches chambre / thay ar weH maide, window &
door, &
three rooms.
Pyk & tar' full sure / ther apon laide,
This wiH euer endure / therof am I paide;
ffor why? 284

It is better wroght
Then I coude haif thoght;
hym that maide aH of noght
I thank oonly. 288

(33)

Now wiH I hy me / and no thyng be leder', Then comes
My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen heder. to his wife
& bids her
flee.
Tent hedir tydely / wife, and consider,
hens must vs fle / AH sam togeder'

In hast. 293

Vcor'. Whi, syr', what alis you?
Who is that asalis you?
To fle it aualis you,
And ye be agast. 297

[Fol. 10, b.]
She asks
what ails
him.

(34)

Noah tells
his wife of
the coming
flood.

Noe. Ther is garñ on the reyH / other, my dame. 298

Vxor!. TeH me that ich a deyH / els get ye blame.

Noe. He that cares may keiH / blissid be his name!
he has for oure seyH / to sheld vs fro shame,

And sayð, 302

AH this world aboute

With floodis so stoute,

That shaH ryn on a route,

ShaH be ouerlaide. 306

(35)

All are to be
slain save
themselves,
their sons,
and their
son's wives.

he saide aH shaH be slayn / bot oonely we,

Oure barnes that ar' bayn / and thare wif's thre :

A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee,

Therfor' with aH oure mayn / thank we that fre

Beytter off' bayH ; 311

hy vs fast, go we thedir'.

Vxor!. I wote neuer whedir',

She is afraid
at his tale.

I dase and I dedir

thor' ferd of that tayH 315

(36)

Noah bids
wife & sons
help get
together
their goods.
They all
promise.

Noe. Be not aferð, haue done / trus sam oure gere,

That we be ther' or none / without more dere.

primus filius. It shaH be done fuH sone / brether', help
to bere.

Secundus filius. fuH long shaH I not hoyne / to do my
devere,

Brether sam. 320

Tercius filius. without any yelp,

At my myght shaH I help.

Vxor!. Yit for drede of a skelp

help weH thi dam. 324

(37)

The gear
must be got
into the ark.

Noe. Now ar' we there / as we shuld be ;

Do get in oure gere / oure cataH and fe,

In to this vesseH here / my chylder fre.

Vxor!. I was neuer bard ere / As euer myght I the,

In sich an oostre as this. 329

In fath I can not fynd
 which is before, which is behynd ;
 Bot shaft we here be pynd,
 Noe, as haue thou blis ?

The wife
 complains of
 the ark.
 She can't
 tell fore from
 aft.

333

(38)

Noe. Dame, as it is skiH / here must vs abide grace ;
 Therfor, wife, with good wiH / com into this place.

Vxor^l. Sir, for Iak nor for giH / wiH I turne my face
 TiH I haue on this hiH / spon a space

She won't go
 in till she
 has done
 some
 spinning.

338

on my rok ;
 WeH were he, myght get me,
 Now wiH I downe set me,
 Yit reede I no man let me,
 ffor drede of a knok.

342

(39)

Noe. Behold to the heuen / the cateractes aH,
 That are open fuH euen / grete and smaH,
 And the planetts seuen / left has thare staH,
 Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar' faH

Noah sees
 the heavens
 are threaten-
 ing.

347

ffuH stout,
 Both halles and bowers,
 Castels and towres ;
 ffuH sharp ar' thise showers,
 that renys aboute ;

[Fol. 11, a.]

351

(40)

Therfor, wife, haue done / com into ship fast.

and bids her
 come in.

Vxor^l. Yei, noe, go cloute thi shone / the better wiH
 thai last.

prima mulier^l. Good moder, com in sone / ffor aH is ouer
 cast,

Her sons'
 wives
 entreat her.

Both the son and the mone. /

Secunda mulier^l. and many wynd blast

ffuH sharp ;

356

Thise floodis so thay ryn,

Therfor moder come in.

Vxor^l. In fayth yit wiH I spyn ;

AH in vayn ye carp.

She says she
 will spin on.

360

(41)

Tercia Mulier^l. If ye like ye may spyn / Moder, in the
 ship.

"Why not
 spin in the
 ship?"

She will
spin out her
spindle on
the hill
where she is.

Noe. Now is this twyys com in / dame, on my frenship.

Vxor^l. Wheder I lose or I wyn / In fayth, thi felow-
ship,

set I not at a pyn / this spyndil wiH I slip

Apon this hiH,

365

Or I styr' oone fote.

Noe. Peter ! I traw we dote ;
without any more note

Come in if ye wiH.

369

(42)

Vxor^l. Yei, water nyghlys so nere / that I sit not dry,
Into ship with a byr' / therfor' wiH I hy
ffor' drede that I drone here. /

Noe. dame, securly,

It bees boght fuH dere / ye abode so long by
out of ship.

374

Vxor^l. I wiH not, for thi bydyng,
go from doore to mydyng^r.

Noah
threatens
her with the
whip.

Noe. In fayth, and for' youre long taryyng

Ye shal lik on the whyp.

378

(43)

She defies
him,

Vxor^l. Spare me not, I pray the / bot euen as thou
thynk,

Thise grete wordis shaH not flay me. /

Noe.

Abide, dame, and drynk,

ffor' betyn shaH thou be / with this staf to thou stynk ;

Ar' strokis good ? say me. /

Vxor^l. what say ye, wat wynk ?

Noe. speke !

383

Cry me mercy, I say !

Vxor^l. Therto say I nay.

Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,

Thi hede shaH I breke.

387

(44)

& wishes she
were a
widow. She
wouldn't
grudge a
penny dole
for his soul
then, & sees
other wives
who think
the same.

Vxor^l. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely fuH hoylle,
Might I onys haue a measse / of welows coyH ;

ffor' thi sauH, without lese / shuld I dele penny doyH,
so wold mo, no frese / that I se on this sole

of wifis that ar' here,

392

ffor the life that thay leydl,
Wold thare husbandis were dede,
ffor, as euer ete I brede,

Wives have
such a bad
life.

So wold I oure syre were.

396

(45)

Noe. Yee men that has wifis / whyls they ar' yong,
If ye haf youre lifis / chastice thare tong :
Me thynk my hert ryfis / both levyr' and long,
To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong ;

Noah bids
husbands
chastise
their wives'
tongues
early.

Bot I,

401

As haue I blys,
shaH chastyse this.

[Fol. 11, b.]
He will set
an example.

Vxor'. Yit may ye mys,

NichoH nedy !

405

(46)

Noe. I shaH make þe stih as stone / begynnar' of
blunder' !

He threaten
& beats her.

I shaH bete the bak and bone / and breke aH in sonder'.

[*They fight.*]

Vxor'. Out, alas, I am gone ! / oute apou the, mans
wonder !

She cries out
& beats him
back.

Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder ;

Bot, wife,

410

In this hast let vs ho,

ffor my bak is nere in two.

Vxor'. And I am bet so blo

That I may not thryfe. [*They enter the Ark.*]

414

(47)

Primus filius. A ! whi fare ye thus ? / ffader and moder
both !

Their sons
reproach
them.

Secundus filius. Ye shuld not be so spitus / standyng
in sich a woth.

Tercius filius. Thise ar' so hidus / with many a cold coth.

Noe. we wiH do as ye bid vs / we wiH no more be
wroth,

Dere barnes !

419

Now to the helme wiH I hent,

And to my ship tent.

Noah takes
the helm.

Vxor'. I se on the firmament,

Me thynk, the seven starnes.

423

(48)

The flood
rises.*Noe.* This is a grete flood / wife, take hede. 424*Vxor'.* So me thoght, as I stode / we ar' in grete
drede ;

Thise wawghes ar' so wode. /

Noah calls
on God.*Noe.* help, god, in this nede !

As thou art stere-man good / and best, as I rede,

Of aH ; 428

Thou rewle vs in this rase,

As thou me behete hase.

Vxor'. This is a perlous case :

help, god, when we call ! 432

(49)

Noah bids
his wife take
the helm
while he
sounds.*Noe.* Wife, tent the stere-tre / and I shaH asay

The depnes of the see / that we bere, if I may.

Vxor'. That shaH I do ful wysely / now go thi way,
ffor' upon this flood haue we / flett many day,

with pyne. 437

Noe. Now the water wiH I sownd :

A ! it is far to the grownd ;

This traueH I expownd

had I to tyne. 441

(50)

The waters
are 15 cubits
above the
hills, but
now they
will abate,
after the 40
days' rain.

Aboue aH hillys bedeyn / the water is rysen late

Cubettis fyfhteyn,¹ / bot in a higher state

It may not be, I weyn / for this weH I wate,

This forty dayes has rayn beyn / It wiH therfor' abate

FuH lele. 446

This water in hast,

eft wiH I tast ;

He sounds
again.

Now am I agast,

It is wanyd a grete dele. 450

(51)

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyht,

Both the most and the leest. /

The wife sees
the sun
shining in
the east.*Vxor'.* Me thynk, bi my wit,

The son shyne in the cest / lo, is not yond it ?

we shuld haue a good feest / were thise floodis flyt

So spytus. 455

¹ MS. xv.

Noe. we haue been here, aH we,
thre hundreth¹ dayes and fyfty.

They have
now been
350 days in
the ark.

Vxor^l. Yei, now wanyis the see ;
lord, weH is vs !

459

(52)

Noe. The thryd tyme wiH I prufe / what depnes we
bere.

[Fol. 12, a.]
Noah takes
soundings a
third time, &
touches
ground.

Vxor^l. Now long shaH thou hufe / lay in thy lyne there.

Noe. I may towch with my lufe / the grownd evyn
here.

Vxor^l. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere ;
Bot, husband,

464

What grownd may this be ?

Noe. The hyllys of armonye.

They are on
the hills of
Armenia.

Vxor^l. Now blissid be he

That thus for vs can ordand !

468

(53)

Noe. I see toppys of hyllys he / many at a syghit,
No thyng to let me / the wedir^l is so bright.

Vxor^l. Thise ar of mercy / tokyns full right.

Noe. Dame, thi counseH me / what fowH best myght,

Noah asks
his wife what
bird will fly
away &
soonest
bring back
a token of
mercy.

And Cowth,

473

with flight of wyng

bryng, without taryying,

Of mercy som tokynyng

Ayther^l bi north or southe ?

477

(54)

ffer this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.

Vxor^l. The ravyn, durst I lay / wiH com agane sone ;

She suggests
the raven.

As fast as thou may / cast hym furth, haue done,

He may happyn to day / com agane or none

With grath.

482

Noe. I wiH cast out also

Dowfys oone or two :

Go youre way, go,

He lets loose
a dove or
two also.

God send^t you som wathe !

486

(55)

Now ar^t thise fowles flone / Into seyr^t countre ;

Pray we fast ichon / kneland on our kne,

- Noah and
his family
pray to God
that the
birds may
return with
good news.
- To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre, 489
That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee
To glad vs. 491
Vxor^l. Thai may not fayH of land,
The water is so wanand.
Noe. Thank we god aH wekdand,
That lord that made vs. 495
- (56)
- He wonders
why they
tarry so
long.
- It is a wonder thyng / me thynk sothle,
Thai ar' so long taryyng / the fowles that we
Cast out in the mornyng. /
Vxor^l. Syr, it may be
Thai tary to thay bryng. /
Noe. The ravyn is a hungrye
A way ; 500
He is without any reson.
And he fynd any caryon,
As peraventure may befor,
he wiH not away ; 504
- (57)
- He hopes
most from
the dove.
The wife sees
her coming
with an
olive-branch
in her bill.
- The dowfe is more gentiH / her trust I vntew,
like vnto the turtiH / for she is ay trew.
Vxor^l. hence bot a litiH / she commys, lew, lew !
she bryngys in her biH / som novels new ;
Behald ! 509
It is of an olif tre
A branch, thynkys me.
Noe. It is sothi, perde,
right so is it cald. 513
- (58)
- [Fol. 12, b.]
Noah blesses
the dove.
- Doufe, byrd fuH blist / ffayre myght the befaH !
Thou art trew for to trist / as ston in the waH ;
FuH weH I it wist / thou wold com to thi haH,
Vxor^l. A trew tokyn ist / we shaft be sauyd aH :
ffor whi ? 518
The water, syn she com,
Of depnes plom,
Is fallen a fathom,
And more hardely. 522
- Her return
is a true
token they
shall be
saved.

(59)

Primus filius. Thise floodis ar' gone / fader, beholdt.

Secundus filius. Ther' is left right' none / and that be
ye boldt.

Tercius filius. As stiH as a stone / oure ship is stold.

Noe. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold ;

My childer dere, 527

Sem, Japhet and Cam,

with gle and with gam,

Com go we aH sam,

we wiH no longer abide here. 531

Noah's sons
exclaim that
the floods
are gone &
the ark rests
quietly.

Noah bids
them come
all together
out of the
ark.

(60)

Vxor'. here haue we beyn / noy long enogh,

with tray and with teyn / and dreed mekiH wogh.

Noe. behald' on this greyn / nowder cart' ne plogh

Is left, as I weyn / nowder tre then bogh,

Ne other thyngt, 536

Bot aH is away ;

Many castels, I say,

Grete townes of aray,

flitt has this flowyngt. 540

There is
neither cart
nor plough,
tree nor
bough, to be
seen on the
land. Castles
& towns are
all swept
away.

(61)

Vxor'. Thise floodis not afright / aH this worldt so wide
has mevid with myght / on se and bi side.

Noe. To dede ar' thai dyght' / prowdist of pryde,

Euer-ich a wyght' / that euer was spyde,

With syn, 545

AH ar' thai slayn,

And put vnto payn.

Vxor'. ffrom thens agayn

May thai neuer wyn ? 549

The proudest
of pride are
slain and in
torment,

(62)

Noe. wyn ? no, I-wis / bot' he that myght hase

Wold myn of thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace ;

As he in bayH is blis / I pray hym in this space,

In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a place,

That we, 554

never to
escape
thence, save
God admit
them to
grace.

May God
bring Noah
& his family
to heaven
with His
saints!

with his *santis* in sight,
And his angels bright,
May com to his light :
Amen, for charite.

558

Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.

(IV.)

Sequitur Abraham.

[Fol. 13, a.
Sig. D. 1.]

[*Incomplete. 35½ eight-line stanzas, ab ab ab ab.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Abraham.

Deus.

Secundus Puer.]

Primus Puer.

Isaac.

Abraham.

(1)

Abraham
prays to God
for mercy.

A

donay, thou god veray,
Thou here vs when we to the caH,
As thou art he that best may,
Thou art most socoure and help of aH ;
MightfuH lord ! to the I pray,
Let onys the oyle of mercy faH,
ShaH I neuer abide that day,
Truly yit I hope I shaH.

4

8

(2)

Mercy, lord omnipotent !

long syn he this world has wrought ;
Wheder ar' aH oure elders went ?

This musys mekiH in my thoght.
ffrom adam, vnto eue assent,

Ete of that appyH sparid he noght,
ffor aH the wisdom that he ment

ffuH dere that bargan has he boght,

12

16

(3)

Adam lived
long in
sorrow.

ffrom paradise thai bad hym gang ;

He went mowrnyng with symple chere,

And after liffyd he here fuH lang,

More then *thre hundreth*¹ yere,

20

¹ MS. ccc.

In sorow and in traueH strang,
 And euery day he was in were ;
 his childre angred¹ hym amang ;
 Caym slo abeH, was hym fuH dere. 24

Cain slew
 Adam's dear
 son Abel.

(4)

Sithen Noe, that was trew and good,
 his ¹ and his chylde thre,
 was saued when aH was flood :

Noah was
 saved from
 the Flood

That^t was a wonder thyng to se. 28

And loth fro sodome when he yode,²

and Lot
 from Sodom.

Thre cytees brent, yit eschapyd^d he ;
 Thus, for thai mended my lordis mode,
 he vengid syn through his paustè. 32

(5)

when I thynk of oure elders aH,

Abraham
 himself is
 sad at heart.

And of the mervels that has been,

No gladnes in my hart may faH,

[Fol. 13, b.]

M[y] comfort goys away fuH cleyn. 36

lord, when shaH dede make me his thraH ?

He is an
 hundred
 years old.
 When will
 death take
 him ?

An *hundreth* ³ yeris, certis, haue I seyn ;

Ma fa ! sone I hope he shaH,

ffor^t it were right hie tyme I weyn. 40

(6)

Yit adam is to heH gone,

His fore-
 fathers lie in
 hell till God
 release them.

And ther^t has ligen many a day,

And ⁴ aH oure elders, euerychon,

Thay ar gone the same way, 44

Vnto god wiH here thare mone ;

Now help, lord, adonay !

ffor^t, certis, I can no better wone,

He can do
 no better.

And ther^t is none that better may. 48

(7)

[*God appears above.*]

Deus. I wiH help adam and his kynde,

Might I luf^t and lewte fynd ;

God desires
 to help
 Adam and
 his kind.
 He will
 prove
 Abraham's
 faith.

Wold thay to me be trew, and blyn

Of thare pride and of thare syn :

52

My seruand I wiH found & frast,

Abraham, if he be trast ;

¹ Query "he."

³ MS. c.

² MS. yede.

⁴ MS. And and.

On certan wise I wiȝ hym proue,
If he to me be trew of louf. 56

(8)

God calls
to Abraham.

Abraham! Abraham! 57

Abraham. Who is that? war! let me se!
I herd oone neven my name.

Deus. It is I, take tent to me, 60

That fourmed thi fader adam,

And euery thyng in it degre.

Abraham. To here thi wiȝ, redy I am,

And to fulfiȝ, what euer it be. 64

(9)

He has heard
his prayers,
& now bids
him take his
son Isaac to
'the land of
Visyon' &
there sacri-
fice him.

Deus. Of mercy haue I herd thi cry,

Thi devoute prayers haue me bund;

If thou me luf, look þat thou hy

Vnto the land of Visyon;

And the thryd day be ther', biȝ I,

And take *with* the, Isaac, thi son,

As a beest to sacryfy,

To slo hym look thou not shon, 72

(10)

And bren hym ther' to thyn offerand.

Abraham
cheerfully
promises
obedience.

Abraham. A, lovyd be thou, lord in throne!

hold ouer me, lord, thy holy hand.

ffor certis thi bidyng shaȝ be done.

Blissyȝ be that lord in euery land

wold viset his seruand thus so soyn.

ffayn wold I this thyng orland,

ffor it profettis noght to hoynes; [*Exit Deus.*] 80

(11)

He must
obey God
whatever it
costs him,
even if he be
bidden to
slay wife and
child.

This commaundement must I nedis fulfiȝ.

If that my hert wax hevy as leyde;

Shuld I offend my lordis wiȝ?

Nay, yit were I leyffer my child were dede. 84

What so he biddis me, good or iȝ,

That shaȝ be done in euery steede;

Both wife and child, if he bid spiȝ;

I wille not do agans his rede. 88

(12)

Abraham
calls Isaac.

wist Isaac, wher' so he were,

he wold be abast now,

how that he is in dangere.

Isaac, son, wher art thou?

92

Isaac. AH redy, fader, Lo me here;

Now was I commyng vnto you;

I luf' you mekiH, fader dere.

Abraham. And dos thou so? I wold wit how

96

[Fol. 14, a.
Sig. D. 2.]
Isaac comes
to him. 'I
love you
much, dear
father.'

(13)

lufis thou me, son, as thou has saide.

Isaac. Yei, fader', with aH myn hart,

More then aH that euer was maide;

God hold' me long youre life in quart!

100

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had

A child so lufand as thou art?

Thi lufly chere makis my hert glad,

And many a tyme so has it gart.

104

Abraham
rejoices in
his son's
love,

(14)

Go home, son; com sone agane,

And teH thi moder I com ful fast;

[*hic transsiet Isaac à patre,*

and bids him
tell his
mother he is
coming
quickly.

So now god the saif and sayne!

Now weH is me that he is past!

108

Alone, right here in this playn,

Might I speke to myn hart brast,

I wold' that aH were weH ful fayn,

Bot' it must nedis be done at last;

112

Now he is
alone he
could speak
till his heart
break.

(15)

And it is good that I be war',

To be avised fuH good it were.¹

But he must
prepare for
his three
days'
journey.

The land of vision is ful far',

The thrid day end must I be there;¹

116

Myn ase shaH with vs, if it thar',

To bere oure harnes les & more,

ffor' my son may be slayn no nar';

A swerd must with vs yit therfore,

120

¹ The rhyme needs 'wore, thore.'

Abraham
will start
this night,
for God's
will must be
done.

(16)

And I shaH founde to make me yare ; 121

This nyght wiH I begyn my way,
þof Isaac be neuer so fayre,

And myn awn son, the soth to say, 124

And thof he be myn right haire,

And aH shuld weld after my day,

God's bydyng' shaH I not spare ;

shuld I that ganstande ? we, nay, ma fay ! 128

(17)

Isaac !

He calls
Isaac, & tells
him to pre-
pare for a
journey to
sacrifice in a
far country.
He is to take
wood & fire.

Isaac.—sir !

Abraham.—luke thou be bowne ;

ffor certan, son, thi self and I,

we two must now weynde furth of towne,

In far country to sacrifice,

ffor certan skyllys and encheson.

Take wod and fyere with the, in hy ;

Bi hillys and dayllys, both vp & downe,

son, thou shal ride and I wiH go bi. 136

Isaac shall
ride & he
will walk.

(18)

looke thou mys noght þat thou shuld nede ;

Do make the redy, my darlyng !

Isaac is
redy at his
word.

Isaac. I am redy to do this dede,

And euer to fulfiH youre bydyng.

140

Abraham. My dere son, look thou haue no drede,

We shal com home with grete lovyng ;

Both to & fro I shal vs lede ;

Com now, son, in my blyssyng.

144

(19)

[They come
near the hill
of sacrifice.]
Abraham
tells the
servants to
stay behind.

Ye two here with this asse abide,

[*To the Servants.*

ffor Isaac & I wiH to yond hiH ;

It is so hie we may not ride,

therfor ye two shal abide here stiH.

148

*primus puer*¹. sir, ye ow not to be denyed :

we ar redy youre bydyng to fulfiH.

*secundus puer*¹. What so euer to vs betide

To do youre bidyng ay we wiH.

152

(20)

Abraham. Godis blyssyng^t haue ye both in fere ;
I shaH not tary long you fro.

Abraham
blesses
them. He
will soon be
back.

[Fol. 14, b.]

primus puer^l. Sir, we shal abide you here,
Oute of this stede shaH we not go.

156

Abraham. Childre, ye ar' ay to me fuH dere,
I pray god kepe [you] euer fro wo.

Secundus puer^l. we wiH do, sir, as ye vs lere.

Abraham. Isaac, now ar' we bot' we two,

160

(21)

we must go a fuH good paase,

ffor it' is farther than I wend^t ;

we shaH make myrth & grete solace,

Bi this thyng be broght to end^t.

164

lo, my son, here is the place.

Isaac. wod and fyere ar' in my hend ;

Tell me now, if ye haue space,

where is the beest that shuld^t be brend ?

168

Isaac asks
where is the
beast they
are to burn.

(22)

Abraham. Now, son, I may no longer layn.

sich wiH is into myne hart went ;

Thou was euer to me fuH bayn

Euer to fulfih myñ entent^t.

172

Bot' certanly thou must' be slayn,

And it' may be as I haue ment.

Isaac. I am hevy and nothyng fayn,

Thus hastely that shaH be shent.

176

Isaac is
heavy at
heart and
unwilling.

(23)

Abraham. Isaac !

Isaac. sir ?

Abraham. Com heder, bid I ;

Thou shal be dede what so euer betide.

Isaac. A, fader, mercy ! mercy !

Abraham. That I say may not' be denyde ;

180

Take thi dede therfor' mekely.

Isaac. A, good sir, abide ;

fader !

Abraham. What son ?

Isaac. to do youre wiH I am redy,

where so euer ye go or' ride,

184

Abraham
bids him
take his
death
meekly & he
submits.

(24)

Isaac says
since he has
trespassed
he would be
beaten.

If I may oght^t ouertake youre wiH,
syn I haue trepa[s]^t I wold be bet.
Abraham. Isaac!

185

Isaac. What, *sir*?

Abraham. good son, be stiH.

Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what, son!

But what
has he done?

Isaac. think on thi get!

what haue I done?

188

"Truly, no
ill," Abra-
ham an-
swers, yet
that may not
help him.

Abraham. truly, none iH.

Isaac. And shaH be slayn?

Abraham. so haue I het.

Isaac. *sir*, what may help?

Abraham. certis, no skiH.

Isaac. I ask mercy.

Abraham. that may not let.

192

(25)

His ques-
tions wring
Abraham's
heart, but
he bids him
lie still.

Isaac. when I am dede, and closed^t in clay,
who shaH then be youre son?

Abraham. A, lord, that I shuld abide this day!

Isaac. *sir*, who shaH do that I was won?

196

Abraham. speke no sich wordis, son, I the pray.

Isaac. shaH ye me slo?

Abraham. I trow I mon;

lyg stiH! I smyte!

Isaac. *sir*, let^t me say.

Abraham. Now, my dere chil^l, thou may not shon^l.

200

(26)

[Fol. 15. a.
Sig. D. 3.]

Isaac quakes
at the sight
of the sword.
He is placed
on his face
that he may
not see it.

Isaac. The shynying of youre bright^t blayde

It^t gars me quake for ferde to dee.

Abraham. Therfor^t groflyngis thou shaH be layde,

Then when I stryke thou shal not se.

204

Isaac. What^t haue I done, fader, what haue I saide?

Abraham. Truly, no kyns iH to me.

Isaac. And thus gyltles shaH be arayde.

Abraham. Now, good son, let sich wordis be.

208

(27)

Isaac. I luf^t you ay.

Abraham. so do I the.

Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what, son?

Isaac. let now be seyn.

Isaac im-
plores Abra-
ham by his
mother's
love.

ffor my moder luf.

Abraham. let be, let be!

It wiH not help that thou wold meyn;

212 Abraham
turns aside,
blinded by
tears.

Bot ly styH tiH I com to the,

I mys a lytyH thyng, I weyn.

he spekis so rufully to me

That water shotis in both myn eeyn,

216

(28)

I were leuer than aH wardly wyn,

That I had fon hym onys vnkynde,

Bot no defawt I faund hym in:

If only he
had found
Isaac once
unkind!

I wold be dede for hym, or pynde;

220

To slo hym thus, I thynk grete syn,

So rufuH wordis I with hym fynd;

I am fuH wo that we shuld twyn,

ffor he wiH neuer oute of my mynd.

224

(29)

What shal I to his moder say?

ffor "where is he," tyte wiH she spyr;

If I tel hir, "ron away,"

hir answee bese belife—"nay, sir!"

What shall
he say to his
mother? She
will not
believe Isaac
has run
away.

228

And I am ferd hir for to slay;

I ne wote what I shal say tiH hir.

he lyys fuH stiH ther as he lay,

ffor to I com, dar he not styr.

232

(30) [God appears above.]

Deus. AngeH, hy with aH thi mayn!

To abraham thou shaH be sent;

say, Isaac shaH not be slayn;

he shaH lif, and not be brent.

God bids an
angel tell
Abraham to
spare his
son.

236

My bydyng standis he not agane,

Go, put hym out of his intent;

Byd hym go home agane,

I know weH how he ment.

240

(31)

[Fol. 15, b.]
The Angel
rejoices in
his errand.

Angelus. Gladly, Lord, I am redy :
thi bidyng shaH be magnyfyed ;
I shaH me spede ful hastily,
the to obeye at euery tyde ; 244
Thi wiH, Thi name, to glorifye,
Ouer aH this world so wide ;
And to thi seruand now in hy,
good, trew, abraham, wiH I glyde. 248

(32)

Abraham
says to him-
self he must
run up sud-
denly & slay
Isaac where
he lies.

Abraham. Bot myght I yit of wepyng sese,
tiH I had done this sacrifice ;
It must nedis be, withoutten lesse,
thof aH I carpe on this kyn wise, 252
The more my sorow it wiH increse ;
when I look to hym, I gryse ;
I wiH ryn on a res,
And slo hym here, right as he lyse. 256

(33)

The Angel
bids him
hold his
hand.

Angelus. Abraham ! Abraham ! [Seizes him.]
Abraham. Who is ther' now ?
War' ! let the¹ go.

Angelus. stand vp, now, stand ;
Thi good wiH com I to alow,
Therfor I byd the hold^t thi hand. 260
Abraham. say, who bad^t so ? any bot thou ?
Angelus. Yei, god ; & sendis this beest to thyn offerand.
Abraham. I speke with god latter, I trow,
And doyng he me commaund. 264

(34)

The Angel
assures him,
& he thanks
God for His
goodness.

Angelus. He has persauyd thy mekenes
And thi good wiH also, I wis ;
he wiH thou do thi son no distres,
ffor he has graunt to the his blys. 268
Abraham. Bot wote thou weH that it is
As thou has sayd ?
Angelus. I say the yis.
Abraham. I thank the, lord^t, weH of goodnes,
That aH thus has relest me this ; 272

¹ Query "me."

(35)

To speke with the haue I no space,
with my dere son tiH I haue spokyn.

My good son, thou shal haue grace,

On the now wiH I not be wrokyn ;

Ryse vp now, with thi frely face.

Isaac. sir, shaH I lif ?

Abraham. yei, this to tokyn.

Et^o osculatur eum.

Abraham
tells Isaac
he is not to
be killed.
Bids him
arise,

276

and kisses
him.

son thou has skapid a fuH hard grace,

Thou shuld haue beyn both brent & brokyn.

280

(36)

Isaac. Bot, fader, shaH I not be slayn ?

Abraham. No, certis, son.

Isaac. then am I glad ;

Good sir, put vp youre sword agayn.

Abraham. Nay hardely, son, be thou not adrad.

284

Isaac. Is aH for geyn ?

Abraham. yei, son, certan.

Isaac. ffor^r ferd, sir, was I nere-hand mad.

286

Isaac bids
him put up
his sword
again.

He was
almost mad
for fear.

* * * * *

[Two leaves of the MS. are wanting here, sigs. d 4 and d 5. They contained the end of *Abraham* and the beginning, almost all, of *Isaac*.]

(V.)

[Fol. 16, a.]

[Isaac.]

[*Incomplete. The last 35 couplets only left.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*]

Isaac. Jacob. Esaw. Rebecca.]

* * * * *

[Isaac.] Com nere son and kys me,
that I may feyle the smeH of the.

The smeH of my son is lyke

to a feld with flouris, or hony bike.

where art thou, Esaw, my son ?

Iacob. here, fader, and askis youre benyson.

Isaac bids
Esau come
near that he
may smell
him.

4

Jacob comes
instead and
asks his
blessing.

Isaac blesses
Jacob in
mistake for
Esau.

Isaac!. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,
god of heuen & I gif the ; 8
God gif the plente grete,
of wyne, of oyH, and of whete ;
And graunt thi childre aH
to worship the, both grete and smaH ; 12
who so the blyssys, blyssed be he ;
who so the waris, wared be he.
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,
loue the shaH aH thyne ofspryng ; 16
Go now wheder thou has to go.

Jacob. Graunt mercy, sir, I wiH do so.

recedet iacob. [*Esau advances.*]

Esau brings
Isaac the
venison he
has prepared
and asks his
blessing.

Esau. haue, ete, fader, of myn huntynge,
And gif me sythen your blyssyng. 20

Isaac!. Who is that ?

Esau. I, youre son

Esau, bryngis you venyson.

Isaac!. Who was that was right now here,
And broght me bruet of a dere ? 24
I ete weH, and blyssyd hym ;
And he is blyssyd, ich a lym.

Esau. Alas ! I may grete and sob.

Isaac sees
how he has
been
beguiled by
Jacob.

Isaac!. Thou art begyld through iacob,
That is thyne awne german brother. 28

Esau. haue ye kepyd me none other
Blyssyng then ye set hym one ?

He gives
Esau the
best blessing
he can.

Isaac. sich another haue I none ; 32
Bot god gif the to thyn handband
the dew of heuen & frute of land ;
Other then this can I not say.

Esau vows
to slay Jacob
if he meet
him.

Esau. Now, alas, and walo-way ! 36
May I with that tratoure mete,
my faders dayes shaH com with grete,
And my moders also ;
may I hym mete, I shaH hym slo. 40

[*Esau retires. Rebecca advances.*]

Rebecca. Isaac, it were my deth
If Iacob weddeth in kynd of heth :

I wiH send hym to aran,
there my brothere dwellys, laban ;
And there may he serue in peasse
tiH his brother's wrath wiH seasse.

Rebecca and
Isaac resolve
44 to send
Jacob to his
uncle Laban
till Esau's
wrath cease.

why shuld I apou a day
loyse both my sonnes? better nay.

48

Isaac. Thou says sothi, wife ; caH hym heder,
And let vs teH hym where & wheder
That he may fle esaw,
that vs bothi hetis bale to brew.

52

[*Iacob advances.*]

Rebecca. Iacob, son! thi fader & I
wold speke with the ; com, stand vs by !
Out of contry must thou fle,
that Esaw slo not the.

Rebecca
tells Jacob
he must flee
from Esau.

56

Iacob. Whederward shuld I go, dame ?

Rebecca. To mesopotameam ;
To my brothere, and thyn eme,
that dwellys besyde Iordan streme ;
And ther' may thou with hym won,
to Esaw, myne other' son,
fforget, and aH his wrath be dede.

[Fol. 16, b.]

60

Iacob. I wiH go, fader, at youre rede.

64

Isaac. Yei, son, do as thi moder says ;
Com kys vs bothi, & weynd thi ways.

et osculatur.

He kisses his
father &
mother, &
goes his way
with their
blessing.

Iacob. Haue good day, sir and dame !

Isaac. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame !

68

Rebecca. And gif the grace, good man to be,
And send me glad tythyngis to the.

Explicit Isaac.

(VI.)

Sequitur iacob.

[71 complets aa.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Jacob.
Deus.
Racheil.

Lya. [Leah.]
Turnac.

Joseph.
Benjamin.
Esau.]

Jacob.

Jacob prays
 God to be
 his guide on
 his way.

Help me lord, adonay,
 And hold me in the right way
 To mesopotamean ;
 ffor I cam neuer or now where I am ; 4
 I cam neuer here in this contre ;

lord of heuen, thou help me !
 ffor I haue maide me, in this strete,
 sore bonys & warkand feete. 8

He lies down
 to sleep with
 a stone for a
 pillow.

The son is downe, what is best ?
 her purpose I aH nyght to rest ;
 Vnder my hede this ston shal ly ;
 A nyghtis rest take wiH I. 12

God appears
 to him and
 blesses him.

Deus. Iacob, iacob, thi god I am ; [*Deus appears above.*]
 Of thi forfader abraham,
 And of thi fader Isaac :
 I shaH the blys for thare sake. 16
 This land that thou slepys in,
 I shaH the gif, and thi kyn ;
 I shaH thi seede multiply,
 As thyk as powder on erth may ly. 20
 The kynd of the shaH sprede wide,
 ffrom eest to west on euery syde,
 ffrom the south vnto the north ;
 AH that I say, I shaH forth ; 24
 And aH the folkis of thyne ofsprung,
 shal be blyssyd of thy blyssyng.
 Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede !
 I shaH the clethe, I shaH the fede. 28
 WhartfuH shaH I make thi gate ;
 I shal the help erly and late ;

And aH in qwart shaH I bryng the
home agane to thi countre.
I shaH not fayH, be thou boldt,
Bot I shaH do as I haue tolt.

32 God pro-
mises him a
peaceful
return home.

hic vigilet.

Iacob. A! lord! what may this mene?
what haue I herit in slepe, and sene?
That god leynd hym to a stegh,
And spake to me, it is no leghe;
And now is here none othere gate,
bot god's howse and heuens yate.
lord, how dredfuH is this stede!
ther' I layde downe my hede,
In god's lovyng I rayse this stone,
And oyH wiH I putt theron.
lord of heuen, that aH wote,
here to the I make a hote:
If thou gif me mete and foode,
And close to body, as I behoued,
And bryng me home to kyth and kyn,
by the way that I walk in,
without skathe and in quarte,
I promyse to the, with stedfast hart,
As thou art lord and god myne,
And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,
This stone I rayse in sygne to day
shaH I hold holy kyrk for ay;
And of aH that newes me
rightwys tend shaH I gif the.

36 Jacob
awakes, &
sets up a
stone in
praise of
God, pouring
oil thereon.

40

44

The stone is
his witness,
that if God
provides for
him & brings
him home in
peace he will
hold to his
holy Church
for ever.

48

52

[Fol. 17, a.]

56

hic egrediatur iacob de aran in terram natiuitatis sue.

A, my fader, god of heuen,
that saide to me, through thi steven,
when I in aran was dwelland,
that I shuld turne agane to land
Ther' I was both fed and borne,
warnyd thou me, lord, beforne,
As I went toward aran
with my staff, and passyde Iordan:

60 On his return
from Aran,
Jacob
remembers
God's pro-
mise.

64

Jacob is re-
turning with
two hosts of
men.

And now I com agane to kyth,
with two ostes of men me with. 68

Thou hete me, lord, to do weH with me,
to multiplye my seede as sand of see ;

He prays
God to pro-
tect him
from Esau.

Thou saue me, lord, through vertew,
ffrom veniance of Esaw, 72

That he slo not, for old greme,
these moders with thare barne teme.

RacheH. Oure anguysh, sir, is many fold.
syn that oure messyngere vs tolde 76

That Esaw wold you slo,
with foure hundred men and mo.

He has sent
Esau many
beasts as a
present, &
hopes it
may pacify
him.

Iacob. ffor soth, racheH, I haue hym sent
of many beestis sere present. 80

May tyde he wiH oure giftis take,

And right so shaH his wrath slake.

where ar oure thyngis, ar thay past Iordan ?

Lya. Go and look, sir, as ye can. 84

hic scrutetur superlectile, & luctetur angelus cum eo.

He wrestles
with God,
and will not
let Him go.

Deus. The day spryngis ; now lett me go.

Iacob. Nay, nay, I wiH not so,
Bot thou blys me or thou gang :
If I may, I shaH hold the lang. 88

Deus. In tokynyng that thou spekis with me,
I shaH toche now thi thee,
That halt shaH thou euermore,
bot thou shaH fele no sore ; 92
What is thy name, thou me tel ?

Iacob. Iacob.

God changes
his name to
Israel.

Deus. nay, bot IsraeH ;
syn thou to me sich strengthe may kythe,
to men of ertH thou must be stythe. 96

Jacobs asks
God's name,
and is told
"Wonder-
ful."

Iacob. what is thy name ?

Deus. whi askis thou it ?
'wonderfuH,' if thou wil wyt.

Iacob. A, blys me, lord !

Deus. I shaH the blys,
And be to the fuH propyee, 100

And gyf the my blyssyng for' ay,
As lord and he that aH may.

God blesses
Jacob.

I shaH grayth thi gate,
And fuH weH ordeyn thi state ; 104
when thou has drede, thynk on me,
And thou shal fuH weH saynyd be,
And look thou trow weH my sayes ;
And fareweH now, the day dayes. 108

Jacob. Now haue I a new name, israeH ;
this place shaH [hight] f'nuueH,
ffor' I haue seyn in this place,
god of' heuen face to face. 112

Jacob calls
the place
"Faunell,"
for he has
seen God
face to face.

RacheH. Iacob, lo we haue tythand
that Esaw is here at hand. 112

Rachel
announces
the approach
of Esau.

hic diuidit turmas in tres partes.

Jacob. RacheH, stand thou in the last eschele,
ffor' I wolde thou were sauyn wele ; 116
CaH Ioseph and beniamin,
And let' theym not' fro the twyn.
If it' be so that Esaw
vs before aH-to-hew, 120
Ye that ar' here the last
Ye may be sauyn if ye fle fast.

Jacob
divides his
hosts into
three parts,
placing
Rachel & her
sons in the
third for
safety.

[Fol. 17, b.]

& vadit iacob osculand¹ Esaw ; venit iacob, flectit
genua exorando deum, & leuando, occurrit illi Esaw
in amplexibus.

Jacob. I pray the, lord, as thou me let.
¹ thou saue me and my gete. 124

Jacob &
Esau greet
each other
kindly.

Esaw. welcom brother, to kyn and kyth,
thi wife and childre that comes the with.
how has thou faren in far land ?
teH me now som good tythand. 128

Jacob. WeH, my brother Esaw,
If that thi men no bale me brew.

dicit seruis suis.

Esaw. wemo ! felows, hold youre hend,
ye se that I and he ar' frenel, 132

Esau bids
his men hold
their hands.

¹ MS. that.

And frenship here wiȝ we fulfiȝ,
syn that it is godis wiȝ.

Jacob
thanks Esau
for his
kindness.

Iacob. God yeldȝ you, brothere, that it so is
that thou thi hyne so woldȝ kys. 136

Esau recog-
nizes him as
his lord
"through
destiny."

Esau. Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,
I shaȝ the teȝ aȝ anothere ;
Thou art my lordȝ through destynny ;
go we togeder both thou and I, 140
To my fader andȝ his wife,
that lofys the, brotherȝ, as thare lyfe.

Explicit Iacob.

(VII.)

Processus Prophetarum.

[*Incomplete : 39 six-lined stanzas, aab ccb, and 4 bits of Latin.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Moses. *David.* *Sybilla propheta.* *Daniel.*]

Moses. (Prolog.)

Prophetam excitabit deus de fratribus vestris ;
Omnis anima, que non audierit prophetam illum,
exterminabitur de populo suo ;
Nemo propheta sine honore nisi in patriâ suâ.

(1)

Moses
reminds the
people of
Israel of the
condemna-
tion of
Adam.

Aȝ ye folk of israhȝ,
herkyn to me ! I wiȝ you teȝ
Tythyngis farly goode ; 3
Aȝ wote ys how itȝ be feȝ
wherforȝ Adam was dampnyȝ to heȝ,
he, and aȝ his blode. 6

(2)

God will
raise up a
prophet, &
all who
believe in
him shall be
saved.

Therforȝ wiȝ godȝ styȝ and rayse
A prophete, in som man dayes,
Of oure brethere kyn ; 9
And aȝ trowes as he says,
And wiȝ walk in his ways,
ffrom heȝ he wiȝ theym twyn. 12

(3)

when his tyme begynnys to day,
I rede no man fro hym dray,

He who will
not hear him
shall be as
an outlaw

In way, ne stand on strut;
ffor he that wiH not here his sagh,
he be shewed as an out-lagh,

15

And from his folkis be putt.

18

(4)

I warne you weH that same prophete
shaH com hereafterward, fuH swete,

The prophet
shall show
many
marvels.

And many meruels shew;

21

Man shaH faH tiH his feete,
ffor cause he can bales beete,

Through his awn thew.

24

(5)

AH that wiH in trowth ren
shaH he saue, I warne you then,

He will save
them who
walk in
truth.

Trust shaH his name be.

27

Bot aH ouer wiH man prophete ken
with worship, amangis men,

But a proph-
et ever
has honour
save in his
own
country.

Bot in his awne countre.

30

(6)

herkyns aH, both yong and ol!
God that has aH in wold,

[Fol. 18, a.]
Moses de-
clares God's
command-
ments.

Gretys you bi me;

33

his commaundementis ar ten;

Behold, ye that ar his men,

here ye may theym se.

36

(7)

his commaundementis that I haue broght,
looke that ye hold thaym noght

They are no
trifles nor
fables.

ffor tryfys, ne for fables;

39

ffor ye shaH weH vnderstand

That god wrote theym with his hand

God wrote
them with
His own
hand.

In thyse same tables.

42

(8)

Ye that thyse in hart wiH hal,
vnto heuen shaH ye be cal,

They who
hold them in
their heart
shall go to
heaven ;
those who do
not, to hell.

That is fyrst to com); 45
And ye that wiH not do so,
TiH heH pyne mon ye go,
And byde a bytter dome. 48

(9)

The first commandment is against idols.

Do now as I shaH you wys ;
The fyrst commaundement is this
That I shaH you say ; 51
Make no god of stok ne ston^e,
And trow in none god bot oone,
That mayde both nyght and day. 54

(10)

The second,
against
swearing
falsely by
God's name.

Anothere bydis thou shaH not swere,
 ffor' no mede, ne for' no dere,
 ffalsly, bi godis name ; 57
 If thou swere wrongwosly,
 Wit thou weH and wytterly,
 Thow art worthi grete blame. 60

(11)

The third,
to keep the
holy day.

The thyrd is, thou shaH weH yheme
 Thi holy day, and serue to wheme
 God with aH thi hart. 63

The fourth,
to honour
father and
mother.

The fourth *commaundment* is bi tayH,
ffader and moder worship thou shaH,
In pouert and in qwarte. 66

(12)

The fifth,
to forsake
fornication
& take a
wife.

The fyft commaundis thou shaH forsake
ffornyeacyon. and take the a make,
And lyf in rightwys state. 69

The sixth,
to be no
manslayer.

The sext^h commaundis thou shal not be
Man sloer, for gold^e ne fee,
Ne for^e luf, ne for hate. 72

(13)

The seventh,
not to steal.

The seuenth *commaundis* that thou shalt leue,
And nather go to stele ne reue,
ffor more then for les. 75

The eighth,
to be true of
tongue.

The aght bydis both okl and yong,
That thay be traw of thare tong,
And bere no fals witnes.

(14)

The nenth bydis the, bi thi lif,		The ninth, not to covet thy neigh- bour's wife.
Thou desyre not' thi neghbur's wife,		
Ne mayden that' is his.	81	
The tent' bid'is the, for' no case,		The tenth, to covet nothing of thy neigh- bour's.
Desyre not' wraunwosly thyng thi neghbur' has ;		
Do thus, and do no mys.	84	

(15)

I am the same man that' god chase,		[Fol. 18, b.]
And toke the ten commaundementis of peasse		
In the monte synay ;	87	
Thise word'is, I say, ar no les ;		These words are true.
My name is callyd moyses ;		
And haue now aH good day !	[Exit Moses.] 90	
<i>David.</i> Omnes reges adorabunt eum, omnes gentes seruient ei.		

(16)

herkyn, aH, that' here may,		David bids the people think on righteous- ness.
And perceyf weH what I shaH say,		
AH with righ[t]wisnes.	93	
loke ye put' it' not' away,		
Bot' thynk theron both nyght' and day,		
ffor' it' is sothfastnes.	96	

(17)

Iesse son, ye wote I am ;		I am Jesse's son, David, and have all Israel sub- ject to me.
Dauid is my right' name,		
And I bere crowne ;	99	
Bot' ye me trow, ye ar to blame ;		
Of' Israel, both wyld' and tame,		
I haue in my bondon. ¹	102	

(18)

As god of' heuen has gyffyn me wit,		He will sing a fytt, which shall be a prophecy.
shaH I now syng you a fytt,		
With my mynstrelsy ;	105	
loke ye do it' weH in wrytt',		
And theron a knot' knytt',		
ffor' it' is prophecy.	108	

¹ The ryme needs 'bondowne.'

(19)

David sings
of the
coming of
God's Son

Myrth I make tiH aH men,
 with my harp and fyngers ten,
 And warn theym that thay glad;
 ffor god wiH that his son down send,
 That wroght adam with his hend,
 And heuen and erth mayde.

111

114

(20)

to be man's
Saviour. Of
His coming
he is glad.

He wiH lyght fro heuen towre,
 ffor to be mans saueyore,
 And saue that is forlorne;
 ffor that I harp, and myrth make,
 Is for he wiH manhede take,
 I tell you thus before;

117

120

(21)

God's Son
shall return
to the
highest seat
in heaven.

And thider shaH he ren agane,
 As gyant of mych mayne,
 Vnto the hiest sete;
 Ther is nawther kyng, ne swayn,
 Then no thyng that may hym layn,
 Ne hyde from his hete.

123

126

(22)

He shall be
lord of all.
Kings shall
kneel to
Him,

he shaH be lord and kyng of aH,
 TyH hys feete shaH kyng's faH,
 To offre to hym wytterly.
 Blyssyd be that swete blome,
 That shaH saue vs at his com!
 IoyfuH may we be.

129

132

(23)

and bring
Him rich
gifts.

Riche gyft's thay shaH hym bryng,
 And tiH hym make offeryng,
 kneland on thare kne;
 weH were hym that that lordyng,
 And that dere derlyng,
 Myght bide on lyfe and se.

135

138

(24)

[Fol. 19, a.
Sig. E. 1.]

Men may know hym bi his marke,
 Myrth and lovyng is his warke,
 that shaH he luf most.

141

lyght shaʒ be born that tyme in darke,
Both to lawdʒ man and to clark,
the luf of rightwys gost.

Light shall
come both
to layman
and to clerk.
144

(25)

Therfor, both emperoure and kyng,
Ryche and poore, both old and ying,
temper weʒ youre gle,
Agans that kyng lyght downe,
ffor to lowse vs of pryson,
And make vs aʒ free.

Temper
your glee,
emperor &
king, till
that King
come to
free us.
147

150

Ostende nobis domine misericordiam tuam, et salutare
tuum da nobis.

(26)

Thou shew thi mercy, lord, tyʒ vs,
ffor to thou com, to heʒ we trus,
we may not go beside;
lord, when thi wiʒ is for to dele
Tyʒ us thi salue and thi hele,
whom we aʒ abyde.

Till the
Lord come
we must all
go to hell.
153

156

(27)

Now haue I songen you a fytt;
loke in mynd that ye haue it,
I rede wiʒh my myght;
he that maide vs aʒ wiʒh his wytt,
sheld vs aʒ from heʒ pytt,
And graunt vs heuen lyght! [Exit David.]

I have sung
you a fytt,
look you
keep it in
mind.
159

162

sibilla propheta. Iudicii signum tellus sudore madescit,
E celo rex adueniet per secula futurus,
Scilicet in carne presens ut iudicet orbem.

(28)

Who so wyʒ here tythyngʒ gladd,
of hym that aʒ this warldʒ made,
here me wytterly!
sibiʒ sage is my name;
Bot ye me here, ye ar to blame,
My word is pphcey.

The Sibyl
calls on men
to hear her.
165

168

(29)

A new king
is coming to
fight the
fend.

AH men was slayn through adam syn,
And put to pyne that neuer shaH blyn,
through falsnes of the feynd ; 171
A new kyng comes from heuen to fyght
Agans the feynd, to wyn his right,
so is his mercy heynd. 174

(30)

He shall
udge the
world.

AH the world shaH he deme,
And that haue seruyd hym to wheme,
Myrth thaym mon betyde ; 177
AH shaH se hym with thare ee,
Ryche and poore, low and hye,
No man may hym hyde ; 180

(31)

Every man
shall rise in
his flesh, &
see Him on
the Judg-
ment Day.

Bot thay shaH in thare flesh ryse,
That euery man shaH whake and gryse,
Agans that ilk dome. 183
with his santis, many oone,
he shaH be sene in flesh and bone,
that kyng that is to com. 186

(32)

[Fol. 19, b.]
They shall
stand before
Him, and
the earth
shall be
burnt with
fire.

AH that shaH stand hym before,
AH shal be les and more,
Of oone eld icion. 189
Angels shaH qwake then for ferd,
And fyre shaH bren this mydyH-erd,
yei, erth and aH ther apon. 192

(33)

Hill and dale
shall run
together &
all be made
even.

shaH nothyng here in erth be kend,
Bot it shaH be strewyd and brennd,
AH waters and the see. 195
sythen shaH both hill and dale
Ryn togeder, grete and smale,
And aH shaH euen be. 198

(34)

At hys commyng shaH bemys blaw,
That men may his commyng knaw ;
fuH sorowfuH shaH be that blast ; 201

Ther is no man that herys it,		Trumpets
Bot he shaH qwake for' aH his witt,		shall blow at
Be he neuer so stedfast.	204	His coming,
		& men shall
		quake at the
		sound.

(35)

Then shaH heH gape and gryn,		Hell shall
That men may know thare dome therin,		gape & grin.
Of that hye iustyce ;	207	The bad shall
That iH have done, to heH mon go ;		go there, the
And to heuen the other' also,		good to
that has been rightwys.	210	heaven.

(36)

Therfor', I rede ilk a man,		Therefore let
kepe, as weH as he can,		each man
ffro syn and fro mysdede.	213	keep him
My prophecy now haue I told ;		from sin.
God' you saue, both yong and old,		
And help you at youre nede !	[Exit Sybil.] 216	

Daniel. Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum cessabit vncio vestra.

(37)

God that maide adam and eue,		Daniel
whils thay dyd weH, he gaf thaym leue		recalls the
In paradise to dwell ;	219	fall of Adam.
Sone when thay that' appyH ete,		
Thay were dampned, sone and skete,		
Vnto the pyne of heH,	222	

(38)

Thurgh sorow and paynes euer new ;		God wills
Therfor wyH god apou vs rew,		that His Son
And his son downe sende	225	shall take
Into erth, flesh to take,		flesh to
That is aH for oure sake,		amend our
oure trespas to amend.	228	trespass.

(39)

flesch with fleshe wiH be boght,	
That he lose not that he has wroght	
wyth hys awne henel ;	231

He shall be
born of a
maiden to
save the
lost.

Of a madyn shal he be borne,
To saue aH that ar' forlorne,
Euermore withoutten end.¹

234

* * * * *

(VIII.)

[Fol. 21, a.
Sig. E. 3.]

Incipit Pharao.

[36 *eight-line stanzas*, ab ab ab ab ; 1 *seven-line* (no. 49), ab ab aba ;
1 *six* (no. 55), ab ab ab ; 32 *fours*, ab ab ; and 2 *single lines*, 109,
355.]

[*Dramatis Personae*]

Pharao.
Primus Miles.
Secundus Miles.

Moysec.
Deus.

Primus Puer.
Secundus Puer.

Pharao.

(1)

*Lütters Payonn.*²

Pharaoh
calls for
Peace.

PEas, of payn that no man pas ;
bot kepe the course that I commaunde,
And take good hede of hym that has
youre helth aH holy in hys hande ; 4
ffor kyng pharro my fader Was,

He is king
as his father
was before
him.

And led thys lordshyp of thys land :
I am hys hayre as age Wyll has,
Euer in stede to styr or stand. 8

(2)

All Egypt is
his.

aH Egypt is myne awne
To leede aftyr my law ;
I Wold my myght Were knowne³
And honoryd, as hyt awe. 12

They who
hearken not
to his words
shall be
hanged high.

ffinH low he shaH be thrawne
That harkyns not my sawe,
hanged hy and drawne,
Therfor no boste ye blaw ; 16

¹ This Play is unfinished, the rest of fol. 19 b, and the whole of fol. 20, being left blank.

² This is written at top of the page in the margin, in a more recent hand : but about half-way down (and not in the margin) are the words "lyster play," in yet another hand.

³ MS. knowne.

(3)

Bot as for kyng I commaund peasse,

Be obedient
and take
heed to me.

To all the people of thys empyre.

looke no man put hym self in preaase,

Bot that WyH do as I desyre,

20

And of youre Wordis look that ye seasse.

Take tent to me, youre soferand syre,

That may youre comfort most increasse,

And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre.

24

(4)

Primus Miles. My lord, if any here Were,

That Wold not wyrk youre Wyll,

[Fol. 21, b.]

The 1st
soldier will
kill any one
who will
not work
Pharaoh's
will.

If We myght com thaym nere,

ffuH soyn we shuld theym spyH.

28

(5)

Pharao. ThruH out my kyngdom Wold I ken,

And kun hym thank that Wold me teH,

If any Were so Waryd men

That wold my fors downe feH.

32

Pharaoh
asks if there
are any in
his kingdom
who wish his
downfall.

Secundus Miles. My lord, ye haue a maner of men

that make great mastres vs emeH ;

The Iues that Won in gersen,

thay ar callyd chyldyr of Israel.

36

The 2nd
soldier
thinks the
Jews in
'gersen' are
too strong.

(6)

Thay multyplye fuH fast,

and sothly We suppose

That shaft euer last,

oure lordshyp for to lose.

40

(7)

Pharao. Why, how haue thay sych gawdis begun ?

ar thay of myght to make sych frayes ?

Primus Miles. Yei, lord, fuH feH folk ther Was fun

In kyng pharao, youre fader dayes.

44

They cam of Ioseph, Was iacob son—

he Was a prince Worthy to prayse—

They come
of Joseph,
Jacob's son.

In sythen in ryst haue thay ay ron ;

thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse,

48

(8)

The Jews
will con-
found
Pharaoh, if
they go on
multiplying.

Thay Wyth confound you cleyn, 49
bot if thay soner sesse.

Pharao. What deuyth is that thay meyn
that thay so fast incesse? 52

(9)

Secundus Miles. How thay inces fuH weH we ken,
as oure faders dyd vnderstand;

They were
but 70 when
they came,
and after
400 years are
300,000 men.

Thay Were bot sixty and ten 56
when thay fyrst cam in to thys land;

Sythen haue soiemed in gersen
[Fower hundreth]¹ Wynter, I dar warand;
Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men
moor then [thre hundreth]² thousand, 60

(10)

Wyth outen Wyfe and chyld,
or hyrd's that kepe thare fee.

Pharao. How thus myght we be begyld?
bot shaft it not be; 64

(11)

Pharaoh
determines
to crush
them by
cunning.

ffor wyth quantyse we shaft thaym queH,
so þat thay shaft not far sprede.

He is told of
a prophecy,
& gives
orders that
the midwives
shall kill all
Hebrew
babies.

Primus Miles. My lord, we haue hard oure faders tell,
and clerkis that weH couth rede, 68

Ther shuld a man walk vs ameh
that shuld fordo vs and oure dede.

Pharao. ffy on hym, to the deuyth of heH!
sych destynny wyH we not drede; 72

(12)

We shal make mydwyf's to spyH them
where any ebrew is borne,

[Fol. 22, a.
Sig. E. 4.]

And aH menkynde to kyH them,
so shaft thay soyn be lorne. 76

(13)

The rest
shall be kept
in bondage
to ditch and
delve.

And as for elder haue I none awe,
sych bondage shaft I to thaym beyde,
To dyke and delf, bere and draw,
and to do aH vn honest deyde; 80

¹ MS. iiije.

² MS. ecc.

So shaH these laddis be halden law,
In thraldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.

Secundus Miles. Now, certis, thys was a soteH saw,
thus shaH these folk no farther sprede.

The second
soldier
thinks this
a subtle
saying. 84

(14)

Pharao. Now help to hald theym downe,
look I no fayntnes fynde.

Primus Miles. AH redy, lord, We shaH be bowne,
in bondage thaym to bynde.

Pharaoh
says there
must be no
faintness. 88

Tunc Intrat moyses cum virgâ in manu, etc.

(15)

Moyes. Gret god, that aH thys Warld began,
and growndyd it in good degre,

Thou mayde me, moyses, vnto man,
and sythen thou sanyd me from the se ;

kyng Pharao had commawndyd than,
ther shuld no man chyld sauyd be ;

Agans hys WyH away I wan ;
thus has god shewed hys myght for me.

Moses
thanks God
for saving
him from
Pharaoh at
his birth. 92

96

(16)

Now am I sett to kepe,
vnder thys montayn syde,

Byshope Iettyr shepe,
to better may be tyde ;

He is now
set to keep
sheep till
better
betide. 100

(17)

A, lord, grete is thy myght !

What man may of yond merneH meyn ?

Yonder I se a selcowth syght,
sych on in Warld Was neuer seyn ;

A bush I se burnand fuH bryght,
and euer elyke the leyfes are greyn ;

If it be wark of Worldly Wyght,
I WyH go wyt wythoutyn Weyn.

He sees a
strange
sight, a bush
burning
while its
leaves keep
green. 104

108

Deus. Moyes, Moyes !

hic operat^r ad rubum, et dicit^r ei deus, etc.

(18)

God bids Moses take off his shoes for the place is hallowed.	Moyses, com not to nere,	110
	bot styH in that stede thou dweH,	
	And harkyn vnto me here ;	
	take tent What I the teth.	113
	do of thy shoyes in fere,	
	wyth mowth as I the meH,	
	the place thou stand's in there	
	forsothe, is halowd WeH.	117

(19)

He declares himself as the God who blessed Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.	I am thy lord, Wythouten lak,	
	to lengthe thi lyfe euen as I lyst ;	
	I am god that som tyme spake	
	to thyn elders, as thay Wyst ;	121
	To abraam, and Isaac,	
	and iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst,	
	And multytude of them to make,	
	so that thare seyde shuld not be myst.	125

(20)

He will not suffer Pharaoh to hurt the Jews.	Bot now thys kyng, pharao,	
	he hurtys my folk so fast,	
	If that I suffre hym so,	
	thare seyde shuld soyne be past ;	129
	Bot I WyH not so do,	
	in me if thay WyH trast,	
[Fol. 22, b.]	Bondage to bryng' thaym fro.	
	therfor thou go in hast	133

(21)

Moses is bidden to tell Pharaoh to let the Jews go to the Wilder- ness to worship God.	To do my message, haue in mynde,	
	to hym that me sych harme mase ;	
	Thou speke to hym Wyth wordis heynde,	
	so that he let my people pas,	137
	To Wyldernes that thay may Weynde,	
	to Worshyp me as I wyH asse.	
	Agans my wyH if that thay leynd,	
	ful soyn hys song shaH be 'alas.'	141

(22)

Moyſes. A, lord ! pardon me, Wyth thy leyf,
that lynage luffis me noght ;
Gladly thay Wold me greyf,
if I ſych bodworde broght.

Moses begs
God to ſend
ſomebody of
more force.

145

(23)

Good lord, lett ſom othere fraſt,
that has more fors the folke to fere.

Deus. Moyſes, be thou nott abaſt,
my bydyng ſhaſt thou boldly bere ;

God bids
him not be
abaſhed.

149

If thay with wrong away Wold Wraſt,
outt of the way I ſhaſt the Were.

Moyſes. Good lord, thay Wyth not me traſt
for aſt the othes that I can ſwere ;

Moses fears
that without
a token he
will not be
trusted.

153

(24)

To neuen ſych noytis newe
to folk of Wykyd Wyth,
Wyth outen tokyn trew,
thay wyth not tent ther tyth.

157

(25)

Deus. If that he wyth not vnderſtand
thys tokyn trew that I ſhaſt ſent,
Afore the kyng caſt downe thy Wand,
and it ſhaſt turne to a ſerpent ;
Then take the tayth agane in hand—
boldly vp look thou it hent—
And in the ſtate that thou it fand,
then ſhal it turne by myne intent.

A wand that
ſhall turn
into a ſer-
pent & again
into a wand
ſhall be his
token.

161

165

(26)

Sythen hald thy hand ſoyne in thy barme,
and as a lepre it ſhal be lyke,
And hole agane with outen harme ;
lo, my tokyns ſhal be ſlyke.

He ſhall be
able to make
his hand
leprous or
whole.

169

(27)

And if he wyth not ſuffre then
my people for to paſe in peaſe,
I ſhaſt ſend venyance [neyn]¹ or ten,
ſhaſt ſowe full ſore or I ſeaſe.

If Pharaoh
will not let
the people
go, God will
punish him.

173

¹ MS. ix.

The Hebrews shall escape the plagues. Bot *the* ebrewes, won in Iessen, 174
 shaH not be merkyd *with* that measse ;
 As long as thay my lawes WyH ken
 thare comforth shaH euer increasse. 177

(28)

Moyes. A, lord, to luf the aght vs weH,
 that makis thy folk thus free ;
 I shaH vnto thaym teH
 as thou has told to me. 181

(29)

Moses asks by what name he is to speak to Pharaoh of God. Bot to the kyng, lord, when I com,
 if he aske what is thy¹ name,
 And I stand styH, both deyf & dom,
 how shuld I [skape]² withoutten blame ? 185

God tells him and blesses him. *Deus.* I say the thus, 'Ego sum qui sum,'
 I am he that is the same ;
 If thou can nother muf nor mom,
 I shaH sheld the from shame. 189

(30)

Moyes. I vnderstand fuH weH thys thyng,
 I go, lord, *with* aH the myght in me.
 [Fol. 23, a.] *Deus.* Be bold in my blyssyng,
 thi socoure shaH I be. [Deus retires.] 193

(31)

Moses resolves to tell his friends of this comfort. *Moyes.* A, lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,
 that I may truly talys teH ;
 To my freyndis now wyH I fare,
 the chosyn childre of IsraeH, 197
 To teH theym comforth of thare care,
 in dawngere ther as thay dweH.
 God manteyn you euermare, [*Moses accosts the Israelites.*]
 And mekyH myrth be you emeH. 201

(32)

The Israelites he speaks to complain of their lot. *primus puer.* A, master moyes, dere !
 oure myrth is aH mowrnyng ;
 ffull hard halden ar we here,
 as carls vnder the kyng. 205

¹ MS. my.² MS. skake.

(33)

Secundus puer. We may mowrn, both more and myn,
ther is no man that oure myrth mase ;

They pray
God send
them com-
fort,

Bot syn we ar aH of a kyn,
god send vs comfortH in thys case. 209

Moses. Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn ;
god WyH delyuer you through his grace,
Out of this wo he wyH you wyn,
and put you to youre pleassyng place ; 213

(34)

ffor I shaH carp vnto the kyng,
and fownd fuH soyn to make you free.

primus puer. God graunt you good Weyndyng,
and euermore with you be. 217

& wish
Moses
success.

[*Moses approaches Pharaoh.*]

(35)

Moses. kyng pharao, to me take tent.

Pharao. Why, boy, what tythyngis can thou tell ?

Moses. ffrom god hym self hydder am I sent
to foeHe the chyldre of IsraeH ; 221

Moses asks
Pharaoh to
let the
Israelites
go to the
wilderness.

To Wyldernes he wold thay went.

Pharao. yei, weynd the to the devyH of heH !
I gyf no force What he has ment,

Pharaoh
refuses, with
threats.

In my dangere, herst thou, shaH thay dwell ; 225

(36)

And, fature, for thy sake,
thay shalbe put to pyne.

Moses. Then wyH god venyance take
of the, and of aH thyn. 229

(37)

Pharao. On me? fy on the lad, out of my land !
wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay ?

[*To the soldiers.*]

Say, whence is yond warlow with his wand
that thus wold wyle oure folk away ? 233

Primus Miles. Yond is moyses, I dar warand,
agans aH egypt has beyn ay,

The 1st
soldier says
Moses has
ever been a
foe to Egypt.

Greatt defawte with hym youre fader fand ;
now wyH he mar you if he may. 237

(38)

Pharao. ffy on hym ! nay, nay, that dawnee is done ;
lurdan, thou leryd to late.

Moyes. God bydis the graunt my bone,
and let me go my gate. 241

(39)

Pharaoh
asks Moses
for a token.

Pharao. Bydis god me ? fals loseH, thou lyse !
What tokyn told he ? take thou tent.

[Fol. 23, b.]

Moyes. He sayd thou shuld dyspyse
both me, and hys commaundement ; 245

He changes
his wand
into a
serpent.

fforthy, apon thys wyse,
my Wand he bad, in thi present,
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse
how it shuld turne to oone serpent ; 249

(40)

And in hys holy name
here I lay it downe ;
lo, syr, here may thou se the same.

Pharao. A, ha, dog ! the devyH the drowne ! 253

(41)

Then
changes it
back again.

Moyes. He bad me take it by the tayH,
for to prefe hys powere playn ;

Then he sayde, wythouten fayH,
hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn. 257

lo, sir, behold !

Pharaoh
says these
gauds shall
help the
Israelites
nothing.

Pharao. wyth ylahayH !
Certis this is a soteH swayn !

bot thyse boyes shaH abyde in bayH,
AH thi gawdis shaH thaym not gayn ; 261

(42)

Bot wars, both morñ and none,
shaH thay fare, for thi sake.

Moyes. I pray god send us venyange sone,
and on thi Warkis take wrake. 265

(43)

primus Miles. Alas, alas ! this land is lorñ !
on lyfe we may [no] longer leynd ;

Sych myschefe is fallen syn morñ,
ther may no medsyn it amend. 269

Pharao. Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye skorn?

ijus Miles. Syr kyng, sych care was neuer kend,
In no mans tyme that euer was borne.

Pharao. Teth on, belyfe, and make an end. 273

(44)

Primus Miles. Syr, the Waters that were ordand
for men and bestis foyde,

Thurgh outt aH egypt land,
ar turnyd into reede bloyde; 277

The soldiers
announce
the first
plague: the
waters are
turned to
red blood.

(45)

ffuH vgly and fuH yH is hytt,
that both fresH and fayre was before.

Pharao. O, ho! this is a wonderfuH thyng to wytt,
of aH the warkis that euer wore! 281

ijus Miles. Nay, lord, ther is anothere yit,
that sodanly sowys vs fuH sore;

ffor todis and froskis may no man flyt,
thay venom vs so, both les and more. 285

The 2nd
plague:
venomous
toads.

(46)

Primus Miles. Greate mystis, sir, ther is both morn
and noyn,

byte vs fuH bytterly;
we trow that it be doyn
thurgh moyses, oure greate enmy. 289

The 3rd
plague:
great
'mystis'
[gnats]
biting
bitterly.

(47)

ijus Miles. My lord, bot if this menye may remefe,
Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.

Pharao. Go, say to hym we wyH not grefe,
bot thay shaH neuer the tytter gangt. 293

Primus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe
to leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,

So that we mend of oure myschefe.

Moyes. ffuH weH I wote, thyse wordis ar wrang; 297

Pharaoh
makes
delusive
offers to let
the Jews go
[Fol. 24, a.]

(48)

But hardely aH that I heytt

ffuH sodanly it shaH be seyn;

vncowth meruels shalbe meyt

And he of malyce meyn. 301

(49)

The 4th
plagne :
great
"loppys"
[fleas].

Secundus Miles. A, lord, alas, for doyh we dy ! 302
we dar look oute at no dowre.

Pharao. What, ragyd the dwyh of heh, alys you so
to cry ?

Primus Miles. ffor we fare wars then euer we fowre ; 305
grete loppys ouer ah þis land thay fly,

And where thay byte thay make grete blowre,
and in euery place oure bestis dede iy.¹ 308

(50)

The 5th
plague : a
murrain on
the cattle.

Secundus Miles. hors, ox, and asse,
thay fah downe dede, syr, sodanly.

Pharao. we ! lo, ther is no man that has
half as mych harme as I. 312

(51)

Primus Miles. yis, sir, poore folk haue mekyh wo,
to se thare catah thus out cast.

The Iues in gessen fayre not so,
thay haue lykyng for to last. 316

Pharaoh
renews his
pretended
permission.

Pharao. Then shah we gyf theym leyf to go,
to tyme this pereh be on past :

Bot, or thay flytt oght far vs fro,
we shah þem bond twyse as fast. 320

(52)

Secundus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffis leyf
thi meneye to remeue.

Moyses. ye mon hafe more myschefe
bot if thyse talys be trew. 324

(53)

Primus Miles. A, lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys.

Pharao. what, dwyh ! is grevance grofen agayn ?

The 6th
plague :
boils &
blains.

Secundus Miles. ye, sir, sich powder apon vs dryfys,
where it abidys it makys a blayn ; 328

Meseh makys it man and wyfe,²
thus ar we hurt with hayh & rayn.

The 7th
plague :
hail and
rain.

Syr, v[y]ys in montanse may not thryfe,
so has frost & thoner thaym slayn. 332

¹ The following line in—*oure* is left out.

² The singular rymes with the plural now and then.

(54)

Pharao. yei, bot how do thay in gessen,
the lues, can ye me say?

Pharaoh
rages when
he hears the
Jews are
unhurt by
these harms.

Primus Miles. Of aH thyse cares no thyng thay ken,
thay feyH noght of *our* afay. 336

(55)

Pharao. No? the ragyd! the dwyH! sytt thay in peasse?
and we euery day in doute & drede?

ijus Miles. My lord, this care wyll euer encrese,
to moyses haue his folk to leyd;

Els be we lorn, it is no lesse,
yit were it better that þai yede. 342

(56)

Pharao. Thes folk shaH flyt no far,
If he go welland wode.

But still will
not let them
go.

Primus Miles. Then wiH it sone be war;
It were better thay yode. 346

(57)

ijus Miles. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.

Pharao. Yei, dwiH, wiH it no better be?

The 8th
plague: wild
worms, or
locusts.

Primus Miles. wyld wormes ar layd ouer aH this land,
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre. 350

ijus Miles. Agans that storne may no man stand;
And mekyH more merueH thynk me,

That thise *thre*¹ dayes has bene durand
Sich myst, þat no man may other se. 354

The 9th
plague: a
great mist
or darkness.

Primus Miles. A, my lord!

Pharao. hagh!

(58)

ijus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn;²
It is like ful long to last.

The 10th
plague: the
pestilence.

Pharao. [pestilence³] in the dwilys name!
then is oure pride ouer past. 359

(59)

Primus Miles. My lord, this care lastis lang,
and wiH, to moyses haue his bone;

The 1st
soldier says
care will last
till Moses
be satisfied.

let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,
It may not help to houer ne hone. 363

¹ MS. iij.

² Its ryme *name* is assonantal.

³ MS. pentilence.

Pharaoh
gives leave
for the Jews
to go, but
hopes to
catch them
again.

Pharao. Then wiþ we gif theym leyf to gang ; 364
Syn it must nedis be doyn ;

Perchauns we saþ thaym fang
and mar them or to mori at none. 365

(60)

ijus Miles. Moyses, my lord he says
thou shaþ haue passage playn.

Moyes. Now haue we lefe to pas,
my freyndis, now be ye fayn ; 371

(61)

Com furth, now saþ ye weynd
to land of lykyng you to pay.

Primus puer. Bot kyng Pharao, that fals feynd,
he wiþ vs eft betray ; 375

The
Israelites
doubt, but
Moses
assures
them.

ffuþ soyn he wiþ shape vs to sheynd,
And after vs send his garray.

Moyes. Be not abast, god is oure freynd,
And aþ oure foes wiþ slay ; 379

(62)

Therfor com on *with* me,
haue done and drede you noght.

ijus Puer. That lord blyst might he be,
that vs from bayþ has broght. 383

(63)

Primus puer. Sich frenship neuer we fand ;
bot yit I drede for perels aþ,

The reede see is here at hand,
ther shal we byde to we be thraþ. 387

He parts the
Red Sea
with his
wand.

Moyes. I shaþ make way ther *with* my wand,
as god has sayde, to sayf vs aþ ;

On ayther syde the see mon stand,
to we be gone, right as a waþ. 391

(64)

[Fol. 25, a.]

Com on wyth me, leyf none behynde ;
lo fownd ye now youre god to please.

hic pertransient mare.

Secundus puer. O, lord ! this way is heynd ;
Now weynd we aþ at easse. 395

(65)

primus Miles. kyng pharao! thyse folk ar gone.

Pharao. Say, ar ther any noyes new?

ijus Miles. Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, euer-ichon.

Pharao. how says thou that?

Primus Miles. lord, that^t tayH is trew. 399

Pharao. We, out tyte, that^t they were tayn;

That^t ryett radly shaH thay rew,

we shaH not seasse to thay be slayn,

ffor to the see we shaH thaym sew; 403

(66)

So charge youre chariottis swythe,

And fersly look ye folow me.

ijus Miles. AH redy, lord, we ar fuH blyth

At^t youre byddying to be. 407

(67)

Primus Miles. lord, at^t youre byddying ar we bowne

Oure bodys boldly for to beyd;

we shaH not seasse, bot^t dyng aH downe,

To aH be dede withouten drede. 411

Pharao. heyf vp youre hertis vnto mahowne,

he wiH be nere vs in oure nede;

help! the raggyd dwyH, we drowne!

Now mon we dy for aH oure dede. 415

Tunc merget eos mare.

(68)

Moyses. Now ar we won from aH oure wo,

And sauyd out of the see;

louyng gyf we god vnto,

Go we to land now merely. 419

Moses and
the Jews
give thanks
to Go: for
their safe
passage.

(69)

primus puer. lofe we may that^t lord on hyght,

And euer teH on this merueH;

Drownyd he has Kyng pharao myght,

louyd be that^t lord EmanueH. 423

[Fol. 25, b.]

Moyses. heuen, thou attend, I say, in syght,

And erth my wordys; here what I teH.

As rayn or dew on erth doys lyght

And waters herbys and trees fuH weH, 427

(70)

Honoured be God in Trinity.	Gyf louyng to goddys mageste, hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew, honowred be he in trynyte, to hym be honowre and vertew.	428 431
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Amen.

Explicit pharao.

(IX.)

Incipit Cesar Augustus.

[40 six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personæ.*]*Imperator.**Primus Consultus.**Secundus Consultus.**Nuncius. (Lyghtfote.)**Sirinus.]**Imperator.*

(1)

The
Emperor
commands
silence, and
magnifies his
own power.

B	E styH, beshers, I commawnd yow, That no man speke a word here now Bot I my self alon ; And if ye do, I make a vow, Thys brand abowte youre nekys shaH bow, ffor thy be styH as ston):	3 6
----------	---	------------------------

(2)

	And looke ye grefe me noght, ffor if ye do it shaH be boght, I swere you by mahowne ; I wote weH if ye knew me oght, To slo you aH how lytyH I roght, Ston styH ye wold syt downe.	9 12
--	---	---------------------

(3)

	ffor aH is myn that vp standys, Castels, towers, townys, and landys, To me homage thay bryng ; ffor I may bynd and lowse of band, Euery thyng bowys vnto my hand, I want none erthly thyng.	15 18
--	--	--------------

[Fol. 26, a.]

(4)

I am lord and syr ouer aH,
 AH bowys to me, both grete and smaH,
 As lord of euey land ;
 Is none so comly on to caH,
 Whoso this agane says, fowH shaH be faH,
 And therto here my hand.

He is lord
 over all.

21

24

(5)

ffor I am he that myghty is,
 And hardely aH hathennes
 Is redy at my wyH ;
 Both ryche, and poore, more & les,
 At my lykyng for to redres,
 whether I wyH saue or spyH.

All
 heatheness
 obeys him.

27

30

(6)

Cesar august I am cald,
 A fayrer cors for to behald,
 Is not of bloode & bone ;
 Ryche ne poore, yong ne old,
 Sych an othere, as I am told,
 In aH thys warld is none.

He is called
 Caesar
 Augustus,
 the fairest
 body on
 earth.

33

36

(7)

Bot oone thyng doys me fuH mych care,
 I trow my land wyH sone mysfare
 ffor defawte of counseH lele ;
 My counsellars so wyse of lare,
 help to comforth me of care,
 No wyt from me ye fele.

One thing
 troubles
 him : he
 needs loyal
 counsel.

39

42

(8)

As I am man moost of renowne,
 I shaH you gyf youre waryson
 To help me if ye may.

45

primus Consultus. To counseH you, lord, we ar bowne,
 And for no man that lyfys in towne
 wyH we not let, perpay ;

The 1st
 councillor
 bids him
 send for his
 messenger.

48

(9)

youre messyngere I reede ye caH,
 ffor any thyng that may befah,

His messenger shall
proclaim his
peace over
all the land.

Byd hym go hastily,
Thruh out youre landys ouer aH,
Amang youre folk, both grete and smaH
youre gyrth & peasse to cry ;

51

54

(10)

ffor to commaunde both yong & old,
None be so hardy ne so bold,

To hold of none bot you ;
And who so doth, put them in hold,
And loke ye payn theym many fold.

57

Imperator. I shaH, I make a vowe ;

60

(11)

The
Emperor
assents.

Of thys counseH weH payde am I,
It shaH be done fuH hastily,
wyth outen any respytt.

63

[Pol. 26, b.]

Secundus Consultus. My Lord abyde awyle, for why ?
A word to you I wold cleryfy.

Imperator. Go on, then, teH me tytt.

66

(12)

The 2nd
councillor
has heard
that a virgin
shall bear a
child who
shall lay
low the
Emperor's
might.

Secundus Consultus. AH redy, lord, now permafay,
Thys haue I herd syn many day,
folk in the contre teH ;

69

That in this land shuld dweH a may,
The which saH bere a chylde, thay say,
That shaH youre force downe feH.

72

(13)

The
Emperor
rages with
fear and
anger.

Imperator. Downe feH ? dwyH ! what may this be ?
Out, harow, fuH wo is me !

I am fuH wyH of reede !

75

A, fy, and dewyls ! whens cam he
That thus shuld reyfe me my pawste ?

Ere shuld I be his dede.

78

(14)

ffor certys, then were my worshyp lorne,
If sych a swayn, a snoke horne,

Shuld thus be my suffrane ;

81

may I wyt when that boy is borne,
In certan, had the dwyH hit sworne,

that gadlyng shuld agane.

84

(15)

Primus Consultus. Do way, lord, greyf you not so,
youre messyngere ye cause furth go

The 1st
Councillor
bids the
Emperor
take counsel
with his
cousin
Sirinus.

After youre cosyn dere,
To speke with you a word or two,
The best counseH that lad to slo,
ffuH soyn he can you lere ;

87

90

(16)

ffor a wyse man that knyght men know.

Imperator. Now I assent vnto thi saw,
of witt art thou *the* weH ;
ffor aH the best men of hym blowys ;
he shaH neuer dystroy my lawes,
were he the dwyH of heH.

The
Emperor
assents,

93

96

(17)

Com lyghtfote, lad, loke thou be yare
On my message furth to fare,
go tytt to *sir* syryn ;
Say sorow takys me fuH sare,
pray hym to comforth me of care,
As myn awne dere cosyn ;

and sends
his messen-
ger Lyght-
foot,

99

102

(18)

And bot if thou com agane to nyght,
look I se the neuer in syght,
neuer where in my land.

bidding him
be back by
night,

105

Nuncius. yis, certys, lord, I am fuH lyght,
or noyn of the day, I dar you hyght,
to bryng hym by *the* hand.

108

(19)

Imperator. yai, boy, and as' thou luffys me dere,
Luke that thou spy, both far and nere,
Ouer aH in ych place ;
If thou here any sages sere,
Of any carpyng, far and nere,
Of that lak where that' thou gase.

[Fol. 27. a.
Sig. ff. 1.]
and keep his
ears open for
news.

111

114

(20)

Nuncius. AH redy, lord, I am fuH bowne,
To spy and spy in enery towne,

- Lyghtfoot
promises. After that wykkyd queyd ; 117
If I here any runk or rowne,
I shaH fownd to crak thare crowne,
 Ouer aH, in ylk a stede ; 120
 (21)
And therfor, lord, haue now good day.
- The
Emperor
prays
Mahound to
speed him. *Imperator.* Mahowne he wyse the on thi way,
 That weldys water and wynde ; 123
And specyally, here I the pray,
To spede the as fast as thou may.
 Nuncius. yis, lord, that shaH ye fynde. 126
 (22) [*To Sirinus.*]
- Lyghtfoot
greetes
Sirinus
in the
Emperor's
paine, Mahowne the saue and se, *sir* syryne !
Cesar, my lord, and youre cosyn,
 he gretys you weH by me. 129
 Sirinus. Thou art welcom to me and myn ;
Com nere and teH me tythandys thyn,
 Tyte, what thay may be. 132
 (23)
- and bids him
come to hold
counsel. *Nuncius.* My lord prays you, as ye luf hym dere,
To com to hym, if youre wyH were,
 To speke with hym awhyle. 135
- Sirinus
promises. *Sirinus.* Go grete hym weH, thou messyngere,
say hym I com, and that right nere,
 Behynd the not a myle. 138
 (24)
- Lyghtfoot
returns to
the Em-
peror, *Nuncius.* AH redy, lord, at youre byddyng. [*To Cesar.*]
Mahowne the menske, my lord kyng,
 And save the by see and sand. 141
 Imperator. Welcom, bewshere, say what tythyng,
Do teH me tyte, for any thyng,
 What herd thou in my land ? 144
 (25)
- and an-
nounces the
approach of
Sirinus. *Nuncius.* I herd no thyng, lord, bot goode ;
Syr syryn, that I after yode,
 he wyH be here this nyght. 147
 Imperator. I thank the by mahownes bloode ;
Thise tythyngys mekyH amendys my mode ;
 Go rest, thou worthy wyght. 150

(26)

<i>Sirinus.</i> Mahowne so semely on) to caH, he saue the, lord of lordis aH, Syttyng with thi meneye.	153	Sirinus and the Emperor greet each other.
--	-----	--

<i>Imperator.</i> Welcom, <i>sir</i> syrynne, to this haH, Besyde my self here sytt thou shaH, Com) vp belyf to me.	156
---	-----

(27)

Sirinus. yis, lord, I am at youre talent.

<i>Imperator.</i> Wherfor, <i>sir</i> , I after the sent, I shaH the say fuH right; And therfor take to me intent, I am in poynt for to be shent.	159	The Em- peror tells Sirinus of his danger; [Fol. 27, b.]
--	-----	--

<i>Sirinus.</i> how so, for mahownes myght?	162
---	-----

(28)

<i>Imperator.</i> syr, I am done to vnderstand, That a qweyn here, in this land, shaH bere a chyld I wene, That shaH be crowned kyng lyfand, And aH shaH bow vnto his hand; Thise tythyngys doth me teyne.	165	how a quean shall bear a child who shall becom- king.
	168	

(29)

he shaH commaunde both ying and old, None be so hardy ne so bold To gyf <i>seruyce</i> to me; Then wold my hart be cold If sich a beggere shold My kyngdom thus reyf me;	171	No one will then give service to himself.
	174	

(30)

And therfor, <i>sir</i> , I wold the pray, Thy best counseH thou wold me say, To do what I am best; ffor securly, if that I may, If he be fouden I shaH hym slay, Aythere by east or west.	177	He asks counsel from Sirinus.
	180	

(31)

Syrinus. Now wote ye, lord, what that I reede;
I counseH you, as ete I brede,

Sirinus bids
the Emperor
seek out the
boy & kill
him,

what best therof may be ; 183
Gar serche youre land in euery stede,
And byd that boy be done to dede,
who the fyrst may hym see ; 186

(32)

and com-
mand every
man to
come to
him, bring-
ing a head-
penny,

And also I rede that ye gar cry,
To fleme wyth all that belamy,
That shuld be kyng with crowne ; 189
Byd ych man com to you holly,
And bryng to you a heede penny,
That dwellys in towere or towne ; 192

(33)

on the third
day. Thus
they will
all pay him
homage.

That this be done by the thyrde day,
Then may none of his freyndys say,
Bot he has mayde homage. 195
If ye do thus, sir, permafay,
youre worship shaH ye wyn for ay,
If thay make you trowage. 198

(34)

The Em-
peror agrees,
& rewards
him.

Imperator. I thank you, sir, as myght I the,
ffor thyse tythyngys that thou tellys me,
Thy counseH shaH awayH ; 201
lord and syre of this cowntre,
wythouten ende here make I the,
ffor thy good counseH ; 204

(35)

He sends
out his
messenger

My messyngere, loke thou be bowne,
And weynd belyf from towne to towne,
And be my nobyH swane ; 207
I pray the, as thou luffys mahowne,
And also for thy waryson,
That thou com tytt agane. 210

(36)

[Fol. 28, a.
Sig. ff. 2.]
to command
the folk to
own none
but him as
their lord.

Commaunde the folk holly ichon,
Ryche ne poore forgett thou none,
To hold holly on me, 213
And lowtt me as thare lord alone ;
And who wyH not thay shaH be slone,
This brand thare bayH shal be. 216

(37)

Therfor thou byd both old and ying,
That ich man know me for his kyng,
ffor drede that I thaym spyH,
That I am lord, and in tokynyng,
Byd ich man a penny bryng,
And make homage me tyH.

Old and
young must
bring their
penny and
do homage.

219

222

(38)

To my statutys who wyH not stand,
fast for to fle outt of my land,
Byd thaym, withouten lyte;
Now by mahowne, god aH weldand,
Thou shaH be mayde knyght with my hand,
And therfor hye the tyte.

Whoso will
not keep his
statutes
must flee
from his
land.
He promises
the messen-
ger knight-
hood.

225

228

(39)

Nuncius. AH redy, lord, it shaH be done;
Bot I wote weH I com not sone,
And therfor be not wroth;
I swere you, *sir*, by son and moyne,
I com not here by fore eft none,
wheder ye be leyfe or loth;

The messen-
ger says he
cannot be
back soon,

231

234

(40)

Bot hafe good day, now wyH I weynd,
ffor longer here may I not leynd,
Bot grathe me furth my gate.
Imperator. Mahowne that is curtes and heynd,
he bryng thi Iornay weH to eynd,
And wysh the that aH wate.

and starts
off.

237

The Em-
peror bids
Mahound
speed him.

240

Explicit Cesar Augustus.

(X.)

Incipit Annunciacio.

[33 couplets aa ; 49½ six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[Dramatis Personæ.

Deus. Gabriel. Maria. Joseph. Angelus.]

(1)

God recalls
the creation
of Adam and
his fall.

Deus. Sythen I haue mayde aH thyng of noght,
And Adam *with* my handis hath wroght,
Lyke to myn ymage, att my devyse,
And gyffen hym Ioy in paradyse,

4

[Fol. 28, b.]

Then I hym put out of that place,
Bot yit, I myn, I hight hym grace .
OyH of mercy I can hym heyt,

8

The time is
come to
redeem him
from his
pain,

And tyme also his bayH to beytt.
ffor he has boght his syn fuH sore,
Thise fyfe ¹ thowsand yeris and more,
ffyrst in erthe and sythen in heH ;
Bot long therin shaH he not dweH.
Outt of payn he shaH be boght,

12

I wyH not tyne that I haue wroght.

16

I wyH make redempeyon,

As I hyght for my person,

AH wyth reson and *with* right,

Both through mercy and through myght.

20

he shaH not, therfor, ay be spylt,

for Adam
was beguiled
by the Ser-
pent & Eve.

ffor he was wrangwysly begylt ;

he shaH out of preson pas,

ffor that he begyled was

24

Through the edder, and his wyfe ;

Thay gart hym towch the tree of lyfe,

And ete the frute that I forbed,

And he was dampned for that dede.

28

God's Son
shall take
on Him
manhood.

Ryghtwysnes wyH we make ;

I wyH that my son manhede take,

ifor reson wyH that ther be thre, A man, a madyn, and a tre :	32	There must be man for man, maid for maid, tree for tree.
Man for man, tre for tre, Madynd for madynd ; thus shal it be. My son shaH in a madynd light, Agans the feynd of heH to fight ; wythouten wem, os son through glas, And she madynd as she was.	36	
Both god and man shaH he be, And she moder and madynd fre.	40	
To abraham I am in dett To safe hym and his gett ; And I wyH that aH propheeye Be fulfyllid here by me ; ffor I am lord and lech of heyle, My prophetys shaH be funden leyle ; As moyses sayd, and Isay, Kyng dauid, and Ieromy, Abacuk, and danieH, SybyH sage, that sayde ay weH, And myne othere prophetis aH, As thay haue [said] it shaH befaH. ¹	44	Abraham & his seed must be saved, and all prophecy fulfilled.
Ryse vp, gabrieH, and weynd vnto a madynd that is heynd, To nazareth in galilee, Ther she dwellys in that cytee.	48	
To that vyrgyn and to that spouse, To a man of dauid house, Ioseph also he is namyd by, And the madynd name mary.	52	God bids Gabriel go to the Virgin Mary, spouse of Joseph,
AngeH must to mary go, ffor the feynd was eue fo ; he was foule and layth to syght, And thou art angeH fayr and bright ; And hayls that madynd, my lemman, As heyndly as thou can.	56	
Of my behalf thou shaH hyr grete. I haue hyr chosen, that madynd swete,	60	(a good angel to Mary, as a bad angel to Eve)
	64	and hail her.
	68	

¹ The word "said" has been inserted in the MS. by a later hand.

God has
chosen Mary
to conceive
his darling.

She shaH conceyf my derlyng,
Thruqh thy word and hyr heryng.

In hyr body wyH I lyghT,
That is to me clenly dyght;

72

She shaH of hyr body bere
God and man wythouten dere.

[Fol. 29, a.
Sig. ff. 3.]

She shaH be blyssyd wythouten ende;
Grayth the gabrieH, and weynd.

76

(2) [Gabriel goes to Mary.]

Gabriel hails
Mary, queen
of virgins.

GabrieH. hayH, mary, gracyouse!

hayH, madyn and god's spouse!

Vnto the I lowte;

79

Of aH vyrgyns thou art qwene,
That euer was, or shaH be seyn,
wythouten dowte.

82

(3)

The Lord of
heaven is
with her.

hayH, mary, and weH thou be!

My lord of heuen is wyth the,
wythouten end;

85

hayH, woman most of mede!
Goodly lady, haue thou no drede,
That I commend;

88

(4)

She shall
conceive a
child of
might.

ffor thou has fonden aH thyn oone,

The grace of god, that was out gone,
ffor adam plyght.

91

This is the grace that the betydys,
Thou shaH conceyue within thi sydys
A chyld of myght.

94

(5)

He shall be
called Jesus.

When he is comen, that thi son,
he shaH take cyrcumsyeyon,

CaH hym ihesum.

97

MightfuH man shaH be he that,
And godys son shaH he hat,
By his day com.

100

(6)

My lord also shaH gyf hym tyH
hys fader sete, dauid, at wyH,

Therin to sytt :	103	He shall be King in Jacob.
he shaH be kyng in Iacob kyn, hys kyngdom shaH neuer blyn, lady, weH thou wytt.	106	
(7)		
Maria. What is thi name ?		Mary asks Gabriel's name.
Gabriel. gabriell ; godys strengthe and his angeH, That comys to the.	109	
Maria. fferly gretying thou me gretys ; A child to bere thou me hetys, how shuld it be ?	112	How can all this be ?
(8)		
I cam neuer by man's syde, Bot has avowed my madynhede. ffrom fleshly gett.	115	She is a vowed virgin.
Therfor I wote not how That this be brokyn, as a vow That I haue hett ;	118	
(9)		
Neuer the les, weH I wote, To wyrk thi word and holdt thi hote MightfuH god is ; Bot I ne wote of what manere, Therfor I pray the, messyngere, That thou me wysH.	121	But God is mighty to fulfill Gabriel's word.
(10)		
Gabriel. lady, this is the preuate ; The holy gost shaH light in the, And his vertue, he shaH vmshade and fulfyH That thi madynhede shaH neuer spyH, Bot ay be new.	127	Gabriel says the Holy Ghost shall light in her. [Fol. 29, b.]
(11)		
The child that thou shaH bere, madame, ShaH godys son be callid by name ; And se, mary, Elesabeth, thi Cosyn, that is cald geld, She has conceyffed a son in elde, Of zacary ;	133	The child she shall bear shall be God's Son. Her cousin Elizabeth also has conceived a son.
	136	

(12)

And this is, who wyH late,
The sext^e moneth of hyr conceytate,
That geld is cald. 139

Nothing is
impossible
with God.

No word, lady, that I the bryng,
Is vnmyghtfuH to heuen kyng,
Bot aH shaft hald. 142

(13)

Mary praises
God, &
believes the
angel's
message.

Maria. I lofe my lord aH weldand,
I am his madyn at his hand,
And in his wold; 145

I trow bodword that thou me bryng,
Be done to me in aH thyng,
As thou has told. 148

(14)

Gabriel
takes leave
of Mary.

Gabriel. Mary, madyn heynd,
me behovys to weynd,
my leyf at the I take. 151

Maria. ffar to my freynd,
Who the can send,
ffor mankynde sake. 154

[*Gabriel retires; Joseph advances.*]

(15)

Joseph
marvels at
the con-
dition in
which he
finds his
wife.

Ioseph. AH-myghty god, what may this be!
Of mary my wyfe meruels me,
Alas, what has she wrought? 157

A, hyr body is grete and she with childe!
ffor me was she neuer fylyd,
Therfor myin is it nocht. 160

(16)

He bemoans
himself that
ever he
married one
so young.

I irke fuH sore with my lyfe,
That euer I wed so yong a wyfe,
That bargan may I ban; 163

To me it was a carefuH dede,
I myght weH wyt that yowthiede
wold haue lykyng of man. 166

(17)

I am old, sothly to say,
passed I am aH preuay play,

- The gams fro me ar gane. 169
- It is ih cowplek of youth and elde ;
I wote weh, for I am vnwelde,
som othere has she tane. 172
- (18)
- she is *with* chyld, I wote neuer how,
Now, who wold any woman trow ?
Certys, no man that can any goode ; 175
- I wote not in the warlk what I shuld do,
Bot now then wyh I weynd hyr to,
And wytt who owe that foode. 178
- (19)
- hayh, mary, and weh ye be !
why, bot woman, what chere *with* the ?
Maria. The better, *sir*, for you. 181
- Ioseph*. So wolk I, woman, that ye wore ;
Bot certys, mary, I rew fuh sore
It standys so *with* the now. 184
- (20)
- Bot of a thyng frayn the I shaH,
who owe this child thou gose *with* ah ?
Maria. Syr, ye, and god of heuen). 187
- Ioseph*. Myne, mary ? do way thi dyn ;
That I shuld oght haue parte therin
Thou nedys it not to neuene ; 190
- (21)
- wherto neuyns thou me therto ?
I had neuer *with* the to do,
how shuld it then be myne ? 193
- whos is that chyld, so god the spede ?
Maria. Syr, godys and yowrs, *with* outen drede.
Ioseph. That word had thou to tyne, 196
- (22)
- ffor it is right fuH far me fro,
And I forthynkys thou has done so
Thise ih dedys bedene ; 199
- And if thou speke thi self to spyh,
It is fuH sore agans my wyh,
If better myght haue bene. 202

It is ill to
wed youth
with age.

Joseph
determines
to go to
Mary &
question her.

He greets
her,

[Fol. 30, a.
Sig. ff. 4.]

& asks
whose is
the child?
She replies
his & the
God of
heaven's.
Joseph
denies any
part therein.

Mary repeats
it is God's
& his.

Joseph has
still mis-
givings.

(23)

Mary denies
knowledge
of any other
man.

Maria. At godys wyH, Ioseph, must it be,
ffor certainly bot god and ye

I know none othere man; 205
ffor fleshy was I neuer fylyd.

Ioseph. how shuld thou thus then be *with* chylde?

Excuse the weH thou can; 208

(24)

Joseph does
not blame
her; it is but
the way of
women.

I blame the not, so god me saue,
woman maners if that thou haue,

Bot certys I say the this, 211
weH wote thou, and so do I,

Thi body fames the openly,

That thou has done amys. 214

(25)

Maria. yee, god he knowys aH my doying.

He knows
not what to
do.

Ioseph. we! now, this is a wonder thyng,

I can noght say therto; 217

Bot in my hart I haue greatt care,

And ay the longer mare and mare;

ffor doyh what shaH I do? 220

(26)

He will not
father the
child, &
thinks of
leaving his
wife.

Godys and myn she says it is;

I wyH not fader it, she says amys;

ffor shame yit shuld she let, 223

To excuse hir velany by me;

with hir I thynk no longer be,

I rew that euer we met. 226

(27)

He describes
the origin
of their
betrothal.

And how we met ye shaH wyt sone;

Men vse yong chyl dren for to done

In temple for to lere; 229

Soo dyd thay hir, to she wex more

Then othere madyns wyse of lore;

then byshopes sayd to hir, 232

(28)

" Mary, the behowfys to take

Som yong man to be thi make,

- As thou seys other hane,
In the temple which thou wyH neuen; ”
And she sayd, none, bot god of heuen,
To hym she had hir tane ;
- (29)
- She wold none othere for any sagh ;
Thay sayd she must, it was the lagh,
She was of age thertitt.
To the temple thay somond old and ying,
AH of Iuda ofspryng,
The law for to fulfiH.
- (30)
- Thay gaf ich man a white wand,
And bad vs bere them in oure hande,
To offre with good intent ;
Thay offerd thare yerdys vp in that tyde,
ffor I was old I stode be syde,
I wyst not what thay ment ;
- (31)
- Thay lakyd oone, thay sayde in hy,
AH had offerd, thay sayd, bot I,
ffor I ay withdrogh me.
ffurth with my wande thay mayd me com,
In my hand it floryshed with blome ;
Then sayde thay ah to me,
- (32)
- “ If thou be old merueH not the,
ffor god of heuen thus ordans he,
Thi wand shewys openly ;
It florishes so, withouten nay,
That the behovys wed mary the may ; ”
A sory man then was I ;
- (33)
- I was fuH sory in my thocht,
I sayde for old I myght nought
hir haue neuer the wheder ;
I was vnykely to hir so yong,
Thay sayde ther helpyd none excusyng,
And wed vs thus togeder.
- 235 Mary, when
pressed to
take a young
man for her
husband,
dedicated
herself to
God.
- 238
- [Fol. 39, b.]
She was
urged again,
& old &
young were
summoned
to the
temple.
- 241
- 244
- 247 Each man
was given a
white wand
& told to
offer it.
Joseph
stood aside
& made no
offering
because he
was old.
- 250
- 253 He was
made to
come forth,
& his wand
blossomed in
his hand.
- 256
- 259 This showed
clearly that
he was to
marry Mary.
- 262
- 265 He was sad,
but no ex-
cuses helped
him, &
they were
married.
- 268

(34)

After the wedding the maidens, kings' daughters, worked silks; Mary alone wrought purple.	when I aH thus had wed hir thare, we and my madyns home can fare, That kyngys doghters were; 271 AH wroght thay sylk to fynd them on, Marie wroght purpyH, the oder none bot othere colers sere. 274
--	---

(35)

Joseph went into the country to work.	I left thaym in good peasse wenyd I, Into the contre I went on hy, My craft to vse with mayn; 277 To gett oure lyfyng I must nede, On marie I prayd them take good hede, To that I cam agane. 280
--	--

(36)

After nine months he returns & finds her with child. The women say an angel visited her,	Neyn ¹ monethes was I fro that myld; when I cam home she was with chylde; Alas, I sayd, for shame! 283 I askyd ther women who that had done, And thay me sayde an angeH sone, syn that I went from hame; 286
---	--

(37)

giving this excuse for her folly.	An angeH spake with that wyght, And no man els, bi day nor nyght, " sir, therof be ye bold." 289 Thay excusyd hir thus sothly, To make hir clene of hir foly, And babyshed me that was old. 292
---	--

(38)

[Fol. 31, a.]	Shuld an angeH this dede haue wroght? Sich excusyng helpys noght, ffor no craft that thay can; 295
---------------	--

It must have been some earthly man.	A heuenly thyng, for sothe, is he, And she is erthly; this may not be, It is som othere man. 298
---	--

(39)

Certys, I forthynk sore of hir dede,
 Bot it is long of yowth-hede,

¹ MS. ix.

AH sich wanton playes ;
ffor yong women wyH nedys play them
with yong men, if old forsake them,

301 Young
women will
needs play
with young
men.

Thus it is sene always.

304

(40)

Bot' marie and I playd neuer so sam,
Neuer togeder we vsid that gam,

But Mary &
he never
played
together.

I cam hir neuer so nere ;¹

307

(41)

she is as clene as cristaH clyfe
ffor me, and shalbe whyls I lyf,

She is clean
as crystal
for him, and
shall be so
while he
lives.

The law wyH it be so.

310

And then am I cause of hir dede,
ffor thi then can I now no rede,

Alas, what I am wo !

313

(42)

And sothly, if it so befaH,
Godys son that she be with aH,

If it be God's
Son she has
for her child,
then Joseph
is not worthy
to lie beside
her.

If sich grace myght betyde,

316

I wote weH that I am not he,
which that is worthi to be

That blyssed body besyde,

319

(43)

Nor yit to be in company ;

To wyldernes I wiH for thi

He will steal
away to the
wilderness
so that they
meet no
more.

Enfors me for to fare ;

322

And neuer longer with hir dele,

Bot' styilly shaH I from hir stele,

That mete shaH we no mare.

325

(44)

Angelus. Do wa, Ioseph, and mend thy thought,

I warne the weH, and weynd thou nought,

An Angel
warns him
to mend his
thoughts and
return to his
wife.

To wyldernes so wylde ;

328

Turne home to thi spouse agane,

look thou deme in hir no trane,

ffor she was neuer ffylde.

331

(45)

wyte thou no wyrkyng of Werkys wast,

She hase consauyd the holy gast,

¹ Is half a stanza of the original left out ?

- Mary is with
child of the
Holy Ghost. And she shaſt bere godys son); 334
ffor thy *with* hir, in thi degre,
Meke and buxom looke thou be,
And *with* hir dwell and won. 337
- (46)
- Joseph
praises God
for entrust-
ing him with
the care of
the young
Child. *Ioseph.* A, lord, I lofe the aſt alon,
That vowches safe that I be oone
To tent that chyld so ying; 340
I that thus haue vngrathly gone,
And vnruly taken apon
Mary, that dere darlyng. 343
- (47)
- He grieues
for his sus-
picious, &
goes to ask
Mary's
forgiveness.
- [Fol. 31, b.] I rewe full sore that I haue sayde,
And of hir byrdyng hir vpbrade,
And she not gylty is; 346
ffor thy to hir now WyH I weynde,
And pray hir for to be my freynde,
And aske hir forgyfnes. 349
- (48)
- Mary asks
where he has
been. A, mary, wyfe, what chere?
Maria. The better, *sir*, that ye ar here;
Thus long where haue ye lent? 352
Ioseph. Certys, walkyd aboute, lyke a fon,
That wrangwysly hase taken apon;
I wylt neuer What I ment; 355
- (49)
- Joseph says
he has
sinned
against God
& her, and
asks forgive-
ness. She
forgives him
freely. Bot I wote weH, my lemman fre,
I haue trespassd to god and the;
fforgyf me, I the pray. 358
Maria. Now aſt that euer ye sayde me to,
God forgyf you, and I do,
With aſt the myght I may. 361
- (50)
- He thanks
her. A man
may be well
content with
a meek wife,
though she
have no
goods. *Ioseph.* Gramercy, mary, thi good wyH
So kyndly forgyfys that I sayde yH,
When I can the vpbrade; 364
Bot weH is hym hase sich a fode,
A, meke wyf, *with*outen goode,
he may weH hold hym payde. 367

(51)

A, what I am light as lynde!
 he that may both lowse and bynde,
 And euery mys amend,
 leyn me grace, powere, and myght,
 My wyfe and hir swete yongt wight
 To kepe, to my lyfys ende.

Joseph is
 light of
 heart. He
 prays God
 help him
 keep wife
 and child.

370

373

Explicit Annunciatio beate Marie.

(XI.)

Incipit Salutacio Elezabeth.

[15 six-line stanzas, aab, ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Maria.

Elezabeth.]

Maria.

(1)

My lord of heuen, that syttyt he,
 And aH thyng seys with ee,
 The safe, Elezabeth.
Elezabeth. Welcom, mary, blyssed blome,
 IoyfuH am I of thi com
 To me, from nazareth.

Mary salutes
 Elizabeth.

3

6

(2)

Maria. how standys it *with* you, dame, of qwart?

Elezabeth. weH, my doghter and dere hart,

As can for myn elde.

9

Maria. To speke *with* you me thoghtt fuH lang,
 ffor ye *with* childe in elde gang,
 And ye be cald geld.

She has long
 desired to
 speak with
 her.

12

(3)

Elezabeth. ffuH lang shaH I the better be,
 That I may speke my fyH *with* the,
 My dere kyns Woman;
 To wytt how thi freyndys fare,
 In thi countre where thay ar,
 Therof teH me thou can,

Elizabeth is
 glad to hear
 about her
 friends.

15

18

T. PLAYS.

11

(4)

[Fol. 32, a.] And how thou farys, my dere derlyng.

Maria. WeH, dame, gramercy youre askyng,
ffor good I wote ye spyr.

21

Elizabeth
asks after
Mary's
father and
mother.

Elezabeth. And Ioachym, thy fader, at hame,
And anna, my nese, and thi dame,
how standys it^t with hym and hir?

24

(5)

Mary says
they are both
well, &
thanks her.

Maria. Dame, yit^t ar thay both on lyfe,
Both ioachym and anna his wyfe.

Elezabeth. Els were my hart^t fuH sore.

27

Maria. Dame, god that aH may,
yeld^t you that^t ye say,
And blys you therfore.

30

(6)

Elizabeth
hails Mary
as the
mother of
her Lord.

Elezabeth. Blyssed be thou of aH women,
And the fruyte that^t I weH ken,
Within the wombe of the;

33

And this tyme may I blys,
That^t my lordys moder is
Comen thus vnto me.

36

(7)

The child in
her own
body makes
joy.

ffor syn that^t tyme fuH weH I wote,
The steyvn of angeH voce it^t smote,
And rang now in myñ ere;
A selcouth thyng is me betyde,
The chyld makys Ioy, as any byrd,¹
That^t I in body bere.

39

42

(8)

She com-
mends Mary
for believing
the word of
the Lord.

And als, mary, blyssed be thou,
That^t stedfastly wold^t trow,
The wordys of oure heven kyng;
Therfor aH thyng now shaH be kend,
That^t vnto the were sayd or send,
By the angeH gretyng.

45

48

(9)

Maria. Magnificat^t anima mea dominum;
My sauH lufys my lord abuf,
And my gost^t gladys with luf,

¹ The rhyme requires *byrd*.

In god, that is my hele ; ffor he has bene sene agane, The buxumnes of his bane, And kept me madyn lele.	51	Mary praises God in the <i>Magnificat.</i>
(10)		
Lo, therof what me shaH betyde— Añ nacyons on euery syde, Blyssyd shaH me caH ; ffor he that is full of myght, MekyH thyng to me has dyght, his name be blyssed ouer añ ;	57	All nations shall call her blessed.
(11)		
And his mercy is also ffrom kynde to kynde, tyH añ tho That ar hym dredand. Myght in his armes he wrought, And dystroed in his thoght, Prowde men and hygh berand.	63	God's mercy is on them that dread Him.
(12)		
Myghty men furth of sete he dyd, And he hyghtynd in that stede The meke men of hart ; The hungre With añ good he fyld, And left the rich outt shyld, Thaym to Vnquart.	72	He hath upraised the meek. [Fol. 32, b.]
(13)		
IsraeH has vnder law, his awne son in his awe, By menys of his mercy ; As he told before by name, To oure fader, abraham, And seyde of his body.	75	He fulfils His promise to Abraham.
(14)		
Elezabeth, myn awnt dere, My lefe I take at you here, ffor I dweH now full lang. <i>Elezabeth.</i> wyH thou now go, godys fere ? Com kys me, doghter, with good chere, or thou hens gang ;	81	Mary takes leave of Elizabeth.
	84	

(15)

Elizabeth
bids Mary
farewell &
sends greet-
ing to her
kinsfolk.

ffareweH now, thou frely foode!

I pray the be of comforth goode,

ffor thou art fuH of grace;

87

Grete weH aH oure kyn of bloode;

That lord, that the with grace infude,

he saue aH in this place.

90

Explicit Salutacio Elezabeth.

(XII.)

Incipit Pagina pastorum.

[54 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cccb, and 1 seven-line (no. 15), aab cccb.

The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Primus Pastor.

Iak Garcio.

Ihesus.

Secundus Pastor.

Angelus.

Maria.]

Tercius Pastor.

Primus Pastor.

(1)

The 1st
shepherd
envies the
dead who are
now exempt
from
vicissitudes.

LOrd, what' thay ar weyH / that hens ar past!
ffor thay noght feyH / theym to downe cast.
here is mekyH vnceyH / and long has it' last,
Now in hart', now in heyH / now in weytt', now
in blast,

Now in care,

5

Now in comforth agane,

Now is fayre, now is rane,

Now in hart' fuH fane,

And after fuH sare.

9

(2)

[Fol. 33, a.]
In this world
sorrow
comes after
play.

Thus this Warld', as I say / farys on ylk syde,
ffor after oure play / com sorows vnryde;
ffor he that' most' may / When he syttys in pryde,
When it' comys on assay / is kesten downe wyde,

This is seyn ;	14	After riches comes poverty, & Jack Cope must walk instead of riding.
When ryches is he,		
Then comys pouerte,		
hors-man Iak cope		
Walkys then, I weyn.	18	

(3)

I thank it god / hark ye what I mene,		He himself has much trouble.
ffor euen or for od / I haue mekyH tene ;		
As heuy as a sod / I grete with myn eene,		
When I nap on my cod / for care that has bene,		
And sorow.	23	
AH my shepe ar gone,		His sheep are slain with the rot & he must beg.
I am not left oone,		
The rott has theym slone ;		
Now beg I and borow.	27	

(4)

My handys may I wryng / and mowrnyng make,		Rents are due & his purse is weak.
Bot if good wiH spryng / the countre forsake ;		
ffermes thyk ar comyng / my purs is bot wake,		
I haue nerehand nothyngt / to pay nor to take ;		
I may syngt	32	
With purs penneles,		
That makys this heuynes,		
Wo is me this dystres !		
And has no helpyng.	36	

(5)

Thus sett I my mynde / truly to neuene,		He has lost his sheep & must go to the fair to buy more.
By my wytt to fynde / to cast the world in seuen ;		
My shepe haue I tynde / by the moren fuH euen ;		
Now if hap wiH grynde / god from his heuen		
Send grace.	41	
To the fare wiH I me,		
To by shepe, perde,		
And yit may I multiplye,		
ffor aH this hard case.	45	

(6)

Secundus pastor. Benste, benste¹ / be vs emang,
And saue aH that I se / here in this thrang,

¹ Benedicite, benedicite !

The 2nd
shepherd
comes in
with a
benison.

he saue you and me / ouertwhart and endlang,
That hang on a tre / I say you no wrang ;

Cryst saue vs
ffrom aH myschefys,
ffrom robbers and thefys,
ffrom those mens greffys,
That oft ar agans vs.

50

54

(7)

[Fol. 33, b.]
God keep
us from
boasters and
braggers &
their
weapons.
They will
bear no
gainsaying.

Both bosters and braggers / god kepe vs fro,
That with thare long daggers / dos mekyH wo ;
ffrom aH byH hagers / with colknyffys that go ;
Sich wryers and wragers / gose to and fro
ffor to crak.

59

Who so says hym agane,
were better be slane ;
Both ploghe and wane
Amendys wiH not make.

63

(8)

These
fellows are
as proud as
lords, with a
fine head of
hair and
grim
bearing.

he wiH make it as prowde / a lord as he were,
With a hede lyke a clowde / ffelterd his here ;
he spekys on lowde / with a grym bere,
I wold not haue trowde / so galy in gere
As he glydys.

68

It is hard to
tell lad from
master.

I wote not the better,
Nor wheder is gretter,
The lad or the master,
So stowtly he strydys.

72

(9)

They will
have what
they want.

If he hask me ough / that he wold to his pay,
fluH dere bese it boght / if I say nay ;
Bot god that aH wrought / to the now I say,
help that thay were broght / to a better way
ffor thare sawlys ;

77

May God
mend them
and end
them.

And send theym good mendyng
With a short endyng,
And with the to be lendyng
When that thou callys.

81

(10)

He calls out
" Good
mornig.
Gyb." to
the 1st
shepherd.

how, gyb, goode morne / wheder goys thou ?
Thou goys ouer the corne / gyb, I say, how !

The two
shepherds
call out con-
tradictory
orders to the
imaginary
sheep.

ijus pastor. I say, tyr ! 113
primus pastor. I say, tyr, now agane !
 I say skyp ouer the plane.
ijus pastor. woldt thou neuer so fane,
 Tup, I say, whyr ! 117

(14)

primus pastor. What, wyH thou nott yit / I say, let the
 shepe go ?

Whop !

Secundus pastor. abyde yit. /

Gyb
threatens
to break
Horne's
head.

primus pastor. WiH thou bott so ?
 knafe, hens I byd flytt / as good thatt thou do,
 Or I shaH the hytt / on thi pate, lo,
 shaH thou reyH ; 122
 I say, gyf the shepe space.
ijus pastor. Syr, a letter of youre grace,
 here comys slaw-pase
 ffro the myln whele. 126

(15)

The 3rd
shepherd,
Slow-pace,
arrives &
asks what is
wrong.
Gyb says
Horne won't
let him drive
his sheep
this way.

Tercius pastor. What a do, whatt a do / is this you
 betweyn ?
 A good day, thou, and thou. /
primus pastor. hark what I meyn
 You to say : 129
 I was bowne to by store,
 drofe my shepe me before,
 he says nott oone hore
 shaH pas by this way ; 133

(16)

Slow-pace
asks where
the sheep
are, and
chaffs him.

Bot and he were wood / this way shaH thay go.
ijus pastor. yey, bott teh me, good / where ar youre
 shepe, lo ?
ijus pastor. Now, sir, by my hode / yit se I no mo,
 Not syn I here stode. /
ijus pastor. god gyf you wo
 and sorow ! 138
 ye fysz before the nett,
 And stryfe on this bett,
 sich folys neuer I mett
 Evyn or at morow. 142

(17)

It is wonder to wyt / where wytt shuld be fownde ;
 here ar old knafys yit / standys on this grownde,
 these wold by thare wytt / make a shyp be drownde ;
 he were weH qwytt / had sold for a pownde

Here are
two old
knaves not
worth a
pound
between
them,

sich two.

147

thay fyght and thay flyte
 ffor that at comys not tyte ;
 It is far to byd hyte

fighting for
nothing.

To an eg or it go.

151

(18)

Tytter want ye sowH / then sorow I pray ;
 Ye brayde of mowH / that went by the way—
 Many shepe can she poH / bot oone had she ay—
 Bot she happynyd fuH fowH / hyr pycher, I say,

[Fol. 34, b.]
They are
like Moll
who, while
counting up
many sheep,
broke her
pitcher, and
had but one
sheep all the
time.

Was broken ;

156

“ho, god,” she sayde,
 bot oone shepe yit she hade,
 The mylk pycher was layde,

The skarthis was the tokyn.

160

(19)

Bot syn ye ar bare / of wysdom to knawe,¹
 Take hede how I fare / and lere at my lawe ;
 ye nede not to care / if ye folow my sawe ;
 hold ye my mare / this sek thou thrawe

¹ MS. knowe.

He makes
them hold
his mare
while he
shakes his
sack empty,

On my bak,

165

Whylst I, with my hand,
 lawse the sek band ;
 Com nar and by stand

Both gyg and Iak ;

169

(20)

Is not aH shakyn owte / and no meyh is therin ?

primus pastor. yey, that is no dowte. /

Tercius pastor.

so is youre wyttys thyn.

and then
compares it
to their thin
wits.

And ye look weH abowte / nawther more nor myn,
 So gose youre wyttys owte / evyn as It com In :

Geder vp

174

And seke it agane.

ijus pastor. May we not be fane !

he has told vs fuH plane

Wysdom to sup.

178

(21)

Jack the boy
comes in,
Save the
men of
Gotham he
thinks they
bear the bell
of all fools
from heaven
unto hell.

Iak garcio. Now god gyf you care / foles aH sam ;
Sagh I neuer none so fare / bot the foles of gotham.
Wo is hir that yow bare / youre syre and youre dam,
had she broght furth an hare / a shepe, or a lam,
had bene weH.

183

Of aH the foles I can teH,
ffrom heuen vnto heH,
ye thre bere the beH ;

God gyf you vnceyH.

187

(22)

Gyb asks
after his
sheep and
then pro-
poses to sit
down &
drink.

primus pastor. how pastures oure fee / say me, good pen.

Garcio. Thay ar gryssed to the kne. /

ijus pastor. fare fatt the !

Amen !

If ye wiH ye may se / youre bestes ye ken.

primus pastor. Sytt we downe aH thre / and drynk
shaH we then.

Horne asks,
"What is
drink with-
out meat?"

ijus pastor. yey, torde !

192

I am leuer ete ;

what is drynk withoute mete ?

Gett mete, gett,

And sett vs a borde,

196

(23)

and wants
dinner.

Then may we go dyne / oure bellys to fyH.

ijus pastor. Abyde vnto syne. /

ijus pastor. be god, sir, I nyH !

I am worthy the wyne / me thynk it good skyH ;

[Fol. 35, a.
Sig. G. 1.]

My seruise I tyne / I fare fuH yH,

At youre mangere.

201

primus pastor. Trus ! go we to mete,

It is best that we trete,

I lyst not to plete

To stand in thi dangere ;

205

(24)

Thou has euer bene curst / syn we met togeder.¹

ijus pastor. Now in fayth, if I durst / ye ar euen my
broder.

¹ Note the rymes of *-eder*, *-oder*.

ijus pastor. Syrs, let vs cryb furst / for cone thyng or
oder,

That thise word's be purst / and let vs go foder

Oure mompyns ;
lay furth of oure store,
lo, here ! browne of a bore.

210 Horne pro-
duces a
boar's
brawn ;

primus pastor. Set mustard afore,
oure mete now begyns ;

214

(25)

here a foote of a cowe / weH sawsed, I wene,
The pesteH of a sowe / that powderd has bene,
Two blodyingis, I trow / A leueryng betwene ;
Do gladly, syrs, now / my breder bedene,

Gyb, a cow's
foot, a sow's
shank, blood
puddings,
&c.

With more.

219

Both befe, and moton
Of an ewe that was roton,
Good mete for a gloton ;

Ete of this store.

223

(26)

ijus pastor. I haue here in my mayH / sothen and rost,
Euen of an ox tayH / that wold not be lost ;
ha, ha, goderhayH ! / I let for no cost,
A good py or we fayH / this is good for the frost

Horne has
in his bag
an ox tail,
a pie, two
swine's jaws
& part of a
hare.

In a mornyng ;

228

And two swyne gronys,
A H a hare bot the lonys,
we myster no sponys

here, at oure mangyng.

232

(27)

ijus pastor. here is to recorde / the leg of a goys,
with chekyns endorde / pork, partryk, to roys ;
A tart for a lorde / how thynk ye this doys ?
A calf lyuer skorde / with the veryose ;

Slow-pace
contributes
a goose's
leg, pork,
partridge,
tart & calf's
liver.

Good sawse,

237

This is a restorete

To make a good appetite.

primus pastor. yee speke aH by clerge[te],

I here by your clause ;

241

(28)

They drink
good whole-
some ale as
a cure for
their ills.
As each
drinks the
others chaff
him.

Cowth̃ ye by youre gramery / reche vs a drynk,
I shuld be more mery / ye wote What I thynk.

ijus pastor. haue good ayH of hely / bewar now, I wynk,
ffor and thou drynk drely / in thy poH wyH it synk.

primus pastor. A. so ; 246

This is boyte of oure bayH,¹
good holsom ayH.

ijus pastor. ye holdt long the skayH,

Now lett me go to. 250

(29)

Horne bids
the others
leave him
some.

Secundus pastor. I shrew those lyppys / bot̃ thou leyff
me som parte.

primus pastor. he god, he bot syppys / begylde thou art ;

[Fol. 35, b.] Beholdt how he kyppys. /

Secundus pastor. I shrew you so smart,
And me on my hyppys / bot̃ if I gart̃

Abate. 255

He will
drink till
his breath
faul.

Be thou wyne, be thou ayH,
bot̃ if my brethe fayH.

I shaH sett̃ the on sayH ;

God send the good gayte. 259

(30)

Tercius pastor. Be my dam sauH, alyce / It̃ was sadly
dronken.

primus pastor. Now, as euer haue I blys / to the
bothom it is sonken.

ijus pastor. yit̃ a boteH here is. /

Another
bottle is
found.

Tercius pastor. that̃ is weH spoken !

By my thryft we must kys. /

Secundus pastor. that̃ had I forgotten.²

Bot̃ hark ! 264

They sing.

Who so can best̃ syng
ShaH haue the begynnyng.

primus pastor. Now prays at the partyng

I shaH sett̃ you on warke ; 268

¹ The MS makes 2 lines of this : 1 A so ; 2 This etc.

² Note the assonance *t* and *k*.

(31)

We haue done oure parte / and songyn right weyH,
I drynk for my parte. /

They drink
again, each
still anxious
for his fair
share.

ijus pastor. Abyde, lett cop reyH.

primus pastor. Godys forbot, thou spart / and thou
drynk euery deyH.

ijus pastor. Thou has dronken a quart / therfor choke
the the deyH.

primus pastor. Thou rafys ; 273

And it were for a sogh

Ther is drynk enogh.

ijus pastor. I shrew the handys it drogh !

ve be both kuafys. 277

(32)

primus pastor. Nay ! we knaues aH / thus thynk me best,
so, *sir*, shuld ye caH. /

ijus pastor. furth let it rest ;
we wiH not braH. /

primus pastor. then wold I we fest,
This mete Who shaH / into panyere kest.

ijus pastor. syrs, herys ; 282
ffor oure saules lett vs do
Poore men gyf it to.

Gill pro-
poses to
collect the
broken
meats for
the poor.

primus pastor. Geder vp, lo, lo !

ye hungre begers ffrerys ! 286

(33)

ijus pastor. It draes nere nyght / trus, go we to rest ;
I am euen redy dyght / I thynk it the best.

They pre-
pare to
sleep.

ijus pastor. ffor ferde we be fryght / a crosse lett vs kest,
Cryst crosse, benedyght / eest and west,
ffor drede. 291

Slow-pace
says a night-
spell.

Ihesus.¹ onazorus,

Crucyefixus,

Morcus, andreus,

God be oure spede ! 295

(34)

[*They sleep.*]

Angelus. herkyn, hyrdes, awake ! / gyf louyng ye shaH,
he is borne for [y]oure² sake / lorde perpetuaH ;

The angels
bid them
awake.

¹ MS. ihe.

² Originally *oure*, the "y" having been added by a later hand.

he is comen to take / and rawnson you aH,
youre sorowe to slake / kyng emperiaH,

he behestys ;

300

A child is
born at
Bethlehem.

That chylde is borne

At bethlem this morne,

ye shaH fynde hym before

Betwix two bestys.

304

(35)

[Fol. 36, a.
Sig. G. 2.]

Primus Pastor. A, godys dere dominus ! / What was
that sang ?

Gyb
wonders
what the
song was.
He supposes
it was a
cloud
whistling in
his ear.

It was wonder curiose / with smaH noytys emang ;

I pray to god saue vs / now in this thrang ;

I am ferd, by ihesus¹ / somewhat be wrang ;

Me thoght,

309

Oone scremyd on lowde ;

I suppose it was a clowde,

In myn erys it sowde,

By hym that me boght !

313

(36)

Horne is
sure it was
an angel,
speaking of
a child.

Secundus pastor. Nay, that may not be / I say you
certain,

ffor he spake to vs thre / as he had bene a man ;

When he lemyd on this lee / my hart shakyd than,

An angeH was he / teH you I can,

No dowte.

318

he spake of a barne,

We must seke hym, I you warne,

Yon star
betokens it.

That betokyns yond starne,

That standys yonder owte.

322

(37)

Slow-pace
remembers
the angel
bade them
go to
Bethlehem
to worship.

Tercius pastor. It was merueH to se / so bright as it
shone,

I wold haue trowyd, veraly / it had bene thoner flone,

Bot I saght with myn ee / as I lenyd to this stone ;

It was a mery gle / sich hard I neuer none,

I recorde.

327

As he sayde in a skreme,

Or els that I dreame,

we shuld go to bedleme,

To wyrship that lorde.

331

¹ MS. ihc.

(38)

primus pastor. That same childe is he / that prophetys
of told, They recall
the words
of the
prophets,

Shuld make them fre / that adam had sold.

ijus pastor. Take tent vnto me / this is inrold,

By the wordys of Isae / a prynce most bold

shaH he be, 336

And kyng with crowne,

Sett on dauid trone,

Sich was neuer none,

Seyn with oure ee. 340

(39)

ijus pastor. Also Isay says / oure faders vs told

That a vyrgyn shuld pas / of Iesse, that wold

Bryng furth, by grace / a floure so bold ;

That vyrgyn now has / these wordys vphold

As ye se ; 345

Trust it now we may,

he is borne this day,

Exiet virga

De radice iesse. 349

(40)

primus pastor. Of hym spake more / SybyH as I weyn,

And nabugodhonor / from oure faythe alyene,

In the fornace where thay wore / thre childe sene,

The fourt stode before / godys son lyke to bene.

ijus pastor. That fygure 354

Was gyffen by reualacyon

That god wold haue a son ;

This is a good lesson,

Vs to consydure. 358

(41)

Tercius pastor. Of hym spake Ieromy / and moyses also,

Where he sagH hym by / a bushe burnand, lo !

when he cam to aspy / if it were so,

Vnburnyd was it truly / at commyng therto,

A wonder. 363

primus pastor. That was for to se

hir holy vyrgynyte,

That she vnfyld shuld be,

Thus can I ponder, 367

of a king
who shall sit
on David's
throne,

born of a
virgin of the
root of Jesse.

Sybyl &
Nebuchad-
nezzar spake
of Him.
He it was
who was
with the
Three
Children in
the Fire.
[Fol. 36, b.]

Of Him
spake
Jeremiah &
Moses.

(42)

And shuld haue a chyld / sich was neuer sene.

They marvel
how a virgin
may bear a
son,

ijus pastor. pese, man, thou art begyld / thou shaH se
hym with eene,

Of a madyn so myld / greatt merueH I mene ;
yee, and she vnfyld / a virgyn clene,

So soyne.

372

primus pastor. Nothyng is inpossybyH
sothly, that god wyH ;

It shalbe stabyH

That god wyH haue done.

376

(43)

and recall
more pro-
phecies.

ijus pastor. Abacuc and ely / prophesyde so,
Elezabeth and zachare / and many other mo,
And dauid as veraly / is witnes therto,
Iohn Baptyste sewrly / and daniel also.

ijus pastor. So sayng,

381

he is godys son alon,
without hym shalbe none,
his sete and his trone

ShaH euer be lastyng ;

385

(44)

Gyb quotes
Virgil's
Eclogue,

primus pastor. VirgiH in his poetre / sayde in his verse,
Even thus by gramere / as I shaH reherse ;

"Iam noua progenies celo demittitur alto,
Iam rediet virgo, redeunt saturnia regna."

and is
chaffed by
Horne on
his Latin.
He has
learnt his
'Cato.'

ijus pastor. weme ! tord ! what speke ye / here in myn
eeres ?

TeH vs no clerge / I hold you of the freres,
ye preche ;

390

It semys by youre laton
ye haue lerd youre caton.

primus pastor. herk, syrs, ye fon,
I shaH you teche ;

394

(45)

Gyb
expounds
Virgil's text.

he sayde from heuen / a new kynde is send,
whom a vyrgyn to neuene, oure mys to amend,
ShaH conceyue fuH euen / thus make I an end ;
And yit more to neuene / that samyne shaH bend ¹

[Fol. 37, a.
Sig. G. 3.]

¹ The first five lines on this leaf having become indistinct, have apparently been touched up by a later hand.

vnto vs,	399	Peace and plenty, love and charity shall come among us.
With peasse and plente,		
with ryches and menee,		
Good luf and charyte		
Blendyd amanges vs	403	

(46)

Tercius pastor. And I hold it trew / for ther shuld be,
When that kyng commys new / peasse by land and se.

<i>ijus pastor.</i> Now brethere, adew l / take tent vnto me ;		Horne has made out that the angel was sent from heaven.
I wold that we knew / of this song so fre		
Of the angeH ;	408	
I hard by hys steuen,		
he was send downe ffor heuen.		

<i>primus pastor.</i> It is trouth that ye neuen,	
I hard hym weH speH.	412

(47)

<i>ijus pastor.</i> Now, by god that me boght / it was a		He brought 24 short notes to a long.
mery song ;		
I dar say that he broght / foure & twenty to a long.		

ijus pastor. I wold it were soght / that same vs emong.

<i>primus pastor.</i> In fayth I trow noght / so many he		Gyb could not count them, but they were gentle and well toned.
throng		
On a heppe ;	417	

Thay were gentyH and smaH,
And weH tonyd with aH.

<i>ijus pastor.</i> yee, bot I can thaym aH,	
Now lyst I lepe.	421

(48)

<i>primus pastor.</i> Brek outt youre voce / let se as ye yelp.		Slow-pace tries to sing over the song, but finds he has a cold. The others must help & take him up.
<i>ijus pastor.</i> I may not for the pose / bot I haue help.		
<i>secundus pastor.</i> A, thy hart is in thy hose ! /		
<i>primus pastor.</i> now, in payn of a skelp		
This sang thou not lose. /		

<i>ijus pastor.</i> thou art an yH qwelp	
ffor angre !	426

secundus pastor. Go to now, begyn !

primus pastor. he lyst not weH ryn.

ijus pastor. God lett vs neuer blyn ;

Take at my sangre.	430
--------------------	-----

(49)

When the
song is done,
they think
of starting
off, though
there is no
moon.

primus pastor. Now an ende haue we doyn / of oure
song this tyde.

ijus pastor. ffayr faH thi growne / weH has thou hyde.

ijus pastor. Then furth lett vs ron / I wyH not abyde.

primus pastor. No lyght makethe mone / that haue
I asspyde ;

Neuer the les 435

lett vs hold oure beheste.

ijus pastor. That hold I best.

ijus pastor. Then must we go eest,

After my ges. 439

(50)

They pray
that they
may see this
Babe, whom
prophets &
saints have
desired to
see.

[Fol. 37, b.]

primus pastor. wold god that we myght / this yong
bab see !

ijus pastor. Many prophetys that syght / desyryd veralee
to haue seen that bright. /

ijus pastor. and god so hee

would shew vs that Wyght / we myght say, perde,

We had sene 444

That many sant desyryd,

with prophetys inspyryd,

If thay hym requyryd,

yit I-closyd ar thare eene. 448

(51)

A star
appears to
guide them.

ijus pastor. God graunt vs that grace. /

Tercius pastor. god so do.

primus pastor. Abyde, syrs, a space / lo, yonder, lo !

It commys on a rase / yond sterne vs to.

ijus pastor. It is a grete blase / oure gate let vs go,

here he is ! [They go to Bethlehem.] 453

ijus pastor. Who shaH go in before ?

Gyb is sent
in first.

primus pastor. I ne rek, by my hore.

ijus pastor. ye ar of the old store,

It semys you, Iwys. [They enter the stable.] 457

(52)

primus pastor. hayH, kyng I the caH ! / hayH, most of
myght !

hayH, the worthyst of aH ! / hayH, duke ! hayH, knyght !

Of greatt and smaH / thou art lorde by right ;
 hayH, perpetuaH ! / hayH, faryst wyght !
 here I offer !

He worships
 the Holy
 Child &
 offers a little
 spruce
 coffer.

462

I pray the to take—
 If thou wold, for my sake,
 with this may thou lake,—
 This lytyH spruse cofer.

466

(53)

Secundus pastor. hayH, lytyH tyn mop / rewarder of
 mede !

Horne offers
 a ball for
 Him to play
 with.

hayH, bot oone drop / of grace at my nede ;
 hayH, lytyH mylk sop ! / hayH, dauid sede !
 Of oure crede thou art crop / hayH, in god hede !

471

This baH
 That thou wold resauē,—
 lytyH is that I haue,
 This wyH I vowche saue,—
 To play the with aH.

475

(54)

iijus pastor. hayH, maker of man / hayH, swetyng !
 hayH, so as I can / hayH, praty mytyng !
 I cowche to the than / for fayn nere gretyng ;
 hayH, lord ! here I ordan / now at oure metyng,

Slow-pace
 presents a
 bottle, for
 "it is a good
 bourd to
 drink of a
 gourd."

480

This boteH—
 It is an old by-worde,
 It is a good bowrde,
 for to drynk of a gowrde,—
 It holdys a mett poteH.

484

(55)

Maria. he that aH myghtys may / the makere of heuen,
 That is for to say / my son that I neuē,
 Rewarde you this day / as he sett aH on seuen ;
 he graunt you for ay / his blys full euen

Mary prays
 that her son
 may reward
 them.

489

Contynuyng ;
 He gyf you good grace,
 TeH furth of this case,
 he spele youre pase,

[Fol. 38, a.
 Sig. G. 4.]

And graunt you good endyng.

493

(56)

The shep-
herds take
their leave,
singing the
laud of this
Lamb.

primus pastor. ffare weH, fare lorde ! / *with thy moder*
also.

ijus pastor. we shaH this recorde / where as we go.

ijus pastor. we mon aH be restorde / god graunt it be so!

primus pastor. Amen, to that worde / syng we therto

On hight ; 498

To Ioy aH sam,

With myrth and gam,

To the lawde of this lam

Syng we in syght. 502

Explicit Una pagina pastorum.

(XIII.)

Incipit Alia eorundem.

[83 nine-line stanzas, aaaab, ceeb, and 1 seven-line (No. 30), aab, ceeb.

The aaaa lines have central rhymes marked by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Primus Pastor.

Mak.

Angelus.

Secundus Pastor.

GyH, uxor ejus.

Jesus.

Tercius Pastor.

Maria.]

Primus Pastor. (1)

The first
shepherd
comes on,
complaining
of the cold
& bitter
weather

Lord, what these weders ar cold ! / and I am yH
happyd ;

I am nere hande doldt / so long haue I nappyd ;

My legys thay folt / my fyngers ar chappyd,

It is not as I woldt / for I am al lappyd

In sorow. 5

In stormes and tempest,

Now in the eest, now in the west,

wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd day nor morow ! 9

(2)

Bot we sely shepardes ¹ / that walkys on the moore,

In fayth we are nere handys / outt of the doore ;

¹ assonant to handys, &c.

- No wonder as it standys / if we be poore,
ffor the tylthe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,
As ye ken. 14
we ar so hamyd,
ffor-taxed and ramyd,
We ar mayde hand tamyd,
with thyse gentlery men. 18
- (3)
- Thus thay refe vs oure rest / oure lady theym wary !
These men that ar lord fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.
That men say is for the best / we fynde it contrary ;
Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte to myscary,
On lyfe. 23
- Thus holdt thay vs hunder,
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder ;
It were greatte wonder,
And euer shuld we thryfe. 27
- (4)¹
- ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes,
wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says !
Dar noman hym reprefe / what mastry he mayes,
And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says,
No letter. 32
- he can make purveance,
with boste and bragance,
And aH is through maintenance
Of men that are gretter. 36
- (5)¹
- Ther shaft com a swane / as prowde as a po,
he must borow my wane / my ploghe also,
Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne / Anger, and wo,
By nyght and day ; 41
he must haue if he langyd,
If I shuld forgang it,
I were better be hangyd
Then oones say hym nay. 45
- (6)
- It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,
Of this warld for to talk / in maner of mone.

[Fol. 38, b.]
No wonder
that shep-
herds are
poor, they
are so
oppressed
by the
gentle folk,

for whose
exactions
the plough
cannot
speed.

[1 Stanzas 4
and 5 should
be trans-
posed, as sug-
gested by
Prof.
Kühling.]

Let an
upstart get
fine clothes
& he will
do what he
likes, & be
backed up
by greater
men.

They will
borrow
waggon &
plough, &
the husband
men had
better hang
than say
them nay.

Refreshed
by this
grumble he
goes to look
after his
sheep till
his fellows
arrive.

To my shepe wyH I stalk / and herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone
ffull soyne.

50

ffor I trowe, perde,
trew men if thay be,
we gett more compane
Or it be noyne.

54

(7)

The second
shepherd
complains
of the
weather.

Secundus pastor. Benste and *dominus* ! / what may this
bemeyne ?

why, fares this world thus / oft haue we not sene ?
lord, thyse weders ar spytus / and the weders fuH kene.

[Fol. 39, a.] And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne,
No ly.

59

Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snaw, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete,
It is not aH esy.

63

(8)

There is
mickle woe
for wedded
men. Capel,
their hen,
cackles to &
fro; when
she croaks,
the cock
is in the
shackles.

Bot as far as I ken / or yit as I go,
we sely wedmen / dre mekyH wo ;
We haue sorow then and then / it fallys oft so ;
Sely capyle, oure hen / both to and fro

She kakyls ;

68

Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or [to clo]k,
Wo is hym is of oure cok,
ffor he is in the shekyls.

72

(9)

A wedded
man has not
all his will,
& must keep
his sighs to
himself.

These men that ar wed / haue not aH thare wyH,
when they ar fuH hard sted / thay sygh fuH styH ;
God wayte thay ar led / fuH hard and fuH yH :
In bower nor in bed / thay say nocht ther tyH,

This tyde.

77

The shep-
herd has
learnt his
lesson : he
that is
bound must
abide so.

My parte haue I fun,
I know my lesson.
wo is hym that is bun,
ffor he must abyde.

81

(10)

Bot now late in oure lyfys / a merueH to me,
That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see.
what that destany dryfys / it shuld so be ;
Som men wyH have two wyfys / and som men thre,

Yet some
men will
have two
wives &
some three :
some are
woe that
they have
any.

In store ;

86

Som ar wo that has any,
Bot so far can I,
wo is hym that has many,
ffor he felys sore.

90

(11)

Bot yong men of wowyng / for god that you boght,
Be weH war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght ;
“ had I wyst ” is a thyng / it seruys of noght ;
MekyH styH mowmyng / has wedyng home broght,

Young men
must beware
of wedding ;
for “ had I
wist ” serves
nought.

And grefys ;

95

with many a sharp showre,
ffor thou may each in an owre
That shaH [savour]¹ fulle sowre

As long as thou lyffys.

99

(12)

ffor, as euer red I pystyH / I haue oone to my fere,
As sharp as a thystyH / as rugH as a brere ;
She is browyd lyke a brystyH / with a sowre loten chere ;
had She oones Wett Hyr Whystyll / She couH Syng fuH
clere

The shep-
herd has a
wife as sharp
as thistle.

[Fol. 30, b.]

Hyr pater noster.

104

She is as greatt as a whaH,
She has a galon of gall :

She is great
as a whale
with a gallon
of gall.

By hym that dyed for vs aH,

He wishes
he had run
till he lost
her.

I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

108

(13)

primus pastor. God looke ouer the raw / ffuH defly ye
stand.

The first
shepherd
grets him,
& says he
has heard
the third,
Daw, blow-
ing his pipe :
he is near
at hand.

ijus pastor. yee, the dewiH in thi maw / so tariand,
sagh thou awro of daw ? /

primus pastor. yee, on a ley land

hard I hym blaw / he commys here at hand,

Not far ;

113

¹ The word in brackets is illegible in the MS.

Stand styH.

Daw will
make them
some lie,
unless they
beware.

ijus pastor. qwhy?*primus pastor.* ffor he commys, hope I.*ijus pastor.* he wyH make vs both a ly

Bot if we be war.

117

(14)

Daw invokes
Christ's
cross & S.
Nicholas, &
complains of
the world's
brittleness.

Terpius pastor. Crystys crosse me spede / and sant
nycholas!

Ther of had I nede / it is wars then it was.

Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the world pas,

It is euer in drede / and brekyH as glas,

And slythys.

122

This warlk fowre neuer so,

With meruels mo and mo,

Now in weyH, now in wo,

And aH thyng wrythys.

126

(15)

The floods
now are
worse than
ever before.

Was neuer syn noe floode / sich floodys seyn;

Wyndys and ranyys so rude / and stormes so keyn;

Som stamerd, som stoc / in dowte, as I weyn;

Now god turne aH to good / I say as I mene,

for ponder.

131

These floodys so thay drowne,

Both in feyldys and in towne,

And berys aH downe,

And that is a wonder.

135

(16)

They that
walk at
night see
strange
sights. He
spies shrews
sleeping.

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure cateH to kepe,

We se sodan syghtys / when othere men slepe.¹

yit me thynk my hart lyghtys / I se shrewys pepe;

ye ar two aH wyghtys / I wyH gyf my shepe

A. turne.

140

Bot fuH yH haue I ment,

As I walk on this bent,

I may lyghtly repent,

My toes if I spurne.

144

(17)

He greets
the shep-
herds &
wants meat
& drink.

A, sir, god you saue / and master myne!

A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somewhat to dyne.

¹ Originally "slepps"; altered in red ink.

primus pastor. Crystys curs, my knaue / thou art a
ledyr hyne!

They up-
braid him
as a sluggish
hind, who
comes late
& talks
about
dinner.

ijus pastor. What! the boy lyst^t rave; / abyde vnto syne;

We haue mayde it. 149

[Fol. 40, a.]

y^h thryft^t on thy pate!

Though the shrew cam late,

yit is he in state

To dyne, if he had it. 153

(18)

Tercius pastor. Sich seruandys as I / that^t swettys and
swynkys,

Daw says
servants
sweat &
swink, but
they eat
their bread
dry, & their
master &
dame nip at
their hire.

Ety^s oure brede fu^h dry / and that me forthynkys;

We ar oft weytt^t and wery / when master-men wynkys,

yit^t commys fu^h lately / both dyners and drynkys,

Bot^t natelly. 158

Both oure dame and oure syre,

when we haue ryn in the myre,

Thay can nyp at oure hyre,

And pay vs fu^h lately. 162

(19)

Bot^t here my trouth, master / for the fayr that ye make,

He tells
them he will
work as he
is paid, for
a cheap
bargain
yields but
poorly.

I sha^h do therafter / wyrk as I take;

I sha^h do a lyty^h, sir / and emang euer lake,

f^hor yit^t lay my soper / neuer on my stomake

In feyldys. 167

Wherto shuld I threpe?

with my staf can I lepe,

And men say "lyght chepe

letherly for-yeldys." 171

(20)

primus pastor. Thou were an y^h lad / to ryde on
wowyng

The first
shepherd
says Daw
would be an
ill lad to go
a-wooing
with a poor
master.

With a man that had / bot^t lyty^h of spendyng.

ijus pastor. Peasse, boy, I bad / no more langling,

Or I sha^h make the fu^h rad / by the heuen's kyng!

with thy gawdys; 176

The shep-
herds ask
after their
sheep.

wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?

ijus pastor. Sir, this same day at morne

I thaym left in the corne,

when thay rang lawdys; 180

(21)

The three
shepherds
sing a song,
taking tenor,
treble, &
mean.

Thay haue pasture good / thay can not go wrong.

primus pastor. That is right, by the roode! / thyse
nyghtys ar long,

yit I wold, or we yode / oone gaf vs a song.

ijus pastor. So I thought as I stode / to myrth vs emong.

ijus pastor. I grauntt. 185

primus pastor. lett me syng the tenory.

ijus pastor. And I the tryble so hye.

ijus pastor. Then the meyne fallys to me;

lett se how ye chauntt. 189

Tunc intrat mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.

(22)

Mak comes
on, wishing
he were in
heaven,
where no
bairns weep.

Mak. Now lord, for thy naymes seyn¹ / that made
both moyn & starnes

WeH mo then I can neuen / thi wiH, lorde, of me
tharnys;

[Fol. 40, b.]

I am aH vneuen / that moves oft my harnes,

Now Wold god I were in heuen, for there² wepe no barnes

So styH. 194

primus pastor. Who is that pypys so poore?

Mak. wold god ye wylt how I foore!

lo, a man that walkys on the moore,

And has not aH his wyH! 198

(23)

The 2nd
shepherd
asks the
news. Daw
bids each
man look to
his gools.

secundus pastor. Mak, where has thou gon³? / teH
vs tythyng.

Tercius pastor. Is he comen? then ylkon / take hede
to his thyng.

& accipit clamidem ab ipso.

Mak says he
is the king's
yeoman, &
must have
reverence.

Mak. what! ich be a yoman / I teH you, of the king;
The se'f and the same / sond from a greatt lordyng,

And sich. 203

ffy on you! goyth hence

Out of my presence!

I must haue reuerence;

why, who be ich? 207

¹ MS. vij.

² MS. the.

³ MS. gom.

(24)

primus pastor. Why make ye it so qwaynt? / mak, ye
do wrang.

In spite of
the shep-
herds' com-
ments Mak
continues to
boast.

ijus pastor. Bot, mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye
lang.

ijus pastor. I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyH
myght hym hang!

Mak. Ich shaH make complaynt / and make you aH to
thwang

At a worde,

212

And teH eunyn how ye doth.

primus pastor. Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde!

216

The 1st
shepherd
bids him
take out his
southern
tooth.

(25)

ijus pastor. Mak, the dewiH in youre ee / a stroke wold
I leyne you.

Under
threats Mak
recognizes
the shep-
herds as a
fair com-
pany.

ijus pastor. Mak, know ye not me? / by god I couthe
teyn¹ you.

Mak. God looke you aH thre! / me thoght I had sene
you,

ye ar a fare compane. /

primus pastor. can ye now mene you?

secundus pastor. Shrew, Iape!

221

Thus late as thou goys,

what wyH men suppos?

And thou has an yH noys

of stelyng of shepe.

225

The 2nd
shepherd
hints that
Mak is out
so late with
a view to
sheep-
stealing.

(26)

Mak. And I am trew as steyH / aH men waytt,

Bot a sekenes I feyH / that haldys me fuH haytt,

My belly farys not weyH / it is out of astate.

ijus pastor. Seldom lyys the dewyH / dede by the gate.

Mak. Therfor

230

fuH sore am I and yH,

If I stande stone styH;

I ete not an nedysH

Thys moneth and more.

234

Mak says all
men know
he is true as
steel, but
his belly is
ill at ease
& he has no
appetite.

¹ MS. *teyle*; but the letters "le" have been written over the original by a later hand.

(27)

Asked after
his wife,
Mak says
she does
nought but
[Fol. 41. a.]
eat & drink
& bear
children.

primus pastor. how farys thi wyff? by my hoode /
how farys sho?

Mak. lyys walteryng, by the roode / by the fyere, lo!

And æ howse full of brude / she drynkys weH to;

yH spede othere good / that she wyH do!

Bot so

239

Etys æs fast as she can,

And ilk yere that commys to man

She bryngys furth a lakan,

And som yeres two.

243

(28)

However
rich he were
she would
eat him out
of house &
home.

Bot were I not more gracyus / and ryche befar,

I were eten out of howse / and of harbar;

Yit is she a fowH dowse / if ye com nar:

Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a war,

Then ken I.

248

He would
give all he
has would
she but need
a mass-
penny.

Now wyH ye se what I profer,

To gyf aH in my cofer

To morne at next to offer

h'yr hed mas penny.

252

(29)

The shep-
herds are
tired and lie
down to
sleep.

Secundus pastor. I wote so forwakyd / is none in this
shyre:

I wold slepe if I takyd / les to my hyere.

iiij^{us} pastor. I am cold and nakyd / and wold haue a
fyere.

primus pastor. I am wery, for-rakyd / and run in the
myre.

Wake thou!

257

ijus pastor. Nay, I wyH lyg downe by,

ffor I must slepe truly.

iiij^{us} pastor. As good a man's son was I

As any of you.

261

(30)

They make
Mak lie
between
them.

Bot, nak, com heder! betwene / shaH thou lyg downe.

Mak. Then myght I lett you bedene / of that ye wold
rowne,¹

¹ Possibly 2 lines in *-owne* are missing in this couplet. But see the like, stanza 15 in the first *Shepherds' Play*, p. 104.

No drede. 264 Mak says
ffro my top to my too, a mock
Manus tuas commendo, night-spell.
poncio pilato,

Cryst crosse me spede ! 268

Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, & dicit ;

(31)

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what he wold,
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not to bold,
ffor he might aby the bargan / if it were told

He sees a
chance of
stealing a
sheep.

At the endyng. 273

Now were tyme for to reyH ;

Bot he nedys good counseH

That fayn wol fare weyH,

And has bot lytyH spendyng. 277

(32)

Bot abowte you a serkyH / as rownde as a moyn,
To I haue done that I wyH / tyH that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone styH / to that I haue doyne,
And I shall say thertyH / of good wordys a foyne.

He uses a
spell to
make the
shepherds
sleep till
noon.

On hight 282

Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft,

[Fol. 41, b.]

Outt go youre een, fordo your syght,

Bot yit I must make better shyft,

And it be right. 286

(33)

lord ! what thay slepe hard ! / that may ye aH here ;
was I neuer a shepard / bot now wyH I lere.

When he
finds by
their snoring
that they are
sleeping
hard he
"borrows"
a sheep &
carries it
home.

If the flok be skarl / yit shaft I nyp nere,

how ! drawes hederward ! / now mendys oure chere

ffrom sorow : [MS. ffron.] 291

A fatt shepe I dar say,

A good flese dar I lay,

Eft whyte when I may,

Bot this wiH I borow. [Mak goes home.] 295

(34)

how, gyH, art thou In ? / gett vs som lyght.

He knocks,
& his wife
Gyll asks
"Who is it ?"

Ixor eius. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the
nyght ?

Gyll says she
is spinning
& can't be
interrupted
for nothing.

I am sett for to spyn / I hope not I myght
Ryse a penny to wyn, / I shrew them on hight!

So farys

300

A huswyff that has bene

To be rasyd thus betwene :

here may no note be sene

ffor sich smaH charys.

304

(35)

When she
recognizes
Mak's voice
she let's him
in; "his
sheep-
stealing will
end in his
being
hanged."

Mak. Good wyff, open the hek! / seys thou not what

I bryng?

Vcor. I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in,

my swetyng!

Mak. yee, thou thar not rek / of my long standyng.

Vcor. By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke for to hyng.

Mak. Do way :

309

I am worthy my mete,

ffor in a strate can I gett

More then thay that swynke and swette

AH the long day,

313

(36)

Mak has
done it
before, but
"so long
goes the pot
to the water
that it is
broken at
last!"

Thus it felH to my lott / gyH, I had sich grace.

Vcor. It were a fowH blott / to be hanged for the case.

Mak. I haue skapyd, Ielott / oft as hard a glase.

Vcor. Bot so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,

At last

318

Comys it home broken.

Mak. weH knowe I the token,

Bot let it neuer be spoken ;

Bot com and help fast.

322

(37)

Mak wants
a dinner off
the sheep at
once, but
they are
afraid the
shepherds

I wold he were slayn / I lyst weH ete :

This twelmothe was I not so fayn / of oone shepe mete.

Vcor. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete!

Mak. Then myght I be tane, / that were a cold swette!

Go spar

327

[Fol. 42, a.]

may follow
him.

The gaytt doore.

Vcor.

Yis, Mak,

ffor and thay com at thy bak,

Mak. Then myght I by, for aH the pak,

The dewiH of the war.

331

(38)

uxor. A good bowrde haue I spied / syn thou can none.
here shaH we hym hyde / to thay be gone ;
In my credyH abyde / lett me alone,
And I shaH lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.

Gyll will put
the sheep in
a cradle &
pretend it is
a new-born
child.

Mak. Thou red ;

336

And I shaH say thou was lyght
Of a knaue childe this nyght.

Vxor. Now weH is me day bright,

That euer was I bred.

340

(39)

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ;
Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last.
I wote neuer who spyse, / agane go thou fast.

Mak must go
back to the
shepherds,
or there will
be an ill
wind.

Mak. Bot I com or thay ryse / els blawes a colde blast !

I wyH go slepe.

[*Mak returns to the shepherds,*

yit slepys at this meneye, *and resumes his place.*]

And I shaH go stalk preuely,

As it had neuer bene I

That caryed thare shepe.

349

He finds
them still
sleeping.

(40)

primus pastor. Resurrex a mortuis ! / haue hald my hand.
Iudas carnas dominus ! / I may not weH stand :
My foytt slepys, by ihesus¹ / and I water fastand.
I thought that we layd vs / full nere yngland.

The 1st
shepherd
wakes. He
had dreamed
he was near
England.

Secundus pastor. A ye !

354

lord ! what I haue slept weyH ;

As fresh as an eyH,

As lyght I me feyH

The 2nd
shepherd
has slept
well.

As leyfe on a tre.

358

(41)

Tercius pastor. Benste be here in ! / so my [hart?] qwakys,
My hart is outt of skyn / what so it makys.
Who makys at this dyn ? / so my browes blakys,
To the dowore wyH I wyn / harke felows, wakys !

Daw wakes
uneasily, &
asks where
Mak is.

We were fowre :

363

se ye awre of mak now ?

primus pastor. we were vp or thou.

ijus pastor. Man, I gyf god a vowe,

yit yede he nawre.

367

The 2nd
shepherd
says he has
gone
nowhere.

¹ MS. *ihc.*

(42)

Daw had
dreaded
Mak had
trapped one
of the sheep,
but he is

ijus pastor. Me thocht he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.
primus pastor. So are many lapt / now namely within.
ijus pastor. When we had long lapt / me thocht with
a gyn

[Fol. 42, b.]

A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

reassured by
the others.

Tercius pastor. Be styH: 372

Thi dreme makys the woode :

It is bot fantom, by the roode.

primus pastor. Now god turne aH to good,

If it be his wyH. 376

(43)

They wake
Mak, who
pretends to
have a stiff
neck, and to
have been
frightened
by a dream.

ijus pastor. Ryse, mak, for shame ! / thou lygys right
lang.

Mak. Now crystys holy name / be vs emang !
what is this ? for sant Iame / I may not weH gang !

I trow I be the same / A ! my nek has lygen wrang

Enoghe ; 381

MekiH thank, syn yister euen,

Now, by sant strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn,

My hart out of sloghe. 385

(44)

He dreamt
his wife had
another boy !
Wo is him
that has
many bairns
and little
bread.

I thocht gyH began to crok / and traueH fuH sad,

welner at the fyrst cok / of a yong lad,

ffor to mend oure flok / then be I neuer glad.

I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.

A, my heede ! 390

A house fuH of yong tharmes,

The dewiH knok outt thare harnes !

wo is hym has many barnes,

And therto lytyH brede ! 394

(45)

He must go
home to
Gyll, but
first bids
them see he
has stolen
nought.

I must go home, by youre lefe / to gyH as I thocht.

I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyH noght :

I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght.

ijus pastor. Go furth, yH myght thou chefe ! / now
wold I we soght,

This morne,
That we had aH oure store.

399 The shep-
herds
separate to
count their
sheep.

primus pastor. Bot I wiH go before,
let vs mete.

ijus pastor. where?

ijus pastor. At the crokyd thorne.

403

(46)

Mak. Vndo this doore! who is here? / how long shaft
I stand?

Mak comes
home & is
welcomed
by Gyll with
some
grumbling.

Vxor eius. Who makys sich a bere? / now walk in the
Wenyand.

Mak. A, gyH, what chere? / it is I, mak, youre husbande,

Vxor. Then may we be here / the dewiH in a bande,

Syr gyle;

408

lo, he commys with a lote

As he were holden in the throte.

I may not syt at my note,

A hand lang while.

412

(47)

Mak. wyH ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a
glose,

And dos noght bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.

Vxor. why, who wanders, who wakys / who commys,
who gose?

It is the
woman does
all the work,
& woful is
the house-
hold that
lacks one.

who brewys, who bakys? / what makys me thus hose?

And than,

417

It is rewthe to beholde,

Now in hote, now in colde,

ffuH wofuH is the householde

That wantys a woman.

421

(48)

Bot what ende has thou mayde / with the hyrdlys,
mak?

[Fol. 43, a.]

Mak. The last worde that thay sayde / when I turnyd
my bak,

Mak tells
Gyll the
shepherds
are counting
their sheep.

Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe aH the pak.

I hope thay wyH nott be weH payde / when thay thare
shepe lak,

Perde.

426

The shep-
herds are
sure to sus-
pect him.

Bot how so the gam gose,
To me thay wyH suppose,
And make a fowH noyse,
And cry outt apon me.

430

(49)

The sheep is
swaddled in
a cradle, &
Gyll lies
down.

Bot thou must do as thou hyght /

Vxor.

I accorde me thertyH.

I shall swedyH hym right / In my credyH ;
If it were a gretter slyght / yit couthe I help tyH.
I wyH lyg downe stright ; / com hap me ;

Mak.

I wyH.

Vxor. Behynde.

435

Com coH and his maroo,
Thay wiH nyp vs fuH naroo.

Mak. Bot I may cry outt 'haroo,'

The shepe if thay fynde.

439

(50)

Mak must
sing a
lullaby,
while she
groans.

Vxor. harken ay when thay caH / thay wiH com onone.
Com and make redy aH / and syng by thyn oone ;
Syng lullay thou shaH / for I must grone,
And cry outt by the waH / on mary and Iohn,
ffor sore.

444

Syng lullay on fast
when thou heris at the last ;
And bot I play a fals cast,

Trust me no more.

448

(51)

The shep-
herds meet
again.
The 1st
shepherd
has lost a
fat wether, &
has searched
"all horbery
shrogys" in
vain.

Tercius pastor. A, coH, goode morne / why slepys thou
nott ?

primus pastor. Alas, that euer was I borne ! / we haue
a fowH blott.

A fat wedir haue we lorne. /

Tercius pastor. mary, godys forbott !

iijus pastor. who shuld do vs that skorne ?

that were a fowH spott.

primus pastor. Som shrewe.

453

I haue soght with my dogys

AH horbery shrogys,

And of fefteyn¹ hogys

ffond I bot oone ewe.

457

¹ MS. xv.

(52)

ijus pastor. Now trow me, if ye wiH / by sant thomas
of kent, Daw sus-
pects either
Mak or Gyll.
Ayther mak or gyH / was at that assent.
primus pastor. peasse, man, be stiH ! / I sagh when he
went ;
Thou sklanders hym yH / thou aght to repent,
Goode spede. 462
ijus pastor. Now as euer myght I the,
If I shuld euyn here de,
I wold say it were he,
That dyd that same dede. 466

(53)

ijus pastor. Go we theder, I rede / and ryn on oure The shep-
herds start
off for Mak's
house.
feete.
ShaH I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.
primus pastor. Nor drynk in my heede / with hym tyH
I mete.
Secundus pastor. I wyH rest in no stede / tyH that I [Fol. 43, b.]
hym grete,
My brothere. 471
Oone I wiH hight :
TyH I se hym in sight
shaH I neuer slepe one nyght
Ther I do anothere. 475

(54)

Tercius pastor. wiH ye here how thay hak ? / oure syre, They hear
noises
withiin, and
Mak bids
them speak
softly.
lyst, croyne.
primus pastor. hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of
toyne ;
CaH on hym.
ijus pastor. mak ! / vndo youre doore soyne.
Mak. Who is that spak, / as it were noyne,
On loft ? 480
Who is that I say ?
ijus pastor. Goode felowse, were it day.
Mak. As far as ye may,
Good, spekys soft, 484

(55)

Every foot-
step goes
through
Gyll's nose.

Ouer a seke woman's heede / that is at mayH easse ;
I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.

Vxor. Go to an othere stede / I may not weH qweasse.
Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese.

So hee !

489

primus pastor. TeH vs, mak, if ye may,
how fare ye, I say ?

Mak. Bot ar ye in this towne to day ?

Now how fare ye ?

493

(56)

Mak bids the
shepherds
sit down.
His dreame
has come
true.

ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit :

I shaH make you a fyre / if ye wiH syt.

A nores wold I hyre / thynk ye on yit,
weH qwytt is my hyre / my dreame this is itt,

A seson.

498

I haue barnes, if ye knew,

weH mo then enewe,

Bot we must drynk as we brew,

And that is bot reson.

502

(57)

The shep-
herds de-
cline his
hospitality,
& hint that
he has stolen
their sheep.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode / me thynk that ye swette.

Secundus pastor. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode /
drynke nor mette.

Mak. why, sir, alys you oght bot goode ? /

Tercius pastor. yee, oure shepe that we gett,
Ar stollyn as thay yode / oure los is grette.

Mak. Syrs, drynkys !

507

had I bene thore,

Som shuld hane boght it fuH sore.

primus pastor. Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,

And that vs forthynkys.

511

(58)

Mak bids
them search
the house.

ijus pastor. Mak, som men trowys / that it shuld be ye.

ijus pastor. Ayther ye or youre spouse / so say we.

Mak. Now if ye haue suspowse / to giH or to me,
Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se

who had hir,
If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stott;
And gyH, my wyfe, rose nott
here syn she lade hir.

516 As for Gyll,
she has not
left her bed.

520

(59)

As I am true and lele / to god here I pray,
That this be the fyrst mele / that I shaH ete this day.

[Fol. 44, a.
Sig. H. 2.]

primus pastor. Mak, as haue I ceyH, / Avyse the, I say;
he lernyd tymely to steyH / that couth not say nay.

Vxor. I swelt!
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
ye com to rob vs for the nonys.

525 Gyll cries
out on them
for thieves.

Mak. here ye not how she gronys?
youre hartys shuld melt.

529

(60)

Vxor. Outt, thefys, fro my barne! / negh hym not
thor'.

Mak. wyst ye how she had farne / youre hartys wold
be sore.
ye do wrang, I you warne / that thus commys before
To a woman that has farne / bot I say no more.

Mak re-
proaches the
shepherds
for disturb-
ing her.

Vxor. A, my medyH!
I pray to god so mylde,
If euer I you begyldt,
That I ete this chylde
That lygys in this credyH.

534 Gyll will eat
the child in
the cradle
if ever she
cheated
them.

538

(61)

Mak. peasse, woman, for godys payn / and cry not so:
Thou spyllys thy brane / and makys me full wo.

The shep-
herds can
find nothing
in the house
but two
empty
platters.

Secundus pastor. I trow oure shepe be slayn / what
finde ye two?

ijus pastor. Ah wyrk we in vayn / as weH may we go.

Bot hatters,
I can fynde no flesh,
hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,

543

Bot two tome platers.

547

(62)

Whik cateȝ bot̃ this / tame nor wylde,
None, as haue I blys / as lowde as he smylde.

The 1st
shepherd
thinks they
have made
a mistake.
They talk of
Gyll's child.

Vxor. No, so god me blys / and gyf me Ioy of my chylde!

primus pastor. We haue merkyd amys / I hold vs begyld.

ijus pastor. Syr don, 552

Syr, oure lady hym saue!

Is youre chyld a knaue?

Mak. Any lord myght̃ hym haue

This chyld to his son. 556

(63)

Parkyn and
Gybon
Waller and
gentle John
Horne are
his gossips.

when he wakyns he kyppys / that̃ ioy is to se.

ijus pastor. In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele.

Bot̃ who was his gossyppys / so sone rede?

Mak. So fare faȝ thare lyppys! /

primus pastor. hark now, a le!

Mak. So god thaym thank, 561

[Fol. 44, b.]

Parkyn, and gybon waller, I say,

And gentiȝ Iohn horne, in good fay,

he made aȝ the garray,

With the greatt̃ shank. 565

(64)

The shep-
herds take
a friendly
farewell.
Mak pre-
tends to
sulk.

ijus pastor. Mak, freyndys wiȝ we be / ffor we ar aȝ oone.

Mak. we! now I hald for me / for mendys gett I none.

ffare weȝ all thre / aȝ glad were ye gone.

[*The shepherds leave.*]

ijus pastor. ffare wordys may ther be / bot̃ luf is ther

none

this yere. 570

primus pastor. Gaf ye the chylȝ any thyng?

ijus pastor. I trow not̃ oone farthyng.

ijus pastor. ffast̃ agane wiȝ I flyng,

Abyde ye me there. [*Goes back to the house.*]

(65)

Mak tries to
keep him
away from
the cradle.

Mak, take it to no grefe / if I com to thi barne.

Mak. Nay, thou dos me greatt̃ reprefe / and fowȝ has
thou farne.

ijus pastor. The child wiȝ it̃ not̃ grefe / that lytyȝ
day starne.

Mak, with youre leyfe / let me gyf youre barne,

Bot^t sex ¹ pence.

579

Mak. Nay, do way : he slepys.

Daw gets
near,

ijus pastor. Me thynk he pepys.

Mak. when he wakyns he wepys.

I pray you go hence. [*The other shepherds come back.*]

(66)

ijus pastor. Gyf me lefe hym to kys / and lyft^t vp the
clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*]

lifts the
coverlet to
kiss the
child, & ex-
claims at its
long snout.
The others
think it may
take after
Mak, but
soon dis-
cover the
fraud.

what^t the dewiH is this? / he has a long snowte.

primus pastor. he is merkyd amys. / we wate iH abowte.

ijus pastor. IH spon weft, Iwys / ay comyns fouH
owte.

Ay, so!

588

he is lyke to oure shepe!

ijus pastor. how, gyb! may I pepe?

primus pastor. I trow, kynde wiH crepe

where it may not go.

592

(67)

ijus pastor. This was a qwantt^t gawde / and a far cast.
It was a hee frawde. /

* The shep-
herds are
furious, but
can't help
seeing the
joke.

ijus pastor. yee, syrs, wast.

lett bren this bawde / and bynd hir fast.

A fals skawde / hang at^t the last ;

So shaH thou.

597

wyH ye se how thay swedyH

his foure feytt in the medyH?

Sagh I neuer in a credyH

A hornyd lad or now.

601

(68)

Mak. Peasse byd I : what! / lett^t be youre fare ,
I am he that hym gatt / and yond woman hym bare.

[Fol. 45, a.
Sig. H. 3.]
Mak and
Gyll main-
tain that the
sheep is
their child.

primus pastor. What^t dewiH shaH he hatt? / *Mak.* lo
god makys ayre.

ijus pastor. lett^t be aH that. / now god gyf hym care,

I sagh.

606

Vxor. A pratty child is he

As syttys on a waman's kne ;

A dyllydowne, perde,

To gar a man laghe.

610

(69)

A clerk had
told Mak the
child was
forspoken, &
Gyll saw an
elf change
him as the
clock struck
twelve.

ijus pastor. I know hym by the eere marke / that is
a good tokyn.

Mak. I tell you, syrs, hark ! / hys noyse was brokyn.
Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.

primus pastor. This is a fals wark / I wold fayn be
wrokyn :

Gett wepyn.

615

Vxor. he was takyn with an elfe,

I saw it myself.

when the klok stroke twelf

was he forshapyn.

619

(70)

But Mak
pleads
guilty, and
the shep-
herds let
him off with
a good
blanketing.

ijus pastor. ye two ar weH left / sam in a stede.

ijus pastor. Syn thay manteyn thare theft / let do
thaym to dede.

Mak. If I trespass eft / gyrd of my heede.
with you wiH I be left. /

primus pastor. syrs, do my reede.

ffor this trespass,

624

we wiH nawther ban ne flyte,

ffyght nor chlyte,

Bot haue done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas. [*They toss Mak in a sheet.*]

(71)

They toss
him till they
are tired, &
then lie
down to
rest.

lord ! what I am sore / in poynnt for to bryst.

In fayth I may no more / therfor wyH I ryst.

ijus pastor. As a shepe of sevyⁿ skore / he weyd in
my fyst.

ffor to slepe ay whore / me thynk that I lyst.

ijus pastor. Now I pray you,

633

lyg downe on this grene.

primus pastor. On these thefys yit I mene.

ijus pastor. wherto shuld ye tene

So, as I say you ?

637

Angelus cantat " gloria in exelsis : " postea dicat :

(72)

An angel
bids them
rise.

Angelus. Ryse, hyrd men heynd ! / for now is he borne
That shaH take fro the feynd / that adam had lorne :

¹ MS. vij.

That warloo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne.

God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.

he behestys,

642

At bedlem go se,

Ther lygys that fre

In a cryb fuH poorely,

Betwyx two bestys.

646

(73)

primus pastor. This was a qwant stevyn / that euer yit

I hard.¹

It is a merueH to neuyn / thus to be skard.

ijus pastor. Of godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.

AH the wod on a leuyn / me thoght that he gard

Appere.

651

ijus pastor. he spake of a barne

In bedlem, I you warne.

primus pastor. That betokyns yond starne.

let vs seke hym there,

655

(74)

ijus pastor. Say, what was his song? / hard ye not

how he crakyd it?

Thre brefes to a long. /

ijus pastor. yee, mary, he hakt it.

was no crochett wrong / nor no thyng that lakt it.

primus pastor. ffor to syng vs emong / right as he

knakt it,

I can.

660

ijus pastor. let se how ye croyne.²

Can ye bark at the mone?

ijus pastor. hold youre tonges, haue done!

primus pastor. hark after, than.

664

(75)

ijus pastor. To bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang :

I am fuH fard / that we tary to lang.

ijus pastor. Be mery and not sad / of myrth is oure

sang,

Euer lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

The Redeemer is born, & they must go to Bethlechem to see Him.

[Fol. 45, b.] The shepherds talk of the angel's message, & see a guiding star.

They discuss the angel's music, & try to imitate it.

But they must hasten to Bethlehem.

¹ 'That euer yit I hard' was originally "he spake vpward," from l. 649, but this has been crossed out with red ink.

² 'Croyne' for 'crone'

Though they *Withoutt* noyse. 669
 be wet & *primus pastor.* hy we theder for thy ;
 weary, they If we be wete and wery,
 must see To that chylde and that lady
 that child & we haue it not to lose. 673
 that lady.

(76)

The 2nd *ijus pastor.* we fynde by the prophecy— / let^t be youre
 shepherd dyn—
 recalls the Of dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,
 prophecies Thay prophecyed by clergy / that^t in a vyrgyn
 of David and shuld^t he lyght^t and ly / to slokyn oure syn
 Isaiah. And slake it, 678
 Oure kynde from wo ;
 ffor Isay sayd so,

[¹ *This is of
 course for
 'Ecce.'*]

Citè¹ virgo 682
 Concipiet^t a chylde that is nakyd.

(77)

If Daw could *ijj pastor.* ffuH glad may we be / and abyde that^t day
 once kneel That luffly to se / that^t aH myghtys may.
 before that lord^t weH were me / for ones and for ay,
 child it Myght^t I knele on my kne / som word for to say
 would ever To that^t chylde. 687
 be well with Bot^t the angeH sayd,
 him. In a cryb wos he layde ;
 he was poorly arayd
 Both mener and mylde. 691

(78)

The 1st *primus pastor.* patryarkes that^t has bene / and prophetys
 shepherd beforen,
 remembers Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that^t is borne.
 that Thay ar gone fuH elene / that^t haue thay lorne.
 patriarchs We shaH se hym, I weyn / or it be morne,
 & prophets To tokyn. 696
 have desired When I se hym and fele,
 to see this Then wote I fuH weyH
 sight. It^t is true as steyh
 [Fol. 46, a,
 Sig. H. 4.] That prophetys haue spokyn. 700

(79)

'Twas prom- To so poore as we ar / that^t he wold appere,
 ised He ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.
 should
 appear to
 the poor.

ijus pastor. Go we now, let vs fare / the place is vs nere.

ijus pastor. I am redy and yare / go we in fere

To that bright.

705

They pray
God they
may have
glee to
comfort His
wight.

Lord, if thi wylles be,

we ar lewde aH thre,

Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle

To comforth thi wight.

[*They enter the stable.*]

(80)

primus pastor. hayH, comly and clene! / hayH, yong
child!

hayH, maker, as I meyne, / of a madyn so mylde!

Thou has waryd, I weyne / the warlo so wylde;

The fals gyler of teyn / now goys he begylde.

lo, he merys;

714

lo, he laghys, my swetyng,

A welfare metyng,

I haue holden my hetyng;

haue a bob of cherys.

718

(81)

ijus pastor. hayH, sufferan sauoure! / ffor thou has vs
soght:

The 2nd
shepherd
brings Him
a bird.

hayH, frely foyde and floure / that aH thyng has wrought!

hayH, fuH of fauoure / that made aH of noght!

hayH! I kneyn and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght

To my barne.

723

hayH, lytyH tyné mop!

of oure crede thou art crop:

I wold drynk on thy cop,

LytyH day starne.

727

(82)

ijus pastor. hayH, derlyng dere / fuH of godhede!

Daw's heart
bleeds to see
Him so
poorly clad.
He offers
Him a ball.

I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede.

hayH! swete is thy chere! / my hart wold blede

To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,

With no pennys.

732

hayH! put furth thy daH!

I bryng the bot a baH:

haue and play the with aH,

And go to the tenys.

736

(83)

Mary pro-
mises to
pray her Son
to keep them
from woe.

Maria. The fader of heuen / god omnypotent,
That sett aH on seuen, / his son has he sent.
My name couthe he neuen / and lyght or he went.
I conceyuyd hym fuH euen / through myght as he ment,
And now is he borne. 741
he kepe you fro wo !
I shaH pray hym so ;
TeH furth as ye go,
And myn on this morne. 745

(84)

[Fol. 46, b.]
The shep-
herds go
their way
singing.

primus pastor. ffareweH, lady / so fare to beholde,
with thy childe on thi kne ! /
ijus pastor. bot he lygys fuH cold.
lord, weH is me / now we go, thou behold.
ijus pastor. ffor sothe aH redy / it semys to be told
fuH oft. 750
primus pastor. what grace we haue fun.
ijus pastor. Com furth, now ar we won.
ijus pastor. To syng ar we bun) :
let take on loft. 754

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

XIV.

Incipit oblatio magorum.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Herodes.</i>		<i>Primus Rex, Jaspar.</i>		<i>Tereius Rex,</i>
<i>Nuncius.</i>		<i>Secundus Rex, Melchior.</i>		<i>Ealthesar.]</i>

[*One 12-line stanza (no. 100), ab ab ab abc ddc ; 105 six-line stanzas, aaab ab, except stanza 72, ab ab ab, and one 4-line stanza 22, aaab.*

herodes. (1)

Herod calls
for silence.

PEasse, I byd, both far and nere,
I warne you leyf youre sawes sere ;
who that makys noyse whyls I am here,
I say, shaH dy. 4
Of aH this world, sooth, far & nere,
The lord am I. 9

(2)

Lord am I of euery land,	He is lord of every land.
Of towre and towne, of se and sand ;	
Agans me dar noman stand,	
That berys lyfe ;	10
AH erthly thyng bowes to my hand,	
Both man and wyfe.	12

(3)

Man and wyfe, that warne I you,	All shall bow to Mahound & himself.
That in this world is lyfand now,	
To mahowne & me aH shaH bow,	
Both old and ying ;	16
On hym wyH I ich man trow,	
ffor any thyng.	18

(4)

ffor any thyng it shaH be so ;	He would slay the fiend if he opposed him.
lord ouer aH where I go,	
who so says agane, I shaH hym slo,	
where so he dweH ;	22
The feynd, if he were my fo,	
I shuld hym feH.	24

(5)

To feH those fatures I am bowne,	[Fol. 47, a.] He will lay low all who won't believe in Mahound.
And dystroy those dogys in feyld and towne	
That wiH not trow on sant Mahowne,	
Oure god so swete ;	28
Those fals fatures I shaH feH downe	
Vnder my feete.	30

(6)

Vnder my feete I shaH thaym fare,	He is a mighty man, clean shapen, hide & hair.
Those ladys that wiH [not] lere my lare,	
ffor I am myghty man ay whare,	
Of ilk a pak ;	34
Clenly shapen, hyde and hare,	
withoutten lak.	36

(7)

The myght of me may no man mene,
ffor aH [that] dos me any teyn,

He will ding I shaH dyng thaym downe bydeyn,
 down all And wyrk thaym wo ; 40
 who give And on assay it shaH be seyn,
 him trouble. Or I go. 42

(8)

So he will And therfor wiH I send and se
 send to see In aH this land, full hastely,
 if there be To looke if any dwelland be
 any traitors In towre or towne, 46
 in the land. That wyH not hold holly on me,
 And on mahowne. 48

(9)

If ther be fonden any of tho,
 with bytter payn I shaH theym slo ; [To the messenger.]
 He bids his My messynger, swyth looke thou go¹
 messenger go Through ilk countre, 52
 In aH this land, both to and fro,
 I commaunde the ; 54

(10)

& spy if And truly looke thou spyr and spy,—
 there be any In every stede ther thou commys by,—
 who throw who trowes not on mahowne most myghty,
 not on Oure god so fre ; 58
 Mahound. And looke thou bryng theym hastely
 heder vnto me. 60

(11)

If there be, And I shaH fownd thaym for to flay,
 he will flay them. Those laddys that wiH not lede oure lay ;
 Therfor, boy, now I the pray
 That thou go tytt. 64
Nuncius. It shal be done, lord, if I may,
 withoutten lett : 66

(12)

The messen- And certys, if I may any fynde,
 ger offers to I shaH not leyfe oone of them behynde.
 kill them, but Herod
 bids him *herodes.* No, bot boldly thou thaym bynde
 bring them And with the leyde : 70
 to him. Mahowne, that weldys water and wynde,
 The wiH and spede ! 72

¹ In the MS. this line reads "My messynger [lord] swyth looke thou go."

(13)

Nuncius. Ah peasse, lordyngys, and holdē you styH,

To I haue sayde what I wiH ;

Take goode hede Vnto my skyH,

Both oldē and ying ; 76

In message what is comen you tyH

ffrom herode, the kyng. 78

(14)

he commaundys you, euerilkon,

To hold no kyng bot hym alon,

And othere god ye worship none

Bot mahowne so fre ; 82

And if ye do, ye mon be slone ;

Thus toldē he me. 84

Tunc venit primus rex equitans ; & respiciens stellam dicit,

(15)

primus rex. Lord, of whom this light is lent,

And vnto me this sight has sent,

I pray to the, with good intent,

ffrom shame me shelde ; 88

So that I no harmes hent

By way[e]s wyldē. 90

(16)

Also I pray the specyally,

Thou graunt me grace of company,

That I may haue som beyldyng by,

In my trauayH : 94

And, certys, for to lyf or dy

I shaH not fayH, 96

(17)

To that I in som land haue bene,

To wyt what this starne may mene,

That has me led, with bemys shene,

ffro my cuntre ; 100

Now weynd I wiH, withoutten weyn,

The sothe to se. 102

(18)

Secundus rex. A ! lord, that is withoutten ende !

whens euer this selcouth light dyscende,

The messenger cries
silence for
the king's
message.
[Fol. 47, b.]

Herod is the
only king, &
Mahound
the only god
to be wor-
shipped.

The first
king prays
God shield
him from
harm,

& give him
grace of
company

till he has
found the
meaning of
this guiding
star.

The 2nd king
wonders
what the
light may
mean.

That thus kyndly has me kende
Oute of my land, 106
And shewyd to me ther I can leynd,
thus bright shynand? 108

(19)

He will
never rest
till he know
whence it
comes.

Certys, I sagh neuer none so bright;
I shaH neuer ryst by day nor nyght,
To I wyt whens may com this lyght,
And from what place; 112
he that it send vnto my sight
leyne me that grace! 114

(20)

The kings
accost each
other. The
2nd king has
come from
Araby, and
is called
Melchior.

primus rex. A, sir, wheder ar ye away?
TelH me, good sir, I you pray.
Secundus rex. Certys, I trow, the sothe to say,
None wote bot I; 118
I haue folowed yond starne, veray,
ffrom araby; 120

(21)

The 1st is
Jaspar, king
of Tars.

ffor I am kyng of that cuntre,
And melchor ther caH men me.
primus rex. And kyng, sir, was I wont to be,
In tars, at hame, 124
Both of towne and cyte;
Iaspar is my name; 126

(22)

[Fol. 48, a.]
They praise
God for the
star.

The light of yond starne sagH I thedyr.
Secundus rex. That lord be louyd that send me hedyr!
ffor it will grathly ken vs whedyr,
that we shall weynd; 130
we owe to loue hym both togedyr,
That it to vs wold send. 132

(23)

The 3rd king
comes on,
wondering
at the star's
brightness.

Tercius rex. A, lord! in land what may this mene?
So selcouth sight was neuer sene,
Sich a starne, shynand so shene,
Sagh I neuer none; 136
It gyffys lyght ouer aH, bedene,
By hym alone. 138

(24)

What it may mene, that know I noght;
Bot yonder ar two, me thynk, in thoght,
I thank hym that thaym heder has broght

He sees the
other kings

Thus vnto me;

142

I shaH assay if thay wote oght
what it may be.

144

(25)

[Turns to the Magi.]

lordyngys, that ar leyf and dere,
I pray you teH me with good chere
wheder ye weynd, on this manere,

& asks them
the meaning
of the star.

And where that ye haue bene;

148

And of this starne, that shynys thus clere,
what it may mene.

150

(26)

primus rex. Syr, I say you certanly,
ffrom tars for yond starne soght haue I.

They say
they have
come from
Tars and
Araby to
seek it.

ijus rex. To seke yond light from araby,
sir, haue I went.

154

ijus rex. Now hertely I thank hym for-thy,
That it has sent.

156

(27)

primus rex. Good sir, what cuntre cam ye fra?

The third
king is
named Bal-
thasar and
comes from
Saba.

ijus rex. This light has led me fro saba;
And balthesar, my name to say,

The sothe to teH.

160

ijus rex. And kyngis, sir, are we twa,
Ther as we dweH.

162

(28)

ijus rex. Now, syrs, syn we ar semled here,
I rede we ryde togeder, in fere,
vnto we wytt, on aH manere,

He proposes
that they
shall all ride
together.

ffor good or yH,

166

what it may mene, this sterne so clere
Shynand vs tyH.

168

(29)

primus rex. A, lordyngys! behold the lyght
Of yond starne, with bemys bright!

Jaspar is
amazed at

the star's brightness.	ffor sothe I sagh neuer sich a sight	
	In no-kyns land ;	172
	A starne thus, aboute mydnyght, so bright shynand.	174
	(30)	
	It gyfys more light it self alone	
[Fol. 48, b.] The star is brighter than the sun or moon.	Then any son that euer shone,	
	Or mone, when he of son has ton his light so cleyn ;	178
	Sich selecouth sight haue I sene none, what so euer it meyn.	180
	(31)	
Melchior notes its nearness to the earth.	<i>Secundus rex.</i> Behold, lordyngys, vnto his pase,	
	And se how nygh the erth hit gase ;	
	It is a tokyn that it mase Of nouehy ;	184
	A merueH it is, good tent who tase, Now here in ly.	186
	(32)	
He marvels what it may mean.	ffor sich a starne was neuer ere seyn,	
	As wyde in world as we haue beyn, ffor blasynge bemys, shynand full sheyn,	
	ffrom hit ar sent ;	190
	MerueH I haue what it may meyn In myn intent.	192
	(33)	
Balthasar re- members that this has been fore- told.	<i>Tercius rex.</i> Certys, syrs, the sothe to say,	
	I shaH dyscry now, if I may, what it may meyn, yond starne veray,	
	Shynand tyH vs ;	196
	It has bene sayde syn many a day It shuld be thus.	198
	(34)	
The star be- tokens the birth of a prince, un- less the rules of astronomy deceive him.	yond starne betokyns, weH wote I, The byrth of a prynce, syrs, securly,	
	That shewys weH the prophecy That it so be ;	202
	Or els the rewlys of astronomy Dyssauys me.	204

(35)

primus rec. Certan, balaam spekys of this thyng,

Jaspar re-
calls the pro-
phcy of
Balaam.

That of Iacob a starne shaH spryng

That shaH ouercom kasar and kyng,

Withoutten stryfe ;

208

AH folk shalbe to hym obeyng

All folk shall
obey the star
of Iacob.

That berys the lyfe.

210

(36)

Now wote I weH this is the same,

Doubtless
this is He,
and all shall
bow before
Him.

In euery place he shaH haue hame,

AH shaH hym bowe that berys name,

In ilk cntre ;

214

who trowys it not, thay ar to blame,

what so thay be.

216

(37)

ijus rec. Certys, lordyngys, fuH weH wote I,

Melchior
recognizes
that the pro-
phcy is ful-
filled.

fulfyllyd is now the prophecy ;

That prynce that shaH ouer com in hy

kasar and kyng,

220

This starne berith witnes, wytterly,

Of his beryng.

222

(38)

ijus rec. Now is fulfyllyd here in this land

So also Bal-
thasar.

That balaam sayd, I vnderstand ;

Now is he borne that se and sand

[Fol. 49, a.]

ShaH weyld at wyH :

226

That shewys this starne, so bright shynand,

vs thre vntyH.

228

(39)

primus rec. Lordyngys, I rede we weynd aH thre

Jaspar pro-
poses that
they all
three go &
worship the
child. His
own offering
shall be
gold.

ffor to wyrship that chylde so fre,

In tokyn that he kyng shalbe

Of alkyn thyng ;

232

This gold¹ now wyH I bere with me,

To myn offeryng.

234

(40)

ijus rec. Go we fast, syrs, I you pray,

To worship hym if that we may ;

¹ The word "gold" is omitted, by mistake of the original copier, probably.

Melchior is bringing incense in token that the child is very God.

I bryng rekyls, the sothe to say,
here in myn hende, 238
In tokyn that he [is] god veray,
W~~i~~t~~h~~outten ende. 240

(41)

Balthasar
is bringing
myrrh as a
token of the
child's
death.

ijus rex. Syrs, as ye say right so I red;
hast we tytt vnto that sted
To wirship hym, as for oure hed.
 with oure offeryng; 244
In tokyn that he shaibe ded,
 This Myrr I bryng. 246

(42)

Jaspar asks
where the
king is to be
found.

primus rex. where is that kyng of Iues land,
That shalbe lord of se and sand,
And folk shaH bow vnto his hand
Both more and myn? 250
To wyrship hym *with* oure offerand
we wyH not blyn. 252

(43)

*i*hus *rex.* we shall not rest, euen nor morne,
vnto we com ther he is borne.

Balthasar
counsels
following
the star.

iiijus *rec.* folowe this light, els be we lorne,
 ffor sothe, I trowe, 256
 That frely to we com beforne ;
 Syrs, go we now. 258

[*The kings retire. Herod and his messenger advance.*]

$$(4.1)$$

Herod's messenger is reproached for his long absence.

Nunciūs. Mahowne, that^t is of greatt^t pausty,
My lord, *sir* herode, the saue and se!
herodes. where has pou bene so long fro me,
Vyle stynekand lad? 262
Nunciūs. Lord, gone youre herand^t in this cuntre,
As ye me bad. 264

(45)

Herod. Thou lyys, lurdan, the dewiH the hang!
why has thou dwelt away so lang?

His tidings
are good &
ill, mingled
together.

Nuncius. lord ye wyte me aH with wrang.
Herodes. what tythyngys? say! 268
Nuncius. Som good, som yH, mengyd emang.
herod. how? I the pray. 270

(46)

Do teH me fast how thou has farne ;

Thy waryson shaH thou not tharne.

[Fol. 49, b.]

Nuncius. As I cam walkand, I you warne,

Lord, by the way,

274 He has met
three kings
seeking a
child,

I met thre¹ kyngis sekeand a barne,

Thus can thay say.

276

(47)

Herodes. To seke a barne ! for what thyng ?

Told thay any new tythyng ?

Nuncius. yey, lord ! thay sayd he shuld be kyng

280 who, they
said, should
be a king.

Of towne and towre ;

ffor thy thay went, with thare offering,

hym to honoure.

282

(48)

herod. Kyng ! the dewiH ! bot of what empyre ?

Of what land shuld that lad be syre ?

Herod will
make the
child rue.

Nay, I shaH with that trature tyre ;

Sore shaH he rewe !

286

Nuncius. lord, by a starne as bright as fyre

This kyng thay knew ;

288 The mes-
senger tells
of the star.

(49)

It led thaym outt of thare cuntre.

Herod. we, fy ! fy ! dewyls on thame aH thre !

he shaH neuer haue myght to me,

Herod
thinks the
three kings
mad.

That new borne lad ;

292

when thare wytt in a starne shuld be,

I hold thaym mad.

294

(50)

Those lurdans wote net what thay² say ;

Thay ryfe my hede, that dar I lay ;

Nevertheless
he is greatly
troubled,

Ther dyd no tythyngis many a day,

Sich harme me to ;

298

ffor wo my wytt is aH away ;

what shaH I do ?

300

¹ MS. iij.

² "Thay" is overlined, but the original word "I" remains unaltered.

(51)

and would
fain find out
the truth
about this
new king.

why, what the dewyH is in thare harnes ?

Is thare wytt aH in the starnes ?

These thyhyngis mar my mode in ernes ;

And of this thyng

304

To wytt the sothe, fuH sore me yarnes,

Of this new kyng.

306

(52)

Herod won-
ders, if the
child is to be
king so soon,
who the
devil made
him knight.

Kyng ? what the dewyH, other then I !

we, fy on dewyls ! fy, fy !

Certys, that boy shaH dere aby !

his ded is dight !

310

ShaH he be kyng thus hastely ?

who the dewiH made hym knyght ?

312

(53)

He con-
tinues to
rage,

Alas, for shame ! this is a skorne !

Thay fynde no reson thaym beforne ;

Shuld that brodeH, that late is borne,

Be most of mayn ?

316

Nay, if the dewyH of heH had sworne,

he shaH agane.

318

(54)

[Fol. 50, a.]

Alas, alas ! for doyH and care !

So mekyH sorow had I neuer are ;

resolves to
seek the
truth of
clerks &
learned men,

If it be sothe, for euer mare

I am vndoyn ;

322

At good clerkys and wyse of lare

I wyH wyt soyn.

324

(55)

but first will
send for the
three kings
& question
them.

Bot fyrst yit wiH I send and se

The answeere of those lurdans thre. [Calls to messenger.]

Messyngere, tytt hy thou the,

And make the yare ;

328

Go, byd those kyngys com speke with me,

That told thou of are.

330

(56)

The messen-
ger is sent
off.

Say I haue greatt herand thaym tyH.

Nuncijs. It shalbe done, lord, at youre wyH,

youre byddyng shaH I soyn fulfyH

In ilk cuntre.

334

Herod. Mahowne the shelde from aH kyns yH,

ffor his pauste.

336

[*The messenger goes to where the kings stand.*]

(57)

Nuncius. Mahowne you saue, *sir* kyngys thre,

I haue message to you preuè,

ffrom herode, kyng of this cuntre,

That is oure chefe ;

340

And lo, syrs, if ye trow not me,

ye rede this brefe.

342

(58)

primus rex. welcom be thou, belamy !

what is his wyH ? teH vs in hy.

Nuncius. Certys, *sir*, that wote not I,

Bot thus he sayde to me,

346

That ye shuld com fuH hastely

To hym aH thre,

348

(59)

ffor nede herand, he sayd me so.

Secundus rex. Messynger, before thou go,

And teH thi lord we ar aH thro

his wyH to do ;

352

Both I and my felose two

ShaH com hym to. [*The messenger returns to Herod.*]

(60)

Nuncius. Mahowne you looke, my lord so dere.

herod. welcom be thou, messyngere !

how has thou farne syn thou was here ?

Thou teH me tytt.

358

Nuncius. lord, I haue trauekl far and nere

withoutten lett,

360

(61)

And done youre herand, *sir*, sothely ;

Thre kyngis with me broght haue I,

ffro saba, tars, and araby,

Then haue thay soght.

364

herodes. Thi waryson shaH thou haue for thy,

By hym me boght ;

366

He hails the
kings in
Herod's
name,

and exhibits
his "brief."

The kings
are to come
to Herod at
once.

Melchior
bids the
messenger
return &
announce
their
approach.

Herod wel-
comes the
messenger,

who an-
nounces his
success, &
is promised
a reward.

(62)

And, certanly, that is good skyH,

And syrs, ye ar welcom me tyH.

Balthasar
announces
the readiness
of the kings
to obey
Herod.

ijus rex. Lord, thi bydyng to fulfyH[*The three kings come to Herod.*]

Are we fuH thro.

370

herodes. A, mekyH thank of youre good wyH

That ye wyH so.

372

(63)

[Fol. 50, b.]

ffor, certys, I haue couett greattly

Herod ques-
tions them
concerning
the token in
the sky.

'To speke with you, and here now why :

TeH me, I pray you specyally,

ffor any thyng,

376

what tokynyng saw ye on the sky

Of this new kyng?

378

(64)

Jaspar re-
counts the
rising of the
star in the
East.

primus rex. we sagh his starne ryse in the eest,

That shaH be kyng of man and best,

ffor thy, lord, we haue not cest,

Syn that we wyst,

382

with oure gyftys, riche and honest,

To bere that blyst.

384

(65)

Melchior
says that by
the star they
knew of the
child's birth.

ijus rex. lord, when that starne rose vs beforne,

Ther by we knew that chylH was borne.

herodes. Out, alas, I am forlorne

ffor euer mare!

388

I wold be rent and al to-torne

ffor doyH and care!

390

(66)

Herod
laments &
desires his
learned men

Alas, alas, I am fuH wo!

Syr kyngys, syt downe, & rest you so.

By scrypture, syrs, what say ye two?

[*To the doctors.*]

withoutten lytt;

394

what ye can say ther to

let se now tytt.

396

(67)

to search
their books

These kyngys do me to vnderstand,

That borne is newly, in this land,

- A kyng that shaH weld se and sand ;
 Thay teH me so ; 400
- And therfor, syrs, I you commaunde
 youre bookys go to, 402
 (68)
- And looke grathly, for any thyng,
 If ye fynd oght of sich a kyng.
primus consultus & doctor. It shaH be done at youre
 bydyng,
 By hym me boght, 406
 And soyn we shaH you tythyngys bryng
 If we fynd oght. 408
 (69)
- ijus consultus & doctor.* Soyn shaH we wyt, lord, if I may,
 If oght be wretyn in oure lay.
herod. Now, masters, therof I you pray
 On aH manere. 412
- primus consultus.* Com furth, let vs assay
 Oure bookys both in fere. 414
 (70)
- ijus consultus.* Certys, sir, lo, here fynd I
 weH wretyn in a prophecy,
 how that profett Isay,
 That neuer begyld,
 Tellys that a madyn of hir body
 ShaH bere a chyld. 418
 (71)
- primus consultus.* And also, sir, to you I teH
 The meruellest thyng that euer feH,
 Hyr madynhede with hir shaH dweH,
 As dyd before ; 424
 That child shaH hight 'emanueH'
 when he is borne. 426
 (72)
- ijus consultus.* lord, this is sothe, securely,
 wytnes the profett Isay.¹
herod. Outt, alas ! for doyh I dy,
 long or my day ! 430
 ShaH he haue more pauste then I ?
 A, waloway ! 432

for a pro-
 phecy of any
 such king.

They pro-
 mise a
 speedy
 answer,

& consult
 their books
 together.

The 2nd
 doctor finds
 a prophecy
 in Isalah of
 a virgin
 bearing a
 son.

The 1st
 doctor says
 He shall be
 called
 Emmanuel.
 [Fol. 51, a.
 Sig. I. i.]

Herod
 laments.

¹ The expected ryme *aaa* is turnd into *aba*.

(73)

He bids
them look
where the
boy shall be
born.

Alas, alas, I am forlorne !
I wold be rent and aH to torne ;
Bot looke yit, as ye dyd beforne,
ffor luf of me ; 436
And teH me where that boy is borne ;
Onone lett se. 438

(74)

The doctors
must be
quick or
herod will
go mad.

primus consultus. AH redy, lord, with mayn & mode.
herod. haue done belyf, or I go wode ;
And, certys, that gadlyng wer as good
haue greuyd me noght ; 442
I shaH se that brodeH bloode,
By hym that me has boght ! 444

(75)

They say
that accord-
ing to the
prophet
Micah a
duke shall
come forth
from Beth-
lehem.

ijus consultus. Micheas the prophett, withoutten nay,
how that he tellys I shaH you say ;
In bedlem, land of Iuda,
As I say you, 448
Out of it a duke shaH spry ;
Thus fynd we now. 450

(76)

Therefore in
Bethlehem
is the king
born.

primus consultus. Syr, thus we rynd in prophecy :
Therfor we say you, securely,
In bedlem, we say you truly,
Borne is that kyng. 454

Herode curses
them for
their news.

herod. The dewiH hang you high to dry,
ffor this tythyng ! 456

(77)

They bid him
read for him-
self.

And certys ye ly ! it may not be !
ijus consultus. lord, we wytnes it truly ;
here the sothe youre self may se,
If ye can rede. 460
herod. A, waloway ! fuH wo is me !
The dewiH you spede ! 462

(78)

It is so
written
down.

primus consultus. lord, it is sothe, aH that we say,
We fynde it wretyn in oure lay.

- herock. Go hens, harlottys, in twenty¹ dewiH way,
ffast^t and belyfe! 466 Herod curses
all the more.
- Mighty mahowne, as he weH may,
lett you neuer thryfe! 468
- (79)
- Alas, wherto were I a crowne?
Or is cald of greatt renowne?
I am the fowlest borne downe
That euer was man; 472 He laments
his fate.
- And^t namely with a fowH swalchon,
That no good can. 474
- (80)
- Alas, that euer I shuld be knyght,
Or holdyn man of mekyH myght,
If a lad shuld^t reyfe me my right
AH thus me fro; 478
- Myn dede ere shuld I dyght,
Or it^t were so. 480
- (81) [Turns to the kings.]
- ye nobyH kyngys, harkyns as heynd!
ye shaH haue saue condyth to weynd;
Bot^t com agane with me to leynd,
Syr, I you pray; 484 He gives the
kings a safe-
conduct, but
bids them
come to him
again.
- ye shaH me fynd a faythfuH freynd,
If ye do swa. 486
- (82)
- If it^t be sothe, this new tythyng,
Som worship wold I do that kyng,
Therfor I pray you that ye bryng
Me tythyngys soyn. 490
- primus rex.* AH redy, lord, at youre bydyng
It shalbe doyn. [The kings mount their horses.]
- (83)
- ijus rex.* Alas, in warld^t how haue we sped!
where is the lyght that vs has led?
Som clowde, for sothe, that^t starne has cled
ffrom vs away; 496 Melchior
notes that
the star has
disappeared.
- In strong stowre now ar we sted;
what may we say? 498

(84)

Melchior
curses
Herod,
through
whose guile
they have
lost sight of
the star.

ijus rex. wo worth herode, that cursyd wyght!
wo worth that tyrant day and nyght!
ffor through hym haue we lost that sight,

And for his gyle,

502

That shoynt vs with bemys bright

within a whyle.

504

here lyghtys the kyngys of thare horses.

(85)

Jaspar sug-
gests that
they pray to
the lord
whose birth
the star be-
tokens, that
he show it to
them again.

primus rex. lordyngys, I reke we pray aH thre

To that lord, whose natyunte

The starne betokyned that we can se,

AH with his wyH;

508

pray we specyally that he

wold show it vs vntyH

510

here knele aH thre kyngys downe.¹

(86)

Melchior's
prayer.

ijus rex. Thou chyld, whose myght no tong may teH,

As thou art lord of heuen and heH,

Thy nobyH starne, emanueH,

Thou send vs yare;

514

That we may wytt by fyrth and feH

how we shaH fare.

516

(87)

Balthasar's
prayer.

ijus rex. A, to that chyld be euer honoure,

That in this tyd has stynt oure stoure,

And lent vs lyght to oure socoure,

On this manere;

520

we loue the, lord of towne and towre,

holly in fere.

522

here ryse thay aH vp.

(88)

[Fol. 52, a.
Sig. I. ij.]
The star re-
appears, &
he expresses
his love &
hope.

we owe to loue hym ouer aH thyng,

That thus has send vs oure askyng;

Behold, yond starne has made stynyng,

Syrs, securly;

526

Of this chyld shaH we haue knowyng,

I hope, in hy.

528

¹ "the" has been inserted in the MS. after "all" by a later hand, but seems unnecessary.

(89)

ijus rex. lordyngys dere, drede thar vs noght,
Oure greatt traueH tyll end is broght;
yond is the place that we haue soght
ffrom far cuntre;
yond is the chylde that aH has wroght,
Behold and se!

Melchior re-
cognizes
that their
travel is at
an end & the
child near at
hand.

532

534

(90)

ijus rex. I red we make offeryng, aH thre,
vnto this chylde of greatt pauste,
And worship hym with gyftys fre
That we haue broght;
Oure boytt of bayH ay wyH he be,
weH haue we soght.

Balthasar
proposes to
make their
offerings at
once.

538

540

(91) [They enter the house.]

primus rex. hayH be thou, maker of aH kyn thyng!
That boytt of aH oure bayH may bryng!
In tokyn that thou art oure kyng,
And shalbe ay,
Resayf this gold to myn offeryng,
prynce, I the pray.

Jaspar offers
the child
gold in token
of his king-
ship.

544

546

(92)

ijus rex. hayH, ouercomer of kyng and of knyght!
That fourmed fysh, and fowyH in flyght!
ffor thou art god's son most of myght,
And aH weldand,
I bryng the rekyls, as is right,
To myn offerand.

Melchior
offers incense
in token of his
godhead.

550

552

(93)

ijus rex. hayH, kyng in kyth, cowrand on kne!
hayH, oone-fold god in persons thre!
In tokyn that thou dede shalbe,
By kyndly skyH,
To thy grauynge this myr of me
Resaue the tyH.

Balthasar
offers myrrh
in token of
his death.

556

558

(94)

Maria. Syr kyngys, make comforth you betweyn,
And merueH not what it may mene;

Mary tells
them of her
child's

might. She
is his mother
& yet a clean
maid.

This chyld, that on me borne has bene,

AH bayH may blyn ;

562

I am his moder, and madyn clene

withoutten syn.

564

(95)

Therfor, lordyngys, where so ye fare,

Boldly looke ye teH ay whare

how I this blyst of besom bare,

Mary bids
them pro-
claim this
wherever
they go.

That best shalbe ;

568

And madyn cleyn, as I was are,

ThrugH his pauste.

570

(96)

[Fol. 52, b.]

And truly, syrs, looke that ye trow

She blesses
the kings.

That othere lord is none at-lowe ;

Both man and beest to hym shaH bowe,

In towne and feyld ;

574

My blyssyng, syrs, be now with you

where so ye beyld.

576

(97)

Jaspar says
they have
made a good
journey.

primus rex. A, lordyngys dere ! the sothe to say,

we haue made a good Iornay ;

we loue this lord, that shaH last ay

with outten ende ;

580

he is oure beyld, both nyght and day,

where so we weynd.

582

(98)

Melchior
says they
have rested
little, let
them take
a sleep be-
fore they go.

ijus rex. lordyngys, we haue traueled lang,

And restyd haue we lytyH emang,

ffor-thi I red now, or we gang,

with aH oure mayn

586

et vs fownde a slepe to fang :

Then were I fayn ;

588

(99)

Here is a
litter ready
for them.

ffor in greatt stowres we haue ben stel.

lo, here a lytter redy cled.

ijus rex. I loue my lord ! we haue weH sped,

To rest with wyn ;

592

Balthasar
bids the
others get to
bed first.

lordyngys, syn we shaH go to bed,

ye shaH begyn. [*They sleep: an angel appears above.*]

(100)

Angelus. Syr curtes kyngys, to me take tent,

An angel
warns the
kings of
Herod's evil
designs.

And turne by tyme or ye be tenyd ;

ffrom god his self thus am I sent

To warne you, as youre faythfulH freynd, 598

how herode kyng has malyee ment,

And shapys with shame you for to sheynd ;

And so that ye no harmes hent,

By othere ways god wyH ye weynd 602

Into youre awne cuntre ;

He bids
them return
home by
another way.

And if ye ask hym boyn,

ffor this dede that ye haue done,

youre beyld ay wyH he be. [Exit.] 606

(101)

primus rex. wakyns, wakyns, lordyngys dere !

Jaspar
wakes the
others &
tells them
the angel's
message.

Oure dwellyng is no longer here ;

An angeH spake tyH vs in fere ;

Bad vs, as heynd, 610

That we ne shuld, on no manere,

home by herode weynd. 612

(102)

ijus rex. AH myghty god in trynyte,

Melchior
thanks the
Trinity for
this warn-
ing.

with hart' enterely thank I the,

That thyn angeH send tyH vs thre,

And kend vs so, 616

Oure fals fo man for to fle,

That wold vs slo. 618

(103)

ijus rex. We aght to loue hym more and myn,

That comly kyng of aH mau-kyn ;

I rew fuH sore that we shaH twyn

On this manere ; 622

Balthasar
is sorry they
must part.

ffor comen we haue, with mekyH wyn,

By wayes sere. 624

(104)

primus rex. Twyn must vs nedys, syrs, permafay,

Jaspar says
they must
take their

And ilk on weynd by dyuers way ;

divers ways,
& bids the
others fare-
well.

This wyH me lede, the sothe to say,

To ¹ my cuntre ;

628

ffor-thy, lordyngys, now haue good day !

God with you be !

630

(105)

Melchior
finds his
road & com-
mends the
other kings
to heaven.

ijus rex. Certys, I must^t pas by se and sand :

This is the gate, I vnderstand,

That^t wyH me lede vnto my land

634

The right^t way ;

To god of heuen I you commaunde,

And haue good day !

636

(106)

Balthasar
also departs,
praying
God's help
against the
fiend.

ijus rex. This is the way that I must^t weynd ;

Now god tiH vs his socoure send,

And he, that^t is withoutten end

640

And ay shalbe,

Saue vs from fowndyng of the feynd,

ffor his pauste.

642

Explicit oblatio trium Magorum.

XV.

Incipit fugacio Iosep & Marie in egiptum.

[13 stanzas of 13 lines, abab aab aab, cbe ; 1 of 12 lines abab aab aa cbe.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

Angelus.

Josrphus.

Maria.

Jesus.]

Angelus.

(1)

An angel
bids Ioseph
awake, &
warns him
to flee from
danger.

A

wake, Ioseph, and take intent !

Thou ryse, and slepe nomare !

If thou WyH saue thy self vnshent^t

4

ffownde the fast^t to fare ;

I am an angeH to the sent^t,

ffor thou shaft no harmes hent,

7

To each the outt^t of care.

If thou here longer lent,

ffor rewthⁿ thou mon repent,

[Fol. 53, b.]

And rew it wonder sare.
Ioseph. A ! myghtfuH god,
 what euer this ment,
 so swete of toyn¹?

10 Joseph wonders at this sound so sweet of tune,

13

(2)

Angelus. lo, Ioseph, it is I,
 An angeH send to the.
Ioseph. we ! leyf, I pray the why ?
 what is thy wyH with me ?

& why an angel is sent to him.

17

Angelus. hens behufys the hy,
 And take with the mary,
 Also hir chyld so fre ;
 ffor herode dos to dy

The angel bids him flee, with Mary and her child, for Herod will kill all knave-children under two years.

20

AH knaue chydren, securly,
 with in two yere that be
 Of ekð.

23

Ioseph. Alas, fuH wo is me !
 where may we beyld?

26

(3)

Angelus. TyH egypp shaH thou fare
 with aH the myght thou may ;
 And, Ioseph, hold the thare,
 tyH I wyll the at say.

He is to go to Egypt and stay there till warned to return.

30

Ioseph. This is a febyH fare,
 A seke man and a sare
 To here of sich a fray ;

Joseph grumbles, he is old and knows not the way.

33

My bonys ar bursyd and bare
 ffor to do ; I wold it ware
 Comen my last day
 TyH ende ;

36

I ne wote which is the way ;
 how shaH we weynde ?

39

(4)

Angelus. Ther of haue thou no drede ;
 weynd furth, & leyf thi dyn ;
 The way he shaH you lede,
 the kyng of aH man-kyng.

The angel says the king of all mankind shall lead him, but Joseph still

43

¹ Note the absence of ryme.

thinks on his
age and
feebleness.

Ioseph. That heynd til vs take hede,
ffor I had lytyH nede

Sich bargans to begyn ; 46

No wonder if I wede,

I that may do no dede ;

how shuld I theder wyn 49

ffor eld ?

I am fuH bare and thyn,

And aH vnweld ; 52

(5)

Joseph is
grieved for
Mary. He
tells her they
must flee.

My fors me faly's to fare,¹ [*Mary with her Babe advances.*]
and sight that I shuld se.

Mary, my darlyng dere,

I am fuH wo for the ! 56

Maria. A, leyf Ioseph, what chere ?

youre sorow on this manere

It mekiH meruels me. 59

Ioseph. Oure noyes ar neghand nere

If we dweH longer here ;

ffor-thi behofes vs fle, 62

And flytt.

Maria. Alas ! how may this be ?

what euer menys it ? 65

(6)

[Fol. 54, a.
Sig. I. 4.]

Ioseph. It menys of sorow enoghe.

Maria. A, dere Ioseph, how so ?

An angel has
warned him
that Herod
would slay
her son.

Ioseph. As I lay in a swogh,

ffuH sad slepand and thro, 69

An angeH to me drogh,

As blossom bright on bogh,

And told betwix vs two, 72

That herode wroght greatt wogh,

And aH knaue children slogh

In land that he myght to, 75

That feynd !

And he thy son wold slo

And shamely sheynd. 78

¹ The ryme needs ' fere.'

(7)

Maria. My son ? alas, for care !

who may my doyllys dyH ?

wo worth fals herode are !

my son why shuld he spyH ?

82

Alas ! I lurk and dare !

To slo this barne I bare,

what wight in world had wyH ?

85

his hart shuld be full sare

Sichon for to fare,

That neuer yit dyd yH,

88

Ne thoght.

Ioseph. Now leyfe mary, be styH !

This helpys noght ;

91

Mary is
aghast at
Herod's
wickedness.

Joseph says
this helps
nought.

(8)

It is no boytt to grete,

truly withoutten trayn ;

Oure bayH it may not boytt¹

bot weH more make oure payn.

95

Maria. Alas ! how shuld I lete ?

My son that is so swete

Is soght for to be slayn ;

98

ffuH gryle may I grete,

My fomen and I mete ;

Tell me, Ioseph, with mayn,

101

youre red.

Ioseph. Shortly swedyH vs this swayn,

And fle hys dede.

104

Mary asks
his counsel.

Joseph bids
her swaddle
the child
and flee.

(9)

Maria. his ded wold I not se,

ffor aH this warld to wyn ;

Alas ! fuH wo were me,

In two if we shuld twyn ;

108

My chylde so bright of ble,

To slo hym were pyte,

And a fuH hedus syn.

111

Dere Ioseph, what red ye ?

Ioseph. TyH egyp weynd shaft we ;

¹ The rhyme needs 'bete' or 'beytt,' remedy.

ll4

They are to
go to Egypt.

fior-thi let be thi dyn
And cry.

Maria. how shaH we theder wyn?

Joseph. ffulle weſt wote I; 117
(10)

Take me thi brydyH, mary ;
Tent^t thou to that page grathly
with aH the craft^t thou can ;

And may
he that this world^e began,¹
wysh vs the way ! 156

(13)

Maria. Alas, fuß wo is me!

Is none so wyll as I!

My hart wold breke in thre,

My son to se hym dy. 160

Mary's heart would break in three to see her son die.

*Ioseph*h. we ! leyf mary, lett be,

And nothyng drede thou the,

Bot^t hard^t hens lett vs hy; 163

Joseph comforts her, but they must flee quickly.

To saue thi foode so fre,

ffast furth now lett vs fle,

Dere leyf; 166

To mete with his enemy,

It were a greatt' myschefe, 168

(14)

And that wold I not wore,²

Away if we myght wyn ;

My hart^t wold^t be full sore,³

In two to se you twyn. 172

TyH egypp lett¹ vs fare ;

This pak, tyH I com thare,

To bere I shaft not blyn :

He will bear
the pack and
help her all
he can.

ffor-thi haue thou no care ;

If I may help the mare,

Thou fyndys no fawte me in, 178

I say.

God blys you more and myn,

And haue now aſſ good day ! 181

Explicit fugacio Iosep & marie in egiptum.

[Fol. 55, a.]

¹ MS. beban.

[² ? wold...ware,]

[3 ? woldt...sare.]

(XVI.)

Incipit magnus Herodes.

[57 nine-lined stanzas, aaaab cccb, (no. 6, has aaaaa ccca) with central rhymes markt by bars.]

[Dramatis Personæ.]

Nuncius.
Herodes.
Primus Miles.
Secundus Miles.

Tercius Miles.
Primus Consultus.
Secundus Consultus.

Prima Mulier.
Secunda Mulier.
Tercia Mulier.]

(1)

Nuncius.

Herod's messenger
begins a ranting
speech to
the people.

They must
attend to
him or they
will take
harm.

Moste myghty mahowne / meng you with myrth !
Both of burgh and of towne / by fellys and by
fyrth,
Both kyng with crowne / and barons of brit̃h,
That radly wyH rowne / many greatt grith
ShaH be happ. 5

Take tenderly intent
what sondys ar sent,
Els harnes shaH ye hent,
And lothes you to lap. 9

(2)

Herod sends
them greet-
ing and com-
mands them
to be obedi-
ent to him.

Herode, the heyñk kyng / by grace of mahowne,
Of Iury, Iourmontyng / sternly with crowne,
On lyfe that ar lyfyng / in towre and in towne,
Gracyus you gretyng / commaundys you be bowne
At his bydyng ; 14
luf hym with lewte,
drede hym, that doughty !
he chargys you be redy
lowly at his lykyng. 18

(3)

Any treason
shall be paid
for twelve
thousand
fold. He is
now abashed

What man apon mold / menys hym agane,
Tytt teyn shaH be told, knyght, sqwyere, or swayn ;
Be he neuer so bold / byes he that bargan,
Twelf thowsand fold / more then I sayn

- May ye trast ; 23 about a new
 he is worthy wonderly,
 Selcouthly sory ;
 ffor a boy that is borne her by
 Standys he abast. 27
- (4)
- A kyng thay hym eaH / and that we deny ;
 how shulð it so faH / greatt merueH haue I ;
 Therfor ouer aH / ShaH I make a cry,
 That ye busk not to braH / nor lyke not to ly
 This tyde ; 32
 Carpys of no kyng
 Bot herode, that lordyng,
 Or busk to youre beyl lyng,
 youre heedys for to hyde. 36
- (5)
- He is Kyng of Kyngys / Kynldy I Knowe,
 Chefe lord of lordyngys / chefe leder of law,
 Ther watys on his wyngys / that boldt host wyH blaw,
 Greatt dukys downe dyngys / ffor his greatt aw,
 And hym lowtys. 41
 Tuskane and turky,
 All Inde and Italy,
 CeeyH and surry,
 Drede hym and dowlty. 45
- (6)
- ffrom paradyse to padwa / to mownt flaseon ;
 ffrom egyp to mantua / vnto kemp towne ;
 ffrom sarcey to susa / to greece it abowne ;
 Both normondy and norwa / lowtys to his crowne ;
 his renowne 50
 Can no tong teH,
 ffrom heuen vnto heH ;
 Of hym can none speH
 Bot his cosyng mahowne. 54
- (7)
- he is the worthiest of aH / barnes that are borne ;
 ffree men ar his thraH / fuH teynfully torne ;
 Begyn he to braH / many men each skorne ;
 Obey must we aH / or els be ye lorne
- who is called
 a king.
 No king
 must be
 spoken of
 but Herod.
- [Fol. 55, b.]
- He recites
 Herod's
 kingdoms.
- Only his
 cousin
 Mahound
 can avail
 against him.
- All men
 must obey
 him or be
 lost.

- Att onys. 59
 Downe dyng of youre knees,
 Aȝ that hym seys,
 Dysplesyd he beys,
 And byrkyn many bonys. 63
 (8)
- He is now coming and must be welcomed worshipfully. here he *commys* now, I cry / that lord I of spake ;
 ffast afore wyȝ I hy / radly on a rake,
 And welcom hym worshipfully / laghyng with lake,
 As he is most worthy / and knele for his sake
 So low ; 68
 Downe dernly to faȝ,
 as renk most ryaȝ :
 hayȝ, the worthyest of aȝ !
 to the must I bow ! [*Herod advances.*] 72
 (9)
- He greets Herod, and says he has called for silence for him. The people talk of a king and won't cease chattering. hayȝ, luf lord ! lo / thi letters haue I layde ;
 I haue done I couth do / and peasse haue I prayd ;
 Mekyȝ more therto / opynly dysplayd ;
 Bot romoure is rasyd so / that boldly thay brade
 Emangis thame ; 77
 Thay carp of a kyng,
 thay seasse not sich chateryng.
 herodes. Bot I shaȝ tame thare talkyng,
 And let thame go hang thame : 81
 (10)
- Stynt, brodels, youre dyn / yei, enerychon !
 I red that ye harkyn / to I be gone,
 ffor if I begyn / I breke ilka bone,
 And puȝ fro the skyn / the carcass anone,
 yei, perde ! 86
 Sesse aȝ this wonder,
 and make vs no blonder,
 ffor I ryfe you in sonder,
 Be ye so hardy. 90
 (11)
- They are not to speak or stir, till he has said his say. Peasse both yong and old / at my bydyng, I red,
 ffor I haue aȝ in wold / in me standys lyfe and dede ;
 who that is so bold / I brane hym through the hede ;
 Speke not or I haue told / what I wiȝ in this stede ;

ye wote nott 95
 Aȝ that I wiȝ mefe ;
 Styr not bot ye haue lefe,
 ffor if ye do, I clefe
 you smaȝ as flesh to pott. 99

(12)

My myrthes ar turned to teyn / my mekenes into Ire,
 And aȝ for oone I weyn / *with-in* I fare as fyre.
 May I se hym *with* eyn / I shaȝ gyf hym his hyre ;
 Bot I do as I meyn / I were a fuȝ lewde syre
 In wonys ; 104
 had I that lad in hand,
 As I am kyng in land,
 I shuld *with* this steȝȝ brand
 Byrkyn aȝ his bonys. 108

(13)

My name spryngys far and nere / the doughtyest, men me
 caȝ,
 That euer ran *with* spere / A lord and kyng ryaȝ ;
 what ioy is me to here / A lad to sesse my staȝ !
 If I this crowne may bere / that boy shaȝ by for aȝ.
 I anger ; 113
 I wote not what dewiȝ me alys,
 Thay teyn me so *with* talys,
 That by gottys dere nalys,
 I wyȝ peasse no langer. 117

(14)

what dewiȝ ! me thynk I brast / ffor anger and for teyn ;
 I trow thyse kyngys be past / that here *with* me has beyn ;
 Thay promysed me fuȝ fast / or now here to be seyn,
 ffor els I shuld haue cast / an othere slegȝt, I weyn ;
 I teȝ you, 122
 A boy thay sayd thay sogȝt,
with offeryng that thay broȝt ;
 It mefys my hart right nogȝt
 To breke his nek in two. 126

(15)

Bot be thay past me by / by mahowne in heuen,
 I shaȝ, and that in hy / set aȝ on sex and seuen ;

His mirth is
 turned to
 grief because
 of a boy
 whose bones
 he would
 break if he
 could catch
 him.

He is so
 teased with
 tales that
 "by God's
 dear nails"
 he will hold
 peace no
 longer.

He fears
 that the
 kings are
 going to
 break their
 promise of
 returning.

If they have
 passed by

him, he will
set all things
at sixes and
sevens.

Trow ye a kyng as I / wið suffre thaym to neuen

Any to haue mastry / bot my self fuð euen?

Nay, leyfe!

131

[Fol. 56, b.]

The dewið me hang and draw,

If I that loseð know,

Bot I gyf hym a blow,

That lyfe I shað hym reyfe.

135

(16)

If any one
hears tell of
them, Herod
prays him to
report to
him.

ffor parelis yit I wold / wyst if thay were gone;

And ye therof her told / I pray you say anone,

ffor and thay be so bold / by god that syttys in trone,

The payn can not be told / that thay shað haue ilkon,

ffor Ire;

140

Sich panys hard neuer man tell,

ffor vgly and for feð,

That lucyfer in heð

Thare bonys shað að to-tyre.

144

(17)

The first
knight tells
him that the
kings have
passed by
another way.

primus Miles. Lord, thynk not ið if I / tell you how
they ar past;

I kepe not layn, truly / Syn thay cam by you last,

An othere way in hy / thay soght, & that fuð fast.

Herodes. why, and ar thay past me by? / we! outt! for
teyn I brast!

we! fy!

149

Herod
blames his
knights for
not having
spied them.

ffy on the dewið! where may I byde?

Bot fyght for teyn and al to-chyde¹!

Thefys, I say ye shuld haue spyde

And told when thay went by;

153

(18)

ye ar knyghtys to trast! / nay, losels ye ar, and thefys;

I wote I yelde my gast / so sore my hart it grefys.

Secundus Miles. what nede you be abast? / ther ar no
greatt myschefys

ffor these maters to gnast. /

Tercius Miles.

why put ye sich reprefys

They
grumble at
his threats.

¹ MS. alto chyde.

withoutt cause ? 158

Thus shuld ye nott thrett vs,
vngaynly to bete vs,
ye shuld nott rehett vs,

withoutt othere sawes. 162

(19)

herod. fly, losels and lyars ! / lurdans ilkon !
Tratoures and weH wars ! / knafys, bot knyghtys none !
had ye bene woth youre eres / thus had thay nott gone ;
Gett I those land lepars / I breke ilka bone ;

Herod still
abuses them.

ffyrst vengeance 167

ShaH I se on thare bonys ;
If ye byde in these wonys
I shaH dyng you with stonys,
yei, ditizance dountance.

171 If they con-
tinne like
this he will
ding them
with stones,
"ditizance
dountance."

(20)

I wote not where I may sytt / for anger & for teyn ;
we haue not done aH yit / if it be as I weyn ;
ffy ! dewiH ! now how is it ? / as long as I haue eyn
I think nott for to flytt / bot kyng I wiH be seyn
ffor euer.

176 He does not
mean to flit
himself, but
will make
men see that
he is king.

Bot stand I to quart,
I teH you my hart,
I shaH gar thaym start,

Or els trust me neuer. 180

(21)

primus Miles. Syr, thay went sodanly / or any man wyst,
Els had mett we, yei, perdy / and may ye tryst.

[Fol. 57, a.]

Secundus Miles. So bold nor so hardy / agans oure lyst,
was none of that company / durst mete me with fyst

The knights
boast what
they would
have done
had they met
the kings.

ffor ferd. 185

Tercius Miles. IH durst thay abyde,

Bot ran thame to hyde ;

Might I thaym haue spyde,

I had made thaym a berd. 189

(22)

what couth we more do / to saue youre honoure ?

primus Miles. we were redy therto / and shal be ilk howre.

herod. Now syn it is so / ye shaH haue fauoure ;

Go where ye wyH, go / by towne and by towre,

What could
they do more
to saue
Herod's
honour ?

He forgives
them; Goys hens ! [*The Soldiers retire.*] 194
I haue maters to meH
and calls his with my preuey counseH ; [*The Council advance.*]
privy
council. Clerkys, ye bere the beH,
ye must me encense. 198

(23)

Oone spake in myne eere / A wonderfuH talkyng,
And sayde a madyn shuld bere / anothere to be kyng ;
He bids his Syrs, I pray you inquere / in aH wrytyng,
clerks en- In vyrgyH, in homere / And aH other thyng
quire in Bot legende ; [*They look at their books.*] 203
Virgil, in
Homer, and
everywhere
but in legend
—in Boece
and tales but
not in ser-
vice-books—
as to this
talk of a
maiden and
her child.
Sekys poece tayllys ;
lefe pystyls and grales ;
Mes, matyns, noght avalys,
A H these I defende ; 207

(24)

I pray you teH heyndly / now what ye fynde.
primus consultus. Truly, sir, prophecy / It is not blynd ;
we rede thus by Isay / he shalbe so kynde,
That a madyn, sothely / which neuer synde,
The first ShaH hym bere : 212
councillor
quotes the
prophecy of
Isaiah as to
the birth of
Emmanuel.
“virgo concipiet,
Natumque pariet ;”
“Emanuel” is hete,
his name for to lere, 216

(25)

“God is with vs,” that is forto say.
Secundus consultus. And othere says thus / tryst me ye
may :
The second “Of bedlem a gracyus / lord shaH spray,
quotes the That of Iury myghtyus / kyng shalbe ay,
prophecy of lord myghty ; 221
the birth of
a king at
Bethlehem.
And hym shaH honoure
both kyng and emperoure.”
herodes. why, and shuld I to hym cowre ?
Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly ! 225

(26)

ffy ! the dewiH the spede / and me, bot I drynk onys !
Herod rages This has thou done in dede / to anger me for the nonys ;
at them, and

And thou, knafe, thou thy mede / shaft haue, by cokys
dere bonys !

Thou can not half thi crede ! / outt, thefys, fro my wonys !
ffy, knafys !

ffy, dotty-pols, with youre bookys !

Go kast thaym in the brookys !

with sich wylys and crokys

My wytt away rafys !

(27)

hard I neuer sich a trant / that a knafe so sleight

Shuld com lyke a sant / and refe me my right ;

Nay, he shaft on slant / I shaft kyH hym downe stryght ;

war ! I say, lett me pant / now thynk I to fyght

ffor anger ;

My guttys wiH outt thryng

Bot I this lad hyng ;

withoutt I haue a vengyng,

I may lyf no langer.

(28)

Shuld a carH in a kafe / bot of oone yere age,

Thus make me to rafe ? /

primus consultus. Syr, peasse this outrage !

A-way let ye wafe / aH sich langage,

youre worship to safe / is he oght bot a page

Of a yere ?

we two shaft hym teyn

with oure wyttys betweyn,

That, if ye do as I meyn,

he shaft dy on a spere.

(29)

Secundus consultus. ffor drede that he reyn / do as we red ;

Thrug outt bedlem ¹ / and ilk othere stede.

Make knyghtys ordeyn / and put vnto dede

AH knaue chyldren / of two yerys brede,

And with-in ;

This chylde may ye spyH

Thus at youre awne wiH.

Herodes. Now thou says here tyH

A right nobyH gyn !

¹ Assonant to 'reyne,' 'chyldren.'

[Fol. 57, b.]
bids the
"dottypols"
fly and throw
their books
into the
water.

Unless he
have ven-
geance on
this lad he
can live no
longer.

The council-
lors bid him
put away all
such lan-
guage, and
they shall
find him a
remedy.

Let him bid
his knights
slay all chil-
dren at Beth-
lehem and
elsewhere
under two
years old and
this child
must die.

(30)

✓ Herod
thinks this a
right noble
gin; if he
lives he will
make the
Councillor
Pope; mean-
while he
shall have
castles and
lands.

If I lyf in land / good lyfe, as I hope,
This dar I the warand / to make the Pope.¹
O, my hart is rysand / now in a glope!
ffor this nobyH tythand / thou shaH haue a drope

Of my good grace; 266

Markys, rentys, and powndys,

Greatt^t castels & groundys;

ThrugH aH sees and sandys

I gyf the the chace. [*The Council retires.*] 270

(31)

Herod bids
his messen-
ger call the
flower of his
knights.

Now wyH I procede / and take veniance;
aH the flowre of knyghthede / caH to legeance;
Bewshere, I the byd² / it may the avance.

Nuncius. lord, I shaH me spede / and bryng, perchaunce,
To thy syght. [*Herod retires. Knights advance.*]

[Fol. 58, a.]

The messen-
ger bids the
knights
hasten to
Herod,

hark, knyghtys, I you bryng

here new tythyng;

vnto herode kyng

hast with aH youre myght! 279

(32)

armed and in
their best
array.

In aH the hast that ye may / in armowre fuH bright,

In youre best aray / looke that ye be dight.

primus Miles. why shuld we fray? /

Secundus Miles.

this is not aH right.

Tercius Miles. Syrs, withoutten delay I drede that we
fight.

Nuncius. I pray you, 284

As fast as ye may,

com to hym this day.

primus Miles. what, in oure best aray?

Nuncius. yei, syrs, I say you. 288

(33)

ijus Miles. Somwhat is in hand / what ever it meyn.

ij Miles. Tarry not for to stand / ther or we haue beyn.

[*Herod advances.*]

Nuncius. kyng herode aH welkand / weH be ye seyn!

youre knyghtys ar comand / in armoure fuH sheyn,

¹ This word is erased in the MS.

² The ryme needs 'bede.'

At youre wyH. 293

primus Miles. hayH, dughtyest^t of aH !

we are comen at youre caH

ffor to do what we shaH,

yourc lust to fullfyH. 297

(34)

herod. welcom, lordyngys, Iwys / both greatt and smaH !

The cause now is this / that I send for you aH :

A lad, a knafe, borne is / that^t shuld be kyng ryah ;

Bot^t I kyH hym and his / I wote I brast my gaH ;

Therfor, Syrs, 302

Veniance shaH ye take,

AH for that lack sake,

And men I shaH you make

where ye com ay where, syrs. 306

(35)

To bedlem loke ye go / And aH the coste aboute,

AH knaue chyl dren ye slo / and lordys, ye shalbe stoute ;

Of yeres if they be two / and *within*, of aH that rowte

On lyfe lyefe none of tho / that^t lygys in swedyH clowte,

I red you ; 311

Spare no kyns bloode,

lett aH ryn on floode,

If women wax woode ;

I warn you, syrs, to spede you ; 315

(36)

hens ! now go youre way / that ye were thore.

ijus Miles. I wote we make a fray / bot^t I wyH go before.

ijus Miles. A, thynk, syrs, I say / I mon whett lyke a bore.

primus Miles. Sett^t me before ay / good enogh for a skore ;

hayH heyndly ! 320

we shaH for youre sake

make a dulfuH lake.

herodes. Now if ye me weH wrake

ye shaH fynd me freyndly. [*Exit Herod.*] 324

(37)

ijus Miles. Go ye now tyH oure noytt / and handyH
thaym weyH.

ijus Miles. I shaH pay thaym on the cote / begyn I to

reyH. [*First Woman and Child aduance.*]

The first
knight hails
Herod.

Herod tells
them of the
boy who
must be
killed.

The knights
are to go to
Bethlehem
and there-
abouts and
slay all
knave-child-
ren under
two years of
age.

The knights
promise
obedience.

[Fol. 58, b.] *primus Miles.* hark, felose, ye dote / yonder commys
vnceyH;

They see a
woman
coming. The
first knight
tells her not
to take it ill
if he kill her
child.

I hold here a grote / she lykys me not weyH
Be we parte; [To the Woman.] 329

Dame, thynk it not yH,
thy knafe if I kyH.

prima Mulier. what, thefe! agans my wyH?
lord, kepe hym in qwarte! 333

(38)

primus Miles. Abyde now, abyde / no farther thou gose.

The woman
remem-
strates.

prima Mulier. Peasse, thefe! shaH I chyde / and make
here a nose?

primus Miles. I shaH reyfe the thy pryde / kyH we
these boyse!

She attacks
the knight,
but her boy
is slain.

prima Mulier. Tyd may betyde / kepe weH thy nose,
ffals thefe! 338

haue on loft on thy hode.

primus Miles. what, hoore, art thou woode?

[Kills the Child.]

prima Mulier. Outt, alas, my chyldys bloode!
Outt, for reprefe! 342

(39)

She laments
over him and
calls for
vengeance.

Alas for shame and syn / alas that I was borne!
Of wepyng who may blyn / to se hir chylde forlorne?
My comforti and my kyn / my son thus alto torne!
veniance for this syn / I cry, both euyne and morne.

Secundus Miles. weH done! 347

[Second Woman and Child advance.]

Com hedyr, thou old stry!

that lad of thyne shaH dy.

Secunda Mulier. Mercy, lord, I cry!

It is myn awne dere son. 351

(40)

The same
scene is gone
through be-
tween a
second
woman and
the second
knight.

ijus Miles. No mercy thou mefe / it mendys the not, mawd!

Secunda Mulier. Then thi skalp shaH I clefe! / lyst
thou be clawd?

lefe, lefe, now by lefe! /

Secundus Miles. peasse, byd I, bawd!

Secunda Mulier. ffy, fy, for reprefe! fy, fuH of frawde!

No man! 356

haue at thy tabard,
harlot and holard!

Thou shaft not be sparde!

I cry and I ban! [He kills the boy.] 360

(41)

Outt! morder! man, I say / strang tratoure & thefe!

Out! alas! and waloway! / my child that was me lefe!

My luf, my blood, my play / that neuer dyd man grefe!

Alas, alas, this day! / I wold my hart shuld clefe

She, also,
cries for
vengeance
for her mur-
dered son.

In sonder! 365

veniance I cry and caH,

on herode and his knyghtys aH!

veniance, lord, upon thaym faH,

And mekyH warldys wonder! 369

(42)

Tercius Miles. This is weH wrought gere / that euer
may be; [Third woman and child advance.]

The third
knight kills
the child of
a third
mother.

Comys hederward here! / ye nede not to fle!

Tercia Mulier. wyH ye do any dere / to my chyld and me?

ijus Miles. he shaft dy, I the swere / his hart blood shaft
thou se.

ijia mulier. God for-bede! 374

Thefe! thou shedys my chyldys blood! [He kills the boy.] She laments

Out, I cry! I go near wood!

Alas! my hart is aH on flood,

To se my chyld thus blede! 378

(43)

By god, thou shaft aby this dede that thou has done.

Tercius Miles. I red the not stry / by son and by moyn.

[Fol. 59, a.
Sig. K. l.]

ijia Mulier. haue at the, say I! / take the ther a foyne!

Out on the I cry / haue at thi groyn

An othere! 383

and attacks
him till he
cries "Peace
now, no
more"

This kepe I in store.

Tercius Miles. Peasse now, no more!

Tercia Mulier. I cry and I rore,

Out on the, mans mordre! 387

(44)

Alas! my bab, myn Innocent! / my fleshly get! for sorow

That god me derly sent / of bales who may me borow!

She cries for
vengeance.

The first
knight bids
the women
go off.

Thy body is aH to-rent / I cry both euen and morow,
veniance for thi blod thus spent / out! I cry, and horow!

primus Miles. Go lightly! 392

Gett out of thise wonys!

ye trattys, aH at onys,—

Or by cokys dere bonys

I make you go wyghtly! [The mothers retire.]

(45)

They are
frightened
now, says
the second
knight.
The third
knight pro-
poses to tell
their ex-
ploits to
Herod.

Thay ar flayd now, I wote, thay wiH not abyde. 397

Secundus Miles. lett vs ryn fote hote / now wold I we hyde,

And teH of this lott / how we haue betyde.

Tercius Miles. Thou can do thi note / that haue I aspyde;

Go furth now, 401

TeH thou herode oure tayH!

ffor aH oure awayH,

I teH you, saunce fayH,

he wyH vs alow. 405

(46)

The first
claims to
have done
the best.

primus Miles. I am best of you aH / and euer has bene;

The deuyH haue my sauH / bot I be fyrst sene;

It fyttys me to caH / my lord, as I wene.

ijus Miles. what nedys the to braH? / be not so kene

In this anger: 410

I shaH say thou dyd best,

saue myself, as I gest.

primus Miles. we! that is most honest.

Tercius Miles. go, tary no langer! 414

(47) [They approach Herod.]

They boast
to Herod of
having mur-
dered many
thousands,

primus Miles. hayH herode, oure kyng / fuH glad may ye be!

Good tythyng we bryng / harkyn now to me;

we haue mayde rylyng / thugh outt Iure:

weH wyt ye oone thyng / that mordenH haue we

Many thowsandys. 419

ijus Miles. I held thaim fuH hote,

I payd them on the cote;

Thare dammys, I wote,

Neuer bynde them in bandys. 423

(48)

they are
worthy a
reward.

ijus Miles. had ye sene how I fard / when I cam emang them!

Ther was none that I spard / bot lade on and dang them.

I am worthy a rewarde / where I was emangys them. [Fol. 59, b.]
 I stud and I stard / no pyte to hang them
 had I. 428

herodes. Now, by myghty mahowne,
 That is good of renowne!
 If I bere this crowne
 ye shaH haue a lady 432

(49)

Ilkon to hym layd, and wed at his wyH.
primus Miles. So haue ye lang sayde / do somewhat thertyH!
ijus Miles. And I was neuer flayde / for good ne for yH.
iius Miles. ye might hold you weH payde / oure lust to
 fulfyH,

Herod pro-
 mises them
 each a lady
 to wed at his
 will.

Thus thynk me, 437
 with tresure vntold,
 If it lyke that ye wold,
 Both syluer and gold,
 To gyf vs greatt plente. 441

The third
 knight sug-
 gests a gift
 of gold and
 silver.

(50)

herodes. As I am kyng crownde / I thynk it good right!
 Ther goys none on grownde / that has sich a wyght;
 A hundreth thowsand pownde / is good wage for a knyght,
 Of pennys good and rownde / now may ye go light
 with store; 446
 And ye knyghtys of oures
 ShaH haue castels and towres,
 Both to you and to youre,
 for now and euer more. 450

Herod says a
 hundred
 thousand
 pounds is
 good wage
 for a knight,
 and pro-
 mises castles
 and towers
 as well as
 money.

(51)

primus Miles. was neuer none borne / by downes ne by
 dalys,
 Nor yit vs before / that had sich avalys.
ijus Miles. we haue castels and corne / mych gold in
 oure malys.
iius Miles. It wyH neuer be worne / withoutt any talys;
 hayH heyndly! 455
 hayH lord! hayH kyng!
 we ar furth foundyng!
herod. Now mahowne be you bryng
 where he is lord freyndly; 459

The knights
 rejoice at
 their wealth

(52)

Herod
thanks
Mahound
that he may
stand in
peace.
Each of the
knights shall
have a thou-
sand marks
—next time
he comes.

Now in peasse may I stand / I thank the, mahowne !
And gyf of my lande / that longys to my crowne ;
Draw therfor nerehande / both of burgh and of towne ;
Markys ilkon a thowsande / when I am bowne,

ShaH ye haue.

464

I shalbe fuH fayn

To gyf that I sayn !

wate when I com agayn,

And then may ye craue.

468

(53)

He is not
troubled by
the blood he
has shed.

I sett by no good / now my hart is at easse,
That I shed so mekyH blode / pes aH my ryches !
If for to se this flode / from the fote to the nese
Mefys nothing my mode / I lagH that I whese ;

A, mahowne !

473

So light is my sauH,

His gall now
is all of
sugar.

that aH of Sugar is my gaH :

I may do what I shaH,

And bere vp my crowne.

477

(54)

[Fol. 60, a.
Sig. K. 2.]

I was castyn in care / so frightly afrayd,
Bot I thar not dyspare / for low is he layd
That I most dred are / so haue I hym flayd ;
And els wonder ware / and so many strayd

He need not
despair now,
for the boy
must be
killed.

In the strete,

482

That oone shuld be harmeles,

and skape away hafes,

where so many chyldes

Thare balys can not be te.

486

(55)

144,000 have
been slain :
never was
there such a
murder.

A hundreth thowsand, I wate / and fourty ar slayn,
And four thowsand ; ther-at / me aght to be fayn ;
Sich a morder on a flat / shaH neuer be agayn.
had I had bot oone bat / at that lurdan

So yong,

491

It shuld haue bene spokyn

how I had me wrokyn,

were I dede and rotyn,

with many a tong.

495

(56)

Thus shaH I teeh knauys / ensampyH to take,
In thare wyttys that rauys / sich mastre to make ;
aH wantones wafys / no langage ye crak !
No sufferan you sauys / youre nekkys shaH I shak

Let knaves
take ex-
ample by it,
and call no
man king
but Herod.

In sonder ; 500

No kyng ye on caH
Bot on herode the ryah,
Or els many oone shaH

Apon youre bodys wonder. 504

(57)

ffor if I here it spokyn / when I com agayn,
youre branyys bese brokyn / therfor be ye bayn ;
Nothyng bese vnlokyn / it shalbe so playn ;
Begyn I to rekyn / I thynk aH dysdayn

If he hear
them speak
of any other
he will
knoek their
brains out.
But now he
"can no
more
French."

ffor daunche. 509

Syrs, this is my counseH—

Bese not to crueH,

Bot adew!—to the deuyH !

I can nomore fraunch ! 513

Explicit Magnus Herodes.

(XVII.)

Incipit Purificacio marie.

[Fol. 63, b.]

[10 right-line stanzas aaab cccb ; 10 six-line aab ccb ; and one line.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Symeon.
Primus Angelus.

Secundus Angelus.
Iosephus.

Maria.
Jesus.]

Symeon.

(1)

MIghtfuH god, thou vs glad !
That heuen and erthe and aH has mayde ;
Bryng vs to blys that neuer shaH fade,
As thou weH may ;
And thynk on me that is vnweld—

Simeon
prays to God
to remember
him in his
old age.

4

lo ! so I hobyH aH on held,
That vnethes may I walk for eld—

Now help, lord, adonay !

8

(2)

He wonders
whether the
good men of
old be safe or
lost.

Bot yit I merueH, both eyn and morne,
Of old elders that were beforne,
wheder thay be safe or lorne,

where thay may be ;

12

AbeH, noye, and abraham,

David, danieH, and balaam,

And aH othere mo by name,

Of sere degre.

16

(3)

He thanks
God for
giving him
so long a
life.

I thank the, lord, with good intent.

Of aH thy soud thou has me sent.

That thus long tyme my lyfe has lent,

Now many a yere ;

20

ffor aH ar past now oonly bot I ;

I thank the, lord god almyghty !

ffor so old know I none, sothly,

Now lyfyng here.

24

(4)

He knows no
man so old
as himself :
no wonder if
he be feeble.

ffor I am old symeon :

So old on lyfe know I none,

That is mayde on flesh and bone,

In aH medyH-erH.

28

No wonder if I go on held :

The feuyrs, the flyx, make me vnweld ;

Myn arnes, my lymmes, ar stark for eld,

And aH gray is my berH.

32

(5)

Myn ces are woren both marke and blynd ;

Myn and is short, I want wynd ;

Thus has age dystroed my kynd,

And reft myghtis aH ;

36

His own
time to go
away will
soon come.

Bot shortly mon I weynd away ;

what tyme ne when, I can not say,

ffor it is gone fuH many a day

Syn dede began to caH.

40

(6)

[Fol. 61, a.
Sig. K. 3.]

Ther is no warke that I may wyrk,

Bot oneths craH I to the kyrk :

Be I com home I am so irk

That farther may I noght ;	44	He can do no work save church- going, and when he comes back from that all his bones ache.
Bot settys me downe, and grankys, and gronys,		
And lygys and restys my wery bonys,		
And aH nyght after grankys and goonys,		
On slepe tyH I be broght.	48	

(7)

Bot neuer the les, the sothe to say,		Yet feeble as age has made him, he re- members the words of the dead pro- phets,
If I may nather, by nyght ne day,		
ffor age nather styr ne play,		
Nor make no chere,	52	
yit if I be neuer so old,		
I myn fuH weH that prophetys told,		
That now ar dede and layde fuH cold,		
Sythen gone many a yere.	56	

(8)

Thay sayde that god, fuH of myght,		who foretold the birth of God's Son for man's re- demption.
Shuld send his son from heuen bright,		
In a madyn for to light,		
Commen of dauid kyn :	60	
fflesh and bloode on hyr to take,		
And becom man for oure sake,		
Our redempeyon for to make,		
That slayn were through syn.	64	

(9)

Bot, lord, that vs thy grace has hight,		He prays God that he may not die till he has held this Child in his hand.
Send me thy sond, both day and nyght,		
And graunt me grace of lyfys light,		
And let me neuer de,	68	
To thou sich grace to me send,		
That I may handyH hym in my hend,		
That shaH cum oure mys to amend,		
And se hym with myn ee.	72	

(10)

<i>primus angelus.</i> Thou, sytheon, drede the noght !		An angel announces the granting of his prayer.
My lord, that thou has long besoght,		
ffor thou has rightwys beyn,	75	
Thyn askyng has he grauntyd the,		
with outen dede on lyfe to be		
To thou thy cryst haue seyn.	78	

(11)

A second
angel tells
him he shall
find God's
Son in the
Temple.

Secundus angelus. Than symeon, harkyn a space !

I bryng the thythyngys of solace ;

ffor-thy, ryse vp and gang

81

To the temple ; thou shalt fynd thore

Godys son the before,

That thou has yernyd lang.

84

(12)

Symeon
praises God
for His
goodness.

Symeon. Louyd be my lord in wyH and thoght,

That his *seruant* forgettys nocht,

when that he seys tyme !

87

weH is me that I shaH dre

TyH I haue sene hym with myn ee,

And no longer hyne.

90

(13)

[Fol. 61, b.]

Louyd be my lord in heuen,

That thus has by his angeH steuen

warnyd me of his commyng !

93

He will put
on his vest-
ment in
honour of
that king.

Therfor wiH I with intent

putt on me my vestment,

In worship of that kyng.

96

(14)

for welcome
shall that
Lord be to
him, who
shall make
men free.

he shalbe welcom vnto me :

That lord shaH make vs alle fre,

kyng of aH man-kyn ;

99

ffor with his blood he shaH vs boroo

Both fro catyflam & from soroo,

That was slayn through syn.

102

Tunc pulsabunt.

(15)

The bells
ring so
solemnly he
thinks it
must be for
the coming
of the Lord.

A, dere god ! what may this be ?

Oure bellys ring so solemnly,

ffor whom soeuer it is ;

105

Now certys, I can not vnderstand,

Bot if my lord god aH weldand

Be commen, that aH shaH wyse.

108

(16)

This noyse lyghtyns fuH weH myn hart !

Shall I neuer rest, and I haue quart,

Or I com ther onone ;

111

Now weH were I and it so were,
ffor sich noyse hard I neuer ere ;

The bells are
ringing of
themselves.

Oure bellys ryng by thare oone ! 114

[*Joseph, with two doves, and Mary, with her baby, advance.*]

(17)

Ioseph. Mary, it begynnys to pas,
ffourty dayes syn that thou was

Joseph bids
Mary draw
near the
Temple,

Delyuer of thy son ; 117

To the temple I red we draw,
To clens the, and fulfyH the law,

As oure elders were won. 120

(18)

Therfor, mary, madyn heynd,
Take thi chyld and let vs weynd

taking her
Child with
her, and they
will bring
two doves for
an offering.

The tempyH vntyH ; 123

And we shaH with vs bryng
Thise turtys two to oure offryng,

The law we wiH fulfyH. 126

(19)

Maria. Ioseph, that wyH I fuH weH,
That the law euery deyH

Mary is well
pleased to
fulfil all the
Law.

Be fulfyllid in me. 129

Lord, that aH myghtys may,
Gyf vs grace to do this day

That it be pleassyng to the ! 132

Angeli cantant ; simeon. . . . [the rest is illegible].

(20)

primus angelus. Thou, symeon, rightwys and trew,
Thou has desyred both old and new,

The first
Angel an-
nounces to
Simeon that
this is the
Child whom
he longed to
see.

To haue a sight of cryst ihesu

As prophecy has told ! 136

Oft has thou prayd to haue a sight

Of hym that in a madyn light ;

here is that chyld of mekyH myght,

Now has thou that thou wold. 140

(21)

Secundus angelus. Thou has desyryd it most of aH.¹

* * * * *

¹ The end of this Play, and the beginning of the next, are wanting, two leaves of the manuscript being lost.

(XVIII.)

[17 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab* ; 33 four-line *ab ab* ; 2 couplets ; and one line of Latin.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Primus Magister.
Secundus Magister.

| *Tercius Magister.*
Jesus.

| *Maria.*
Josephus.]

[Fol. 62, a.]

* * * * *

(1)

The Doctors
talk of the
prophecy of
Emanuel.

[*Secundus Magister.*] That a madyn a barn shuld here ;

And his name thus can thay teH,

fro the tyme that he born were,

he shalbe callyd emanueH ;

4

(2)

Counselloure, and god of strengthe,

And wonderfuH also

ShaH he be callyd, of brede and lengthe

As far as any man may go.

8

(3)

ijus magister. Masters, youre resons ar right good,

And wonderfuH to neuen,

yit fynde I more by abacuk ;

Syrs, lysten a whyle vnto my steuen.

12

(4)

Habakkuk
had foretold
the rod that
should
spring from
the root of
Jesse.

Oure bayH, he says, shaH turn to boytt,

her-afterward som day ;

A wande shaH spryng fro Iesse roytt,—

The certan sothe thus can he say,—

16

(5)

And of that wande shaH spryng a floure,

that shaH spryng vp fuH hight :

Ther of shaH com fuH swete odowre,

And therapon shaH rest and lyght

20

(6)

The holy gost, fuH mych of myght ;

The goost of wysdom and of wyt,

ShaH beyld his nest, with mekyH right,

And in it brede and sytt.

24

(7)

primus magister. Bot when trow ye this prophecy
Shalbe fulyllyd in dede,
That here is told so openly,
As we in scrypture rede ?

The first
Doctor wou-
ders when
this shall be
fulfilled.

28

(8)

ijus magister. A greatt merueH for sothe it is,
To vs to here of sich mastry ;
A madyn to bere a chyld, I wys,
without mans seyde, that were ferly.

They discuss
the con-
ception by
the Holy
Ghost.

32

(9)

ijus magister. The holy gost shaH in hyr lyght,
And kepe hir madynhede fuH clene ;
whoso may byde to se that sight
Thay ther not drede, I wene.

36

(10)

primus magister. Of aH thise prophetys wyse of lore
That knew the prophecy, more and les,
was none that told the tyme before,
when he shuld com to by vs peasse.

None of the
prophets
were told
the time of
these things.

40

(11)

Secundus magister. wheder he be comen or not
No knowlege haue we in certayn ;
Bot he shaH com, that dowt we not ;
ffuH prophetys haue prechyd it fuH playn.

He may be
come or not,
but of His
coming they
have no
doubt.

44

(12)

ijus magister. MekyH I thyнк that thise prophetys
Ar holden to god, that is on hight,
That haue knowyng of his behetys,
And for to tell of his mekyH myght.

48

*Tunc venit ihesus.*¹

(13)

Ihesus. Masters, luf be with you lent,
And mensk be vnto this meneze !

Jesus greets
them.

primus magister. Son, hens away I wold thou went,
ffor othere haft in hand haue we.

52

The first
doctor says
they are
busy.

¹ MS. ilc : as it rymes with 'thus,' 'vs,' it is always expanded as *ihesus*.

(14)

The second
Doctor says
they have
other things
to do than
to play with
children.

ijs magister. Son, whosoener the hyder sent,

Thay were not wyse, thus tel I the ;

ffor we hane othere tayllys to tent

Then now with barnes bowrdand to be.

56

(15)

[Fol. 62, b.]
But the third
bids Jesus
listen to
their speech,
that He may
learn by it.

Tercius magister. Son, thou lyst oght lere / To lyf by

moyses lay ;

Com heder, and thou shaH here / The sawes that we wyH

say ;

58

(16)

ffor in som mynde it may the bryng

To here oure sawes red by rawes.

Jesus says
He has no
need to learn
of them.

Ihesus. To lere of you nedys me no thyng,

ffor I know both youre dedys & sawes.

62

The first
Doctor
thinks He is
too young to
know their
laws "by
clergy."

primus magister. hark, yonder barn with his bowrdyng !

he wenys he kens more then he knawys ;

Nay, certys, son, thou art ouer ying

By clergy yit to know oure lawes.

66

(17)

Ihesus. I wote as weH as ye / how that youre lawes was
wroght.

They bid
Him sit to be
examined.

Secundus magister. Com sytt ! soyn shaH we se, / ffor

certys so semys it nocht.

68

(18)

Tercius magister. It were wonder if any wyght

vntiH oure resons right shuld reche ;

And thou says thou has in sight

Oure lawes truly to telH and teche.

72

Jesus says
the Holy
Ghost has
given Him
power to
teach.

Ihesus. The holy gost has on me lyght,

And anoynt me lyke a leche,

And gyffen to me powere and myght

The kyngdom of heuen to preche.

76

(19)

Secundus magister. whens euer this barne may be

That shewys thise novels new ?

Ihesus. Certan, syrs, I was or ye,

And shaH be after you.

80

(20)

primus magister. Son, of thi sawes, as we haue ceyH,

And of thi wytt is wonder thyng ;

Bot neuer the les fully I feyH

That it may fayH in wyrkyng ;

ffor dauid demys euer ilk deyH,

And thus he says of chylder ying,

“Ex ore infancium & lactencium, perfecisti laudem.”

Of thare mowthes, sayth dauid, wele,

Oure lord he has perfourmed louyng.

(21)

Neuer the les, son, yit shuld thou lett

her for to speke in large ;

ffor where masters ar mett,

Chylder wordys ar not to charge.

(22)

ffor, certys, if thou wold neuer so fayn

Gyf all thi lyst to lere the law,

Thou art nawther of myght ne mayn

To know it, as a clerk may knaw.

Ihesus. Syrs, I say you in certan,

That sothfast shaH be aH my saw ;

And powere haue I plene and playn,

To say and answere as me aw.

(23)

primus magister. Masters, what may this mene ?

MerueH, methynk, haue I

where euer this barne has bene

That carpys thus conandly.

(24)

Secundus magister. In world as wyde as we haue went

fhand we neuer sich ferly fare ;

Certys, I trow the barn be sent

Sufferanly to salfe our sare.

Ihesus. Syrs, I shaH preue in youre present

AH the sawes that I sayde are.

Tercius magister. which callys thou the fyrst commaunde-
ment?

And the most, in moyses lare ?

The first
Doctor re-
members the
text, “Out of
the mouths
of babes and
sucklings
hast thou
perfected
praise,”

84

88

yet thinks
Jesus should
not speak
so boldly
before
masters,

92

for it is im-
possible for
Him to know
the Law like
a clerk.

96

Jesus says
He has
power to
answer as
He ought.

100

[Fol. 63, a.]

The Doctors
are astonish-
ed at His
words.

104

The third
Doctor asks
Him which
is the first
command-
ment, and
the chief, in
Moses' Law

112

(25)

Jesus bids
them read
from their
books.

Ihesus. Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,
And hafe youre bookys on brede,
let se, syrs, in youre saw
how right that ye can rede.

116

(26)

The first
Doctor says
that the first
command-
ment is to
honour God.

primus magister. I rede that this is the fyrst bydyng
That moyses told vs here vntylh,
honoure thi god ouer ilka thyng,
with aH thi wyt and aH thi wyH;
And aH thi hart in hym shaH hyng.
Erly and late, both lowde and styH.

120

Ihesus. ye nede none othere bookys to bryng,
Bot fownd this to fulfyH;

124

(27)

Jesus says
that the
second is to
love your
neighbour.

The seconde may men profe
And clergy know therby;
yours neyghburs shaH ye lofe
Right as youre self truly.

128

(28)

¹ *Illegible.*

[Thise] ¹ commaunded moyses tyH aH men
In his commaundes clere;

On these two
biddings
hang all the
law.

In thise two bydyngys, shaH ye ken,
hyngys aH the law we aght to lere.
who so fulfylles thise two then
with mayn and mode and good manere,
he fulfylls truly aH ten

132

That after thaym folows in fere.

136

(29)

Then shuld we god honowre
with aH oure myght and mayn,
And luf weH ilk neghbourne
Right as oure self certayn.

140

(30)

The Doctor
asks. What
are the other
eight?

primus magister. Now, son, synthen thou has told vs two,
which ar the aght,² can thou oght say?

Ihesus. The thyrd bydys, "where so ye go,

² MS. viii.

That ye shaH halow the holy day;

144

(31)

ffrom bodely wark ye take youre rest ;
 youre household, looke the same thay do,
 Both wyfe, chyld, seruande, and beest.”
 The fourt^t is then in weyH and wo

[Fol. 63, b.]
 Jesus an-
 swers (3) to
 keep the
 holy day
 hallowed,

148

(32)

“ Thi fader, thi moder, thou shaH honowre,
 Not^t only *with* thi reuerence,
 Bot^t in thare nede thou thaym socoure,
 And kepe ay good obedyence.”

(4) honour
 and succour
 father and
 mother,

152

(33)

The fyft bydys the “ no man slo,
 Ne harme hym neuer in word ne dede,
 Ne suffre hym not^t to be in wo
 If thou may help hym in his nede.”

(5) kill nor
 harm no
 man,

156

(34)

The sext bydys the “ thi wyfe to take,
 Bot^t none othere lawfully ;
 lust^t of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,
 And drede ay god where so thou be.”

(6) take thy
 own wife,
 but none
 other,

160

(35)

The seuen¹ bydys the “ be no thefe feyr,
 Ne nothyng wyn *with* trechery ;
 Oker, ne symony, thou com not^t nere,
 Bot^t consyence clere ay kepe truly.”

¹ MS. vii.
 (7) to win
 nothing by
 theft, treach-
 ery, usury
 or simony,

164

(36)

The aght² byddys the “ be true in dede,
 And fals wytnes looke thou none bere ;
 looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,
 lest^t to thi sauH that it do dere.”

² MS. viij.
 (8) bear no
 false wit-
 ness,

168

(37)

The neyn³ byddys the “ not^t desyre
 Thi neghbers wyfe ne his women,
 Bot^t as holy kyrk wold it were,
 Right so thi purpose sett it in.”

³ MS. ix.
 (9) desire no
 man's wife,

172

(38)

The ten⁴ byddys the “ for nothyng
 Thi neghbers goodys yerne wrongwysly ;
 his house, his rent, ne his halyng,
 And crysten fayth trow stedfastly.”

⁴ MS. x.
 (10) covet no
 man's goods,

176

(39)

These are
the ten
command-
ments.1 *overlined*
later.

Thus in tabyls, shaft ye ken,
Oure lord¹ to moyses wrate ;
Thise ar the commaundmentys ten,
who so wiH lely layt.

180

(40)

The second
Doctor won-
ders at the
knowledge
of Jesus.

Secundus magister. Behald how he lege oure lawes,
And leryd neuer on booke to rede !
ffuH soteH sawes, me thynk, he says,
And also true, if we take hede.

184

The third
fears the
people will
praise Him
more than
themselves ;

Tercius magister. yei, lett hym furth on his wayes,
ffor if he dweH, withoutten drede
The pepyH wiH ful soyn hym prayse
weH more then vs, for aH oure dede.

188

(41)

but is re-
buked by
the first.

primus magister. Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang !
sich spekyng wiH we spare ;
As he cam let hym gang,
And mefe vs, not no mare.

192

Tunc venient Ioseph et maria, & dicet Maria :

(42)

Mary is in
great
trouble :
they have
sought Jesus
everywhere,
but cannot
find Him.

Maria. A, dere Ioseph ! what is youre red ?
Of oure greatt bayH no boytt may be ;
My hart is heuy as any lede,
My semely son to I hym se.
Now haue we soght in euery sted,
Both vp and downe, thise dayes thre ;
And wheder he be whik or dede
yit wote we not ; so wo is me !

196

200

(43)

Ioseph. Sorow had neuer man mare !
Bot mowr[n]yng, mary, may not amend ;
ffarther do I red we fare,
To god som socoure send.

204

(44)

[Fol. 64, a.]
Joseph
would fain
know if He
is about the
Temple.

Abowtt the tempyH if he be oght,
That wold I that we wyst this nyght.
Maria. A, certys, I se that we have soght !
In world was neuer so semely a sight ;

208

lo, where he syttys! se ye hym noght

Amangys yond masters mekyH of myght?

Ioseph. Blyssyd be he vs heder broght!

In land now lyfys there none so light.

212

Joseph
blesses God
for enabling
them to find
Jesus.

(45)

Maria. Now dere Ioseph, as haue ye seyH,

Go furth and fetche youre son and myne;

This day is goyn nere ilka deyH,

And we haue nede for to go hien.

216

Mary bids
Joseph fetch
Jesus, but
he is afraid
of meddling
with men of
might, gay
in fine furs.

Ioseph. with men of myght can I not meH,

Then aH my traueH mon I tyne;

I can not with thaym, that wote ye weH,

Thay are so gay in furrys fyne.

220

(46)

Maria. To thaym youre erand forto say,

Surely that thar ye drede no deyH!

Thay wiH take hede to you alway

Be cause of eld, this wote I weyH.

224

Mary says
they will
respect his
age.

Ioseph. when I com ther what shaH I say?

ffor I wote not, as haue I ceyH;

Bot thou wiH haue me shamyd for ay,

ffor I can nawthere crowke ne knele.

228

Joseph asks
what he is to
say.

(47)

Maria. Go we togeder, I hold it best,

Vnto yond worthy wyghtys in wede;

And if I se, as haue I rest,

That ye wiH not, then must I nede.

232

Mary will go
with him
and speak,
if he won't.

Ioseph. Go thou and telh thi tayH fyrst,

This son to se wiH take good hede;

weynd furth, mary, and do thi best,

I com behynd, as god me spede.

236

Joseph
makes her
go first.

(48)

Maria. A, dere son, Ihesus!¹

sythen we luf the alone,¹

whi dos thou tyH vs thus,

And gars vs make this mone?

240

Mary asks
Jesus why
He has done
thus to
them?

(49)

Thi fader and I betwix vs two,

Son, for thi luf has lykyd yH,

¹ Written as one line with central ryme in MS., and so to end of Play.

- [Fol. 64, b.] we haue the soght both to and fro
 His father and she wepeand sore, as wyghtis wyH. 244
 have sought *Ihesus.* wherto shuld ye, moder, seke me so?
 Him weep- Oft tymes it has bene told ye tyH
 ing.
 Jesus says My fader warkys, for wele or wo,
 He must Thus am I sent for to fulfyH. 248
 fulfil His
 Father's
 works.
 (50)
- [Mary?] will ¹Thise sawes, as haue I ceyH,
 think well I can weH vnderstonde,
 on all these I shaH thyнк on them weyH
 saws. To fownd what is folowand. 252
 (51)
- Joseph bids *Ioseph.* Now sothly, son, the sight of the
 Jesus come has comforthed vs of aH oure care ;
 home with Com furth, now, with thi moder and me !
 them. At nazareth I wold we ware. 256
- He bids *Ihesus.* Be leyf then, ye lordyngys fre!
 farewell to ffor with my freyndys now wyH I fare.
 the Doctors, who bless
 Him, *primus magister.* Son, where so thou shaH abyde or be
 God make the good man euer mare. 260
 (52)
- predict *Secundus magister.* No wonder if thou, wife,
 that He Of his fyndyng be fayn ;
 shall prove he shaH, if he haue lyfe,
 a good swain, prefe to a fuH good swayn. 264
 (53)
- and welcome *Tercius magister.* Son, looke thou layn, for good or yH,
 Him to live The noyttys that we haue nevened now ;
 with them. And if thou lyke to abyde here styH,
 And with vs won, welcom art thou. 268
- Jesus says *Ihesus.* Gramercy, syrs, of youre good wyH !
 He must No longer lyst I byde with you,
 obey His My freyndys thoght I shaH fulfyH,
 friends. And to thare bydyng baynly bow. 272
 (54)
- Mariu.* ffuH weH is me this tyde,
 Now may we make good chere.
Ioseph. No longer wyH we byde ;
 ffar weH aH folk in fere. 276

*Exp[^li]cit Pagina Doctorum.*¹ This stanza must be assigned to Mary, see Luke iii. 51.

(XIX.)

Incipit Iohannes baptista.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Johannes. Primus Angelus. Secundus Angelus. Jesus.]

[35 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab*, and 1 four-line *ab ab*.]

Johannes.

(1)

God, that mayde both more and les,
Heuen and erth, at his awne wyH,
And merkyd man to his lyknes,
As thyng that wold his lyst ffulfyH,
Apon the erth he send lightnes,
Both son and moyne lymett thertyH,

John prays
God to save
the specta-
tors from
sin.

4

He saue you all from synfulnes,
And kepe you clene, both lowd and styH.

[Fol. 65, a.
Sig. l. l.]

8

(2)

Emang prophetys then am I oone
That god has send to teche his law,
And man to amend, that wrang has gone,
Both *with* exampyH and *with* saw.

He is a pro-
phet, Baj-
tist Iohn,
son of
Zachary and
Elizabeth.

12

My name, for sothe, is baptyst Iohn,
My fader zacary ye know,
That was dombe and mayde great mone,
Before my byrth, and stode in awe.

16

(3)

Elezabeth my moder was,
Awntt vnto mary, madyn mylde ;
And as the son shynys thorow the glas,
Certys, in hir wombe so dyd hir chylde.

20

The Jews
have asked
if he be
Christ.

Yit the Iues inquiryd me has
If I be cryst ; thay ar begyld,
For ihesus shal amend mans trespas,
That *with* freylte of fylthe is fyld.

24

(4)

I am send bot messyngere
ffrom hym that alkyn mys may mend ;
I go before, bodword to bere,
And¹ as forgangere am I send,

He is only
the messen-
ger and fore-
ganger

28

¹ MS. As.

- to prepare
His ways. his wayes to wyse, his lawes to lere,
Both man and wyfe that has offende.
ffuH mekyH barett mon he here,
Or tyme he haue broght aH tyH ende, 32
(5)
- These Jews
shall crucify
Christ as a
traitor or
thief, not
for His guilt
but our
good. Thise Iues shaH hyng hym on a roode,
Man's sauH to hym it is so leyfe,
And therapon shaH shede his bloode,
As he were tratoure or a thefe, 36
Not for his gylt bot for oure goode,
Because that we ar in myschefe ;
Thus shaH he dy, that frely fooode,
And ryse agane tyH oure relefe. 40
(6)
- He baptises
with water,
but Christ
with the
Holy Ghost. In water clere then baptyse I
The pepyH that ar in this coste ;
Bot he shaH do more myghtely,
And baptyse in the holy goost ; 44
And with the bloode of his body
wesh oure synnes both leste and moost,
Therfor, me thynk, both ye and I
Agans the feynde ar weH endoost. 48
(7)
- He is un-
worthy to
loose
Christ's
shoestring. I am not worthy for to lawse
The leste thwong that longys to his shoyne ;
Bot god almyghty, that aH knawes,
In erth thi wiH it must be done. 52
- He praises
God for His
bounty, I thank the, lord, that thi sede sawes
Emong mankynde to groyf so sone,
And euery day that on erth dawes
ffeydys vs with fooode both euen and none. 56
(8)
- and for send-
ing His Son
to save
man's soul. we ar, lord, bondon vnto the,
To luf the here both day and nyght,
ffor thou has send thi son so fre
To saue mans sauH that dede was dight 60
Through adam syn and eue foly,
That synnyd through the feynd's myght ;
Bot, lord, on man thou has pyte,
And beyld thi barnes in heuen so bright. 64

(9)

primus angelus. harkyn to me, thou Iohn baptyst !

An angel
announces
to him that
he shall bap-
tise Christ
in Jordan.

The fader of heuen he gretys the weyH,

ffor he has fon the true and tryst,

And dos thi deuer every deyH ;

68

wyt thou weH his wiH thus ist,

Syn thou art stabyH as any steyH,

That thou shaH baptyse ihesu cryst

In flume Iordan, mans care to beyH

72

(10)

Iohannes. A, dere god ! what may this be ?

[Fol. 65, b.]

I hard a steuen, bot noght I saw.

primus angelus. Iohn, it is I that spake to the ;

To do this dede haue thou none aw.

76

Iohannes. Shuld I abyde to he com to me ?

John says he
will go meet
Christ.

That that shaH neuer be, I traw ;

I shaH go meyt that lord so fre,

As far as I may se or know.

80

(11)

Secundus angelus. Nay, Iohn, that is not weH syttand ;

his fader wiH thou must nedys wyrk.

But he is
bidden to
await His
coming.

primus angelus. Iohn, be thou here abydand,

Bot when he commys be then not yrk.

84

Iohannes. By this I may weH vnderstand

Hence he
understands
that children
should be
brought to
church to be
baptised.

That childer shuld be broght to kyrk,

ffor to be baptysyd in euery land ;

To me this law yit is it myrk.

88

(12)

Secundus angelus. Iohn, this place it is pleassyng,

And it is callyd flume Iordan ;

here is no kyrk, ne no bygyng,

The second
angel shows
him that
Jordan is to
be the place,
though there
is neither
church nor
building
there.

Bot where the fader wyH ordan,

92

It is godys wyH and his bydyng.

Iohannes. By this, for sothe, weH thynk me than

his warke to be at his lykyng,

And ilk folk please hym that thay can.

96

(13)

John yields
himself to
Christ's will
wherever he
be.

Sen I must nedys his lyst fulfyH

he shaH be welcom vnto me ;

I yeldt me holy to his wiH,

where so euer I abyde or be.

100

I am his seruande, lowd and styH,

And messyngere vnto that fire ;

whethere that he wiH saue or spyH

I shaH nott gruch in no degre.

104

(14)

Jesus comes
to be bap-
tised in clear
water,

Ihesus. Iohā, godys seruand and prophete,

My fader, that is vnto the dere,

has send me to the, weH thou wytt,

To be baptysyd in water clere ;

108

ffor reprefe vnto mans rytt

The law I wiH fulfyH right here ;

My fader ordynance thus is it,

And thus my wyH is that it were.

112

(15)

I com to the, baptym to take,

To whome my fader has me sent,

with oil and
cream there-
to.

with oyle and creme that thou shal make

vnto that worthi sacrament.

116

And therfor, Iohā, it not forsake,

Bot com to me in this present,

ffor now wiH I no farther rake

Or I haue done his commaundement.

120

(16)

John is
ready to do
Christ's will,
but how may
a knight
baptise his
Lord King?

Iohannes. A, lord ! I loue the for thi commyng !

I am redy to do his wiH,

In word, in wark, in aH kyn thyng,

what soeuer he sendys me tyH ;

124

This bewteose lord to bryng to me,

his awne seruande, this is no skyH,

A knyght to baptise his lord kyng,

My pauste may it not fulfyH.

128

(17)

And if I were worthy
 ffor to fulfyH this sacrament,
 I haue no connyng, securly,
 To do it after thyn intent ; 132
 And therfor, lord, I ask mercy ;
 hald me excusyd as I haue ment ;
 I dar not towche thi blyssyd body,
 My hart wiH neuer to it assent. 136

He asks
 Christ to
 hold him
 excused, for
 he dare not
 touch His
 blessed
 body.

(18)

Ihesus. Of thi connyng, Johñ, drede the noght ;
 My fader his self he wiH the teche ;
 he that aH this warlt has wrought,
 he send the playnly forto preche ; 140
 he knawys mans hart, his dede, his thoght ;
 he wotys how far mans myght may reche,
 Therfor hedir haue I soght ;
 My fader lyst may none appeche. 144

[Fol. 66, a
 Sig. 1. 2.]
 Jesus says
 God will
 teach Johñ,

(19)

Behold, he sendys his angels two,
 In tokyn I am both god and man ;
 Thou gyf me baptysm or I go,
 And dyp me in this flume Iordan. 148
 Sen he wyH thus, I wold wytt who
 Durst hym agan stand ? Iohñ, com on than,
 And baptyse me for freynde or fo,
 And do it, Iohñ, right as thou can. 152

sending two
 angels in
 token of His
 own double
 nature.

(20)

primus angelus. Iohñ, be thou buxom and right bayn,
 And be not gruchand in no thyng ;
 Me thyнк thou aght to be ful fayn
 ffor to fulfyH my lordis bydyng 156
 Erly and late, with moyde and mayn,
 Therfor to the this word I bryng,
 My lord has gyffen the powere playn,
 And drede the noght of thi conyng. 160

The first
 angel bids
 John obey,
 for God has
 given him
 power.

(21)

The second
angel bids
John baptise
God's dear
child here
sent to him.

Secundus angelus. he sendys the here his awne dere
chylde,

Thou welcom hym and make hym chere,
Born of a madyn meke and mylde,
That frely foode is made thi fere ; 164
with syn his moder was neuer fylde,
Ther was neuer man neghyd hyr nere,
In word ne wark she was neuer wylde,
Therfor hir son thou baptyse here. 168

(22)

The first
shows that
Jesus has
come to ful-
fil the Law.

Primus angelus. And, securly, I wiH thou know
whi that he commys thus vnto the ;
he commys to fulfyH the law,

As pereles prynee most of pauste ; 172
And therfor, Iohn, do as thou awe,
And gruch thou neuer in this degre
To baptyse hym that thou here saw,
ffor wyt thou weH this same is he. 176

(23)

John trem-
bles and
quakes and
will not
touch Jesus
with his
hand, but
will not los
his need.

Iohannes. I am not worthy to do this dede ;

Neuer the les I wiH be godys seruande ;
Bot yit, dere lord, sen I must nede,
I wiH do as thou has commaunde. 180
I tremyH and I whake for drede !
I dar not towche the with my hande,
Bot, certys, I wiH not lose my mede ;
Abyde, my lord, and by me stande. 184

(24) [*He baptises Jesus.*]

He baptises
Jesus in the
name of
Father, Son,
and Holy
Ghost, and
begs His
blessing.

I baptyse the, Ihesu, in hy,
In the name of thi fader fre,
In nomine patris & filii,
Sen he wiH that it so be, 188
Et spiritûs altissimi,
And of the holy goost on he ;
I aske the, lord, of thi mercy,
here after that thou wold blys me. 192

(25)

He anoints
Him also

here I the anoynt also
with oyle and creme, in this intent,

That men may wit, where so thay go,		
This is a worthy sacrament.	196	with oil and cream.
Ther ar sex ¹ othere and no mo,		
The which thi self to erthe has sent,		This is the first of the Seven Sacraments.
And in true tokyn, oone of tho,		
The fyrst on the now is it spent. ²	200	

(26)

Thou wyssh me, lord, if I do wrang ;		
My wiith it were forto do weyth ;		He prays the Lord pardon him if he do wrong.
I am ful ferd yit ay emang,		
If I dyd right I shuld done knele.	204	
Thou blys me, lord, hence or thou gang,		[Fol. 66, b.]
So that I may thi frenship fele ;		
I haue desyryd this sight ful lang,		
ffor to dy now rek I no dele.	208	

(27)

<i>Ihesus.</i> This beest, Iohn, thou bere with the,		
It is a beest fuH blyst ;		Christ delivers to him His Lamb as a token.
<i>hic tradat ei agnum dei.</i>		

Iohn, it is the lamb of me,	
Beest none othere ist ;	212
It may were the from aduersyte,	
And so looke that thou tryst ;	
By this beest knowen shaH thou be,	
That thou art Iohn baptyst.	216

(28)

<i>Iohannes.</i> ffor I haue sene the lamb of god		
which weshys away syn of this warld,		John prays he may be blest as he draws "home-ward."
And towchid hym, for euen or od,		
My hart therto was ay ful hard.	220	
ffor that it shuld be better trowed,		
An angeH had me nerehand mard,		
Bot he that rewlys aH with his rod		
he blys me when I draw homward.	224	

¹ MS. vj originally, but the v has been erased.

² Stanza 25 has been struck through, evidently after the Reformation, because Seven Sacraments are named ; and in the margin is added, in a later hand, "correctyd & not playd."

(29)

Jesus prom-
ises bliss
to him, and
to all who
believe this
tale and saw
Him not yet
glorified.

Ihesus. I graunt the, Iohn, for thi trauale,

Ay lastand ioy in blys to byde ;

And to all those that trowys this tayH,

And saw me not yit gloryfyde.

228

I shalbe boytt of all thare bayH,

And send them socoure on euery syde ;

My fader and I may thaym awayH,

Man or woman that leyffys thare pryde.

232

(30)

He bids
John go
forth and
preach to
the people.

Bot, Iohn, weynd thou furth and preche

Agans the folk that doth amys ;

And to the pepyH the trowthe thou teche ;

To rightwys way look thou tham avys,

236

And as far as thi wyt may reche

Byd thaym be bowne to hyde my blys ;

ffor at the day of dome I shaH thaym peche

That herys not the nor trowys not this.

240

(31)

He Himself
must die for
their sins,

Byd thaym leyfe syn, for I it hate ;

ffor it I mon dy on a tre,

By prophecy ffuH weH I wate ;

My moder certys that sight mon se,

244

That sorowfuH sight shaH make hir maytt,

ffor I was born of hir body.

and He now
bids John
farewell and
blesses Him.

ffarweH Iohn, I go my gaytt ;

I blys the with the trynnye !

248

(32)

John thanks
God for His
grace.

Iohannes. Almyghty god in persons thre,

All in oone substance ay ingroost,

I thank the, lord in mageste,

ffader and son and holy goost !

252

Thou send thi son from heuen so he,

To mary mylde, into this cooste,

And now thou sendys hym vnto me,

ffor to be baptysid in this oost.

256

(33)

ffarweH! the frelyst that euer was fed!

John apostrophizes Jesus.

ffarweH! floure more fresh then floure de lyce!

ffarweH! stersman to theym that ar sted

In stormes, or in desese lyse!

260

Thi moder was madyn and wed;

ffarweH! pereles, most of pryce!

ffarweH! the luflyst that euer was bred!

Thi moder is of heH emprise.

264

His mother is Empress of Hell.

(34)

ffarweH! blissid both bloode and bone!

ffarweH! the semelyst that euer was seyn!

He is the seemliest that ever was seen.

To the, ihesu, I make my mone;

ffarweH! comly, of cors so cleyu!

268

ffarwel! gracyouse gome! where so thou gone,

fful mekiH grace is to the geyn;

Thou leyne vs lyffying on thi lone,

Thou may vs mende more then we weyn.

272

(35)

I wyH go preche both to more and les,

As I am chargyd securly;

[Fol. 67. a. Sig. 1. 3.]

Syrs, forsake youre wykydnes,

Pryde, envy, slowth, wrath, and lechery.

276

He preaches to the people to forsake sin.

here gods seruice,¹ more & lesse;

Pleas god with prayng, thus red I;

Be war when deth comys with dystres,

So that ye dy not sodanly.

280

(36)

Deth sparis none that lyf has borne,

Therfor thynk on what I you say;

Death spares none, so let them not lose God's love.

Beseche youre god both euen and morne

you for to saue from syn that day.

284

Thynk how in bapty m ye ar sworne

To be god's seruand's, withoutten nay;

let neuer his luf from you be lorne,

God bryng you to his blys for ay. Amen.

288

Explicit Iohannes Baptista.

¹ The words "God's service, more and lesse," are in a later hand, the original words having been erased.

XX.

Incipit Conspiracio.¹

[2 *thirteen-line stanzas* nos. 97, 100, ab ab ab abc, ddde; 1 *twelve*, no. 16 ab abb ebeb, abc; 7 *nine-line*, nos. 1-5, aaaab ccch; nos. 99, 102, ab abc ddde; 24 *eight-line*, most ab ab ab ab, no. 6 aaaab aab, no. 107, ab abb ebc, no. 117 ab ab cb cb; 90 *fours* ab ab; 46 *couplets*.

[Dramatis Personae.]

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Judas.</i>	<i>Andreas.</i>
<i>Cayphas.</i>	<i>S. Johannes.</i>	<i>Simeon.</i>
<i>Anna.</i>	<i>Petrus.</i>	<i>Thaddeus.</i>
<i>Primus Miles.</i>	<i>Paterfamilias.</i>	<i>Trinitas.</i>
<i>Secundus Miles.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Marcus Miles.]</i>

Pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls
for silence.

Peas, carles, I commaunde² / vnconand I caH you;
I say stynt and stande / or fouH myght befaH
you.
ffro this burnyshyd brande / now when I
beholdH you,

I red ye be shunand / or els the dwiH skald you,

At onys.

5

I am kyd, as men knawes,

leyf leder of lawes;

Seniours, seke to my sawes,

ffor bryssyng of youre bonys.

9

(2)

He is the
grandsir of
Great
Mahound,
and is called
Pilate.

ye wote not wel, I weyn / what wat is comen to the towne,

So comly cled and cleyne / a reowler of great renowne;

In sight if I were seyn / the granser of great mahowne,

My name pylate has beyn / was neuer kyng with crowne

More wor[thy];

14

My wysdom and my wytt,

In sete here as I sytt,

was neuer more lyke it,

My dedys thus to dyscry.

18

(3)

He can make
or mar a
man, like
men of court
now.

ffor I am he that may / make or mar a man;

My self if I it say / as men of cowrte now can;

¹ In the MS. *Conspiracio* is followed by the letter c.

² The bars / marking the central rymes are represented in the MS. by dots:

Supporte a man to day / to-morū agans hym than,
On both parties thus I play / And feyns me to ordan

The right;

23

Bot^t aH fals indytars,¹

Quest^t mangers and Iurers,

And aH thise fals out rydars,

Ar welcom to my sight.

27

False in-
dictors,
questmon-
gers, jurors,
and all
these false
outriders are
dear to him.

(4)

More nede had I neuer / of sich seruand now, I say you,

[Fol. 67, b.]

So can I weH consider / the trowth I most displeas you,

And therfor com I hedyr / of peas therfor I pray you;

Ther is a lurdan ledyr / I wold not shuld dysmay you,

A bowtt;

32

He has
heard of a
lazy rascal
praised as a
prophet.

A prophete is he prasyd,

And great vnright has rasyd,

Bot^t, be my banyes her blasid,

his deth is dight no dowtt.

36

(5)

he prechys the pepyH here / that fature fals ihesus,

That^t if he lyf a yere / dystroy oure law must vs;

And yit^t I stand in fere / so wyde he wyrkys vertus,

No fawt^t can on hym bere / no lyfand leyde tyH us;

Bot^t sleyghtys

41

If He live a
year He will
destroy their
law, but yet
Pilate is in
fear of Him.

Agans hym shaH be soght,

that^t aH this wo has wroght;

Bot on his bonys it shaH be boght,

So shaH I venge oure rightys.

45

(6)

That^t fatoure says that^t thre / shuld euer dweH in oone
godhede,

That^t euer was and shaH be / Sothfast in man hede;

he says of a madyn born was he / that^t neuer toke mans
sede,

And that^t his self shaH dy on tre / and mans sawH out of
preson lede;

let hym alone,

50

If this be true in deyde,

his shech shaH spryng and sprede,

And ouer com euer ylkone.

53

This fellow
says that
three per-
sons shall
dwell in one
godhead,
that He was
born of a
maiden, and
shall be
crucified.

¹ MS. "indytars."

(7)

Cayphas
asks Pilate's
advice as to
hideous
harmes

Cayphas. Syr pilate, prynce of mekyH price,
that preuyd is withoutten pere,
And lordyngys that oure laws in lyse,
on oure law now must vs lere,
And of oure warkys we must be wyse,
or els is aH oure welthe in were,
Therfor say sadly youre auyse,
of hedus harmes that we haue here,

57

61

(8)

arising from
that strong
traitor.

Towehyng that tratoure strang,
that makys this beleyf,
ffor if he may thus furth gang,
It wiH ouer greatly grefe.

65

(9)

Anna sup-
ports him.

Anna. Sir, oure folk ar so afrayd,
thruH lesyns he losys oure lay;
Som remedy must be rayd,
so that he weynd not thus away.

69

Pilate says
they must
find some
privy point
to mar
Christ's
might.

pilatus. Now certan, syrs, this was weH sayd,
and I assent, right as ye say,
Som preuay poynt to be puruayd
To mar his myght if [that] we may;

73

(10)

And therfor, sirs, in this present,
What poynt so were to prase,
let aH be at assent,
let se what ilk man says.

77

(11)

Cayphas and
Anna en-
large on the
danger from
Christ.

Cayphas. Sir, I haue sayde you here beforne
his soteltyes and grefys to sare;
he turnes oure folk both euen & morne,
and ay makys mastres mare & mare.
Anna. Sir, if he skape it were great skorne;
to spyH hym tytt we wiH not spare,
ffor if oure lawes were thus-gatys lorne,
men wold say it were lake of lare.

81

85

(12)

Pilatus. ffor certan, syrs, ye say right weyH
ffor to wyrk witterly ;
Bot yit som fawt must we feyH,
wherfor that he shuld dy ;

[Fol. 68, a.
Sig. 1. 4.]

Pilate says
they must
find some
fault for
which He is
to die.

89

(13)

And therfor, sirs, let se youre saw,
ffor what thyng we shuld hym slo.
Cayphas. Sir, I can rekyn you on a raw
a thowsand wonders, and weH moo,
Of crokyd men, that we weH knaw,
how graythly that he gars them go,
And euer he legys agans oure law,
tempys oure folk and turnys vs fro.

Cayphas
says Christ
straightens
the crooked,
and is
always
tempting the
people from
the law.

93

97

(14)

Anna. lord, dom and defe in oure present
delyuers he, by downe & dayH ;
what hurtys or ha[r]mes thay hent,
ffuH hastely he makys theym hayH.
And for sich warkys as he is went
of ilk welth he may awayH,
And vnto vs he takys no tent,
bot ilk man trowes vnto his tayH.

101

He takes no
heed unto
them.

105

(15)

Pilatus. yei, dewiH ! and dos he thus
as ye weH bere wytnes ?
sich fawte faH to vs,
be oure doñ, for to redres.

Pilate says
he must re-
dress this.

109

(16)

Cayphas. And also, sir, I haue hard say,
an other noy that neghys vs nere,
he wiH not kepe oure sabate day,
that holy shuld be haldyn here ;
Bot forbedys far and nere
to wyrk at oure bydyng.
Pilatus. Now, by mahowns bloode so dere,
he shaH aby this bowrdyng !

Also, Cay-
phas says
Christ
breaks the
Sabbath.

113

117

what dewiH wiH he be there ?

this hold I great hethyng.

Anna says
Christ calls
Himself
heaven's
King.

Anna. Nay, nay, weH more is ther ;

he callys hym self heuens kyng,

121

(17)

And says that he is so myghty

aH rightwytnes to rewH and red.

Pilate will
make Christ
pay dearly
for this.

pilatus. By mahowns blood, that shaH he aby

with bytter baylls or I ett bred !

125

The knights
recall the
raising of
Lazarus.

primus Miles. lord, the loth lazare of betany

that lay stynkand in a sted,

vp he rasyd bodely

the fourt day after he was ded.

129

(18)

Secundus Miles. And for that he hym rasyd,

that had lyne dede so long a space,

The people hym fuH mekyH prasyd

ouer aH in euery place.

133

(19)

The people
think Jesus
God's Son.

Anna. Emangys the folke has he the name

that he is godys son, and none els,

And his self says the same

that his fader in heuen dwelles ;

137

That he shaH rewH both wyld and tame ;

of aH sich maters thus he mels.

Pilatus. This is the dwyHs payn !¹

who trowys sich talys as he tels ?

141

(20)

Cayphas. yis, lord, haue here my hand,

and ilk man beyldys hym as his brother ;

Sich whaynt cantelys he can,

lord, ye knew neuer sich an othere.

145

(21)

Pilate com-
mands
knight and
knaue to be
forward to
slay Him.

Pilatus. why, and wotys he not that I haue

bold men to be his bayn ?

I commaunde both knyght and knaue

sesse not to that lad be slayn.

149

¹ assonance with *tame*, &c.

(22)

primus Miles. Sir pylate, mefe you now no mare,¹

bot' mese youre hart and mend youre mode ;

ffor bot if that loseH lere oure lare ¹

and leyf his gawdys, he were as goode ;

153

ffor in oure tempyH we wiH not spare

to take that loseH, if he were woode.

The first knight says they will take Jesus in the Temple.

[Fol. 68, b.]

Pilatus. In oure tempyH? the dwiH! what dyd he thare?

that shaH he by, by mahouns blode!

157

Pilate is enraged at His being there.

(23)

Secundus Miles. lord, we wist not' youre wyH:

with wrang ye vs wyte ;

had ye so told vs tyH,

we shuld haue takyn hym tyte.

161

If the knights had known this they would have taken Jesus before.

(24)

Pilatus. The dwiH, he hang you high to dry!

whi, wold ye lese oure lay?

Go bryng hym heder hastely,

so that he weynd not' thus away.

165

Pilate orders His immediate arrest.

Cayphas. Sir pilate, be not to hasty,

bot' suffer ouer oure sabote day ;

In the mene tyme to spy and spy

mo of his meruels, if men may.

169

Cayphas bids him wait till after the next Sabbath, that they may spy on Jesus.

(25)

Anna. yei, sir, and when this feste is went,

then shaH his craftys be kyd.

Pilatus. Certys, syrs, and I assent

ffor to abyde then, as ye byd.

173

Pilate agrees.

Tunc venit Iudas.

(26)

Iudas. Masters, myrth be you emang,

and mensk be to this meneye!

Cayphas. Go! othere gatys thou has to gang

with sorow ; who send after the?

177

Judas greets them, but is badly received.

Iudas. Syrs, if I haue done any wrang,

at youre awne bydyng wiH I be.

Pilatus. Go hence, harlot, hy mot' thou hang!

where in the dwiH hand had we the?

181

¹ MS. more, lore.

(27)

Cayphas
says Judas
should ask
leave before
intruding.

Iudas. Goode sir, take it to no grefe;
for my menyng it¹ may awayH.

Anna. we, lad, thou shuld ask lefe
to com in sich counsayH.

185

(28)

Judas knows
they mean
to take his
"Master."

Iudas. Sir, aH youre counseH weH¹ I ken;
ye mene my master for to take.

Anna. A ha! here is oone of his men
that thus vnwynly gars vs wake.

189

Pilate bids
them lay
hands on
him for his
"Master's"
sake.

Pilatus. la hand on hym, and hurl hym then
emangys you, for his master sake;
ffor we haue maters mo then ten,
that weH more myster were to make.

193

(29)

Cayphas'
orders him
to be
buffeted.

Cayphas. Set on hym buffettys sad,
Sen he sich mastrys mase,
And teche ye sich a lad
to profer hym in sich a place.

197

(30)

Iudas. Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay
to aH the lordys in this present.

Pilatus. we! go hens in twenty² dwiH way!
we haue no tome the for to tent.

201

Judas offers
to sell
Jesus.

Iudas. yis, the profete that has lost youre lay
by wonder warkys, as he is went,
If ye wiH sheynd hym as ye say,
to seH hym you I wyH assent.

205

(31)

Pilate is
ready to hear
him.

Pilatus. A, sir, hark! what says thou?
let se, and shew thi skyH.

Iudas. Sir, a bargan bede I you,
by it¹ if ye wiH.

209

(32)

Anna asks
who he is.

Anna. what is thi name? do teH in hy,
if we may wit if thou do wrang.

He is Judas
who has
dwelt long
with Jesus.

Iudas. Iudas scarioth, so hight I,
that with the profet has dwellyd lang.

213

¹ MS. will.² MS. xx.

Pilatus. Sir, thou art welcom witterly !
say what thou wilt vs here emang.

Judas repeats his offer to sell Jesus.

Iudas. Not els bot if ye wilt hym by ;
do say me sadly or I gang.

217

(33)

Cayphas. yis, freynd, in fathe wilt we
noght els ; bot hartely say
how that bargan may be,
and we shall make the pay.

Cayphas and Anna are willing to buy, but Judas must explain more.

221

(34)

Anna. Iudas, forto hold the hayH,
And for to felH aH fowH defame,
looke that thou may avow thi sayH ;
then may thou be withoutten blame.

[Fol. 69, a.]

225

Iudas. Sir, of my teyn gyf ye neuer tayH,
so that ye haue hym here at hame ;
his bowrdyng has me broght in bayH,
and certys his self shall haue the same.

Judas says Jesus has brought him trouble, and shall have trouble Himself.

229

(35)

Cayphas. Sir pylate, tentys here tyH,
and lightly leyf it noght,
Then may ye do youre wyH
of hym that ye haue boght.

Cayphas and Anna exhort Pilate to listen.

233

(36)

Anna. yei, and then may we be bold
fro aH the folk to hald hym fre ;
And hald hym hard with vs in hold,
right as oone of youre meneye.

237

pilatus. Now, Iudas, sen he shalbe sold,
how lowfes thou hym ? belyfe let se.

Pilate inquires the price of Jesus ; Judas asks thirty pence,

Iudas. ffor thretty¹ pennys truly told,
or els may not that bargan be ;

241

(37)

So mych gart he me lose,
malycyusly and yH ;
Therfor ye shall haue chose,
to by or let be styH.

so much had Jesus made him lose.

245

(38)

Anna asks
how Jesus
made him
lose it.
Judas tells
how in
Simon's
house

Anna. Gart he the lose? I pray the, why?
teH vs now pertly or thou pas.

Judas. I shaH you say, and that in hy,
euery word right as it was.

249

In symon house with hym sat I
with othere meneze that he has;

A woman cam to company,
callyng hym "lord"; sayng, "alas!"

253

(39)

a woman
brought
precious
ointment,

ffor synnes that she had wrought
she wepyd sore always;

And an oyntment she broght,
that precyus was to prayse.

257

(40)

and poured
it upon
Jesus.

She weshyd hym with hir terys weytt,
and sen dryed hym with hir hare;

This fare oyntment, hir bale to beytt,
apon his hede she put it thare,

261

That it ran aH abowte his feytt;

I thoght it was a ferly fare,

The house was fuH of odowre sweytt;

then to speke myght I not spare,

265

(41)

Judas had
never seen
such fine
ointment.

ffor, certys, I had not seyn
none oyntment half so fyne;

Ther-at my hart had teyn,

sich tresoure for to tyne.

269

(42)

He said at
the time it
was worth
three hun-
dred pence,
which might
have been
given to the
poor, out of
which he
would have
kept thirty
for himself.

I sayd it was worthy to seH
thre hundreth pens in oure present,

ffor to parte poore men emeH;

bot wiH ye se wherby I ment?

273

The tent parte, truly to teH,

to take to me was myne intent;

ffor of the tresure that to vs feH,

the tent parte euer with me went;

277

(43)

And if thre¹ hundreth be right told,
the tent parte is euen thyrty ;
Right so he shalbe sold^t ;
say if ye wiH hym by.

So for these
thirty pence
he will sell
Jesus.

281

(44)

Pilatus. Now for certan, *sir*, thou says right wele,
sen he wate the *with* sich a wrast,
ffor to shape hym som vneele,
and for his bost^t be not abast.

Pilate
praises him.

285

Anna. Sir, aH thyn askyng euery dele
here shaH thou hafe, therof be trast ;
Bot looke that^t we no falshede fele.

Anna pro-
mises what
he asks.

289

Iudas. *sir*, with a profe may ye frast ;

(45)

AH that I haue here hight
I shaH fulfiH in dede,
And weH more at my myght,
In tyme when I se nede.

[Fol. 69, b.]
Judas pro-
mises to
make good
his offer.

293

(46)

Pilatus. Iudas, this spekyng must be spar,
and neuen it^t neuer, nyght ne day ;
let no man wyt where that we war,
for ferdnes of a fowH enfray.

Pilate en-
joins
secrecy.

297

Cayphas. Sir, therof let vs moyte no mare ;
we hold vs payde, take ther thi pay.

Cayphas
pays Iudas,

[Giving him money.]

Iudas. This gart^t he me lose lang are ;
now ar we euen for onys and ay.

who says he
is now even
with Jesus.

301

(47)

Anna. This forward^e wiH not fayH,
therof we may be glad ;
Now were the best counsayH,
in hast that we hym haH.

Anna asks
how they
may best
take Jesus,

305

(48)

Pilatus. we shall hym haue, and that in hy,
ffuH hastely here in this haH.

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dede dughty, [To the knights.]
stynt neuer in stede ne staH,

309

Pilate bids
his knights
bring the
false
"fatur"
at once.

Bot looke ye bryng hym hastily,
that fatur fals, what so befaH.

primus Miles. Sir, be not abast therby,
ffor as ye byd wyrk we shaH.

313

[*All retire : then Jesus & his disciples advance.*]

Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes.

(49)

John asks
Jesus where
He will eat
His Pass-
over.

Iohannes apostolus. Sir, where wiH ye youre pask ette ?

Say vs, let vs dight youre mete.

He bids
John and
Peter go to
the city,
there they
shall meet a
man bearing
water, who
will lend
a room for
them to eat
it in.

Ihesus. Go furth, Iohn and peter, to yond cyte ;

when ye com ther, ye shaH then se

317

In the strete, as tyte, a man

beryng water in a can ;

The house that he gose to grith,

ye shaH folow and go hym with ;

321

The lord of that house ye shaH fynde,

A sympyH man of cely kynde ;

To hym ye shaH speke, and say

That I com here by the way ;

325

Say I pray hym, if his wiH be,

A lytyH whyle to ese me,

That I and my dyseypyls aH

myght rest a whyle in his haH,

329

That we may ete oure paske thore.

petrus. lord, we shaH hy vs before,

To that we com to that cyte ;

your paske shaH ordand be.

333

*Tunc pergent Iohannes & petrus ad Ciuitatem, & obuiet
eis homo, &c.*

They meet
the "pater-
familias,"
who offers
them a room
in which to
make their
"mangery."

Sir, oure master the prophett

commys behynde in the strete ;

And of a chamber he you prays,

To ete and drynk ther-in with casse.

337

paterfamilias. Sirs, he is welcom vnto me,

and so is aH his company ;

with aH my hart and aH my wiH

is he welcom me vntyH.

341

lo, here a chambre fast by,

Ther-in to make youre mangery,

I shal warand fare strowed ;
it shuld not els to you be shewed. 345

Tunc parent Iohannes & petrus mensam.

Iohannes. Sir, youre mett is redy bowne, [Jesus enters.] John tells
with ye wesh and syt downe ? Jesus the
meat is
ready.

Ihesus. yei, gyf vs water tyH oure hande,
take we the grace that god has send ; 349 He bids the
disciples eat
with Him.
Commys furth, both oone and othere ;
If I be master I wiH be brothere.

*Tunc comedent, & Iudas porrigit manum in discum
cum Ihesu.*

Iudas, what menyys thou ? [Fol. 70, a.]

Iudas. No thyng, lord, bott ett with you. 353

Ihesus. Ett on, brether, hardely,
for oone of you shaft [me] betray.¹ One of them
shall betray
Him.

Petrus. lord, who euer that be may,
lord, I shaH neuer the betray ; 357 First Peter,
then seven
others ask,
"Is it I?"
Dere master, is it oght I ?

Ihesus. Nay thou, peter, certainly.

Iohannes. Master, is oght I he then ?

Ihesus. Nay, for trowth, Iohn, I the ken. 361

Andreas. Master, am oght [I] that shrew ?

Ihesus. Nay, for sothe, thou andrew.

Simon. Master, then is oght I ?

Ihesus. Nay, thou Simon, securly. 365

philippus. Is it oght I that shuld do that dede ?

Ihesus. Nay, philyp, withoutten drede.

Thadeus. was it oght I that hight thadee ?

Iacobus. Or we two Iamys ?

Ihesus. Nay none of you is he ; 369

Bot he thatt ett with me in dysh,

he shaH my body betray, Iwys.

Iudas. what then, wene ye that I it am ?

Ihesus. Thou says sothe, thou berys the blame ; 373 It is he that
eats with
Jesus in the
dish. "Wene
ye, that I it
am?" asks
Judas, and is
told he says
sooth. All
shall forsake
Jesus.

Ichon of you shaH this nyght

ffor sake me, and fayn he myght.

Iohannes. Nay certys, god forbeyd
that euer shuld we do that deyed ! 377

¹ This *betray* is evidently meant to ryme with *hardely*.

Peter says
he will never
flee from
Jesus,
and is told
he shall for-
sake Him
thrice ere
cockcrow.

petrus. If aH, master, forsake the,
shaH I neuer fro the fle.

Ihesus. Peter, thou shaH thryse apon a thraw
fforsake me, or the cok craw.

381

Take vp this clothe and let vs go,
ffor we haue othere thyngys at do.

hic lauet pedes discipulorum.

Jesus begins
to wash the
disciples'
feet.

Sit aH downe, and here and sees,
ffor I shaH wesh youre feet on knees.

385

Et mittens aquam in peluim venit ad petrum.

Peter at first
objects,

Petrus. lord, shuld thou wesh feytt myne?
thou art my lord, and I thy hyne.

Ihesus. why I do it thou wote not yit,
peter, hereafter shaH thou wytt.

389

Petrus. Nay, master, I the heytt,
thou shaH neuer wesh my feytt.

Ihesus. Bot I the wesh, thou mon mys
parte with me in heuens blys.

393

but after-
wards asks
that head
and hands
may be
washed also.

Petrus. Nay, lord, or I that forgo,
wesh heede, handys, and feytt also.

Ihesus. ye ar clene, bot not aH;
that shaH be sene when tyme shaH faH;

397

who shaH be weshyn as I weyn,
he thar not wesh his feytt clene;

And for sothe clene ar ye,

bot not aH as ye shuld be.

401

[Fol. 70, b.]

I shaH you say take good hede
whi that I haue done the dede;

ye caH me master and lord, by name;

ye say fuH weH, for so I am;

Sen I, both lord and master, to you wold knele
to wesh youre fete, so must ye wele.

407

(50)

Now wote ye what I haue done;

EnsampyH haue I gyffen you to;

loke ye do so eft sone;

Ichon of you wesh othere fete, lo!

411

Let each
wash the
other's feet.

(51)

ffor he that seruand is,
for sothe, as I say you,
Not more then his lord he is,
to whome he *seruyce* owe.

For the
servant is
not more
than the
lord.

415

(52)

Or that this nyght be gone,
Alone wið ye leyf me ;
ffor in this nyght ilkon
ye shaH fro me fle ;

Jesus re-
peats that
they will
forsake Him.

419

(53)

ffor when the hyrd is smeten,
the shepe shaH fle away,
Be skaterd wyde and byten ;
the *prophetys* thus can say.

When the
herdsman is
smitten the
sheep flee.

423

(54)

Petrus. lord, if that I shuld dy,
fforsake the shaH I noght.

Peter says
he will not
forsake
Jesus, but is
told that ere
the cock
crow twice
he will deny
Him thrice.

427

Ihesus. ffor sothe, peter, I say to the,
In so great drede shaH thou be broght,

(55)

That or the cok haue crowen twyse,
thou shaH deny me tymes thre.

Petrus. That shaH I neuer, lord, I wys ;
ere shaH I with the de.

431

(56)

Ihesus. Now loke youre hartys be grefyd noght,
nawthere in drede ne in wo ;

Let them not
be grieved,

Bot trow in god, that you has wrought,
and in me trow ye also ;

435

(57)

In my fader house, for sothe,
is many a wonnyng stede,
That men shaH haue aftr thare trowthe,
soyn after thay be dede.

in His
Father's
house are
many
"woning
stedes."

439

(58)

And here may I no longer leynd,
bot I shaH go before,
And yit if I before you weynd,
ffor you to ordan thore,

He goes be-
fore to or-
dain for
them there.

443

(59)

He will
come to
them again.

I shaH com to you agane,
and take you to me,
That where so euer I am ¹,
ye shaH be with me.

447

(60)

He is the
Way, the
Truth, and
the Life.

And I am way, and sothe-fastnes,
and lyfe that euer shalbe ;
And to my fader commys none, Iwys,
bot oonly thorow me.

451

(61)

He will not
leave them
helpless.

I wiH not leyf you aH helples,
as men withoutten freynd,
As faderles and moderles,
thof aH I fro you weynd ;

455

(62)

The world
shall not see
Him, but
they shall.

I shaH com eft to you agayn :
this world shaH me not se,
Bot ye shaH se me weH certan,
and lyfand shaH I be.

459

(63)

In heaven
they shall
know that
He is in the
Father, and
the Father
in Him.

And ye shaH lyf in heuen ;
Then shaH ye knaw, Iwys,
That I am in my fader euen,
and my fader in me is.

463

(64)

He in them,
and they in
Him.

And I in you, and ye in me,
and ilka man therto,
My commaundement that kepys trule,
and after it wiH do.

467

(65)

Let them be
glad of His
going.

[Fol. 71, a.]

Now haue ye hard what I haue sayde ;
I go, and com agayn ;
Therfor loke ye be payde,
and also glad and fayn ;

471

¹ assonance with *agane*.

(66)

ffor to my fader I weynl ;
ffor more then I is he ;
I let you wytt, as faythfuH freynd,
or that it done be,

For He goea
to His
FATHER.

475

(67)

That ye may trow when it is done ;
ffor certys, I may noght now
Many thyngys so soyn
at this tyme speake with you ;

There are
many things
He may not
say to them
now ;

479

(68)

ffor the prynce of this world is commyn,
and no powere has he in me,
Bot as that aH the world within
may both here and se,

for the
prince of
this world is
coming, that
all may see

483

(69)

That I owe luf my fader to,
Sen he me hyder sent,
And aH thyngys I do
after his commaundement.

His obedi-
ence to His
Father.

487

(70)

Ryse ye vp, ilkon,
and weynd we on oure way,
As fast as we may gone,
to olyuete, to pray.

Let them go
to Olivet to
pray.

491

(71)

Peter, Iamys, and thou Iohn,
ryse vp and folow me !
My tyme it commys anone ;
Abyde styH here, ye thre.

He bids
Peter,
James, and
John follow
Him

495

(72)

Say youre prayers here by-netfi,
that ye faH in no fowdyng ;
My sawH is heuy agans the deth
and the sore pynyng.

and pray.
His soul is
heavy
against
death.

499

Tunc orabit, & dicet,

(73)

Jesus prays. ffader, let this great payn be styH,
 And pas away fro me ;
 Bot not, fader, at my wyH,
 bot thyn fulfyllid be.

503

& reuertet ad discipulos.

(74)

He finds the
 disciples
 sleeping,
 and bids
 them watch
 against the
 fiend.

Symon, I say, slepys thou ?
 awake, I red you aH !
 The feynd ful fast salys you,
 In wan-hope to gar you faH ;

507

(75)

He will pray
 for them.

Bot I shaH pray my fader so
 that his myght shaH not dere ;
 My goost is prest therto,
 my flesH is seke for fere.

511

& iterum orauit.

(76)

He prays
 again.

ffader, thi son I was,
 of the I aske this boyn ;
 If¹ This payn may not pas,
 fader, thi wiH be doyn !

515

& reuertet ad discipulos.

(77)

Again finds
 them sleep-
 ing.

Ye slepe, brether, yit I see,
 it is for sorow that ye do so ;
 Ye haue so long wepyd for me
 that ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo.

519

& tercio orabit.

(78)

He prays a
 third time.

Dere fader, thou here my wyH !
 this passyon thou put fro me away ;
 And if I must nedys go ther-tyH,
 I shaH fulfiH thi wyH to-day ;

523

(79)

Therfor this bytter passyon
 if I may not put by,
 I am here redy at thi dom ;
 thou comforte me that am drery !

527

¹ "If" in margin.

(80)

Trinitas. My comforte, son, I shaH the teth,
of thyngys that feH by reson ;

The Trinity
strengthens
him.

As lueyfer, for syn that feH,
betrayd eue with his fals treson,

531 Through
Adam's sin,

Adam assent^t his wyfe vntyH ;
the wekyd goost then askyd a bone
which has hurt mankynde fuH yH ;

this was the wordys he askyd soyn :

535

(81)

AH that euer of adam com

all that came
from Adam
were
doomed

holly to hym to take,
with hym to dweH, withoutten dome,

In payn that neuer shaH slake,

539

(82)

To that a chyld myght be borne

[Fol. 71, b.]
till a child
might be
born of a
pure maiden,

of a mayn, and she wemles,

As cleyn as that she was beforne,

as puryd syluer or shynand glas ;¹

543

(83)

To tyme that childe to deth were dight,

be done to
death, rise
the third
day, and
ascend to
heaven, as
God.

and rasyd hym self apon the thryd day,

And stenen to heuen thurgh his awne myght.

who may do that bot god veray ?

547

(84)

Sen thou art man, and nedys must dee,

As man
Jesus must
go to Hell,
but as God
He may not
stay there,

and go to heH as othere done,

Bot that were wrong, withoutten lee,

that godys son there shuld won

551

(85)

In payn with his vnder-lowte ;

wytt ye weH withoutten weyn,

when oone is borok, aH shaH owtt,

and borod be from teyn.

[Jesus returning to the
disciples.]

and "when
one is bor-
rowed all
shall out."

(86)

Ihesus. Slepe ye now and take youre rest !

my tyme is nere command ;

Awake a whyle, for he is next

Jesus bids
his dis-
ciples sleep
on.

that me shaH gyf into synners hand.

559

[All retire : Pilate, etc. advance.]

¹ ? assonance with *wemles*, or originally *gles* ?

(87)

Pilate calls
for silence.

Pilatus. Peas ! I commaunde you, carles vnkynde,
to stand as styH as any stone !
In donyon depe he shalbe pynde,
that wiH not sesse his tong anone ;

563

(88)

ffor I am gouernowre of the law ;
my name it is pilate !
I may lightly gar hang you or draw,
I stand in sich astate,

567

(89)

He may do
what he will.

To do what so I wiH.
and therfor peas I byd you aH !
And looke ye hold you stiH,
and with no brodels braH,

571

(90)

And will
break the
neck of any
one who
interrupts.

TyH we haue done oure dede ;
who so makys nose or cry,
his nek I shaH gar blede,
with this I bere in hy.

575

(91)

He calls on
Judas to
keep his
promise.

To this tratoure be take,
that wold dystroy oure lawe,
Iudas, thou may it not forsake,
take hede vnto my sawe.

579

(92)

Thynk what thou has doyn,
that has thi master sold ;
Performe thi bargan soyn ;
thou has thi money takyn and told.

583

(93)

Judas asks
for the help
of the
knights

Iudas. Ordan ye knyghtys to weynd with me,
Richly arayd in rewyH and rowtt ;
And aH my couandys holden shaH be,
So I haue felyship me abowte.

587

(94)

They must
lay hands on
Him Whom
he shall
kiss.

Pilatus. wherby, Iudas, shuld we hym know,
If we shaH wysely wyrk, Iwys ?
ffor som of vs hym neuer saw.

Iudas. lay hand on hym that I shaH kys.

591

(95)

Pilatus. haue done, *sir knyghtys*, and kythe youre strengthe,
 And wap you wightly in youre wede ;
 Seke ouer aH, both brede and lengthe !
 Spare ye not, spende and spede !

Pilate bids
the knights
seek out
Jesus.

595

(96)

We haue soght hym les and more,
 And falyd ther we haue farn ;
Malcus, thou shaft weynd before,
 And bere with the a light lantarne.

[Fol. 72, a.]

Malchus is
to go before
with a
lantern.

[To Malchus]

599

(97)

Malcus Miles. Sir, this Iornay I vndertake
 with aH my myght and mayn.
 If I shuld, for mahowns sake,
 here in this place be slayn,
 Crist that prophett for to take,
 we may be aH fuH fayn.
 Oure weppyns redy loke ye make,
 to bryng hym in mekyH grame¹
 This nyght.

Malchus is
ready to
die for
Mahound's
sake, if he
may take
Christ.

603

608

Go we now on oure way,
 oure mastres for to may ;
 Oure lantarnes take with vs alsway,
 And loke that thay be light !

612

(98)

Secundus Miles. Sir pilate, prynce pereles in paH,
 of aH men most myghty merked on mold,
 we ar euer more redy to com at thi caH,
 and bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shold.²

The second
knight bids
Pilate fare-
well.

616

(99)

Bot that prynce of the apostyls puppylyshed beforne,
 Men caH hym crist, comen of dauid kyn,
 his lyfe fuH sone shalbe forlorne,
 If we haue hap hym forto wyn.
 haue done !
 ffor, as euer ete I breede,
 or I styr in this stede
 I wold stryke of his hede ;
 lord, I aske that boyne.

621

As sure as
he eats
bread, he
will strike
off Christ's
head.

625

¹ assonance with *fayn*, &c.

² MS. shuld.

(100)

The first
knight pro-
mises Pilate
speedy ven-
geance.

primus miles. That boyn, lord, thou vs bede,

and on hym wreke the sone we shaH ;

ffro we haue lade on hym good spede ;

he shaH no more hym godys son caH.

629

we shaH marke hym truly his mede ;

by mahowne most, god of aH,

Three such
knights as
they are
would bind
the devil !

Siche thre knyghtys had lytyH drede

To hynde the dwiH that we on caH,

In nede ;

634

ffor if thay were a thowsand mo,

that prophete and his apostels also

with thise two handys for to slo,

had I lytyH drede.

638

(101)

Pilate
salutes them
as courteous
kaisers of
Cain's kind,

pilatus. Now curtes kasers of kamys kyn,

most gentyH of lure to me that I fynde,

My comforth from care may ye sone wyn,

if ye happely may hent that vnheynde.

642

(102)

Bot go ye hens spedely and loke ye not spare ;

My frenship, my fortherans, shaH euer with you be ;

and bids
them bring
Jesus safe
and sound
to him.

And mahowne that is myghfuH he menske you euermare !

Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodeH to me !

In place

647

where so euer ye weynd,

ye knyghtys so heynde,

Sir lucyfer the feynde

he lede you the trace ! [All retire, Jesus & his

(103) disciples advance.]

Jesus bids
Peter arise,
for Judas is
coming.

Ihesus. Ryse vp, peter, and go with me,

and folowe me withoutten stryfe ;

Iudas wakys, and slepys not he ;

he commys to betray me here belyfe.

655

(104)

wo be to hym that bryngys vp slaunder !

he were better his dethe to take ;

Bot com furth, peter, and tary no langere :¹

lo, where thay com that wiH me take !

659

¹ assonance with *slaunder*.

(105)

Iulus. Rest weH, master, iHesus fre!

[Fol. 72, b.]

I pray the that thou wold kys me enys;

I am comen to socoure the;

Judas asks
Jesus to kiss
him.

thou art aspyed, what so it menys.

663

(106)

Ihesus. Judas! whi makys thou sich a brayde?

trowys thou not I knowe thi wiH?

with kyssyng has thou me betrayd:

Jesus says
that He
knows
Judas'
intent.

that shaH thou rew som tyme ful yH.

667

(107)

whome seke ye, syrs, by name?

[To the Knights.]

He asks the
knights
whom they
seek.

Secundus Miles. we seke ihesu of nazarene.

Ihesus. I kepe not my name to layn;¹

lo, I am here, the same ye mene;

671

Bot whome seke ye with wepyns kene?

Primus Miles. To say the sothe, and not to ly,

we seke ihesu of nazarene.

"Jesus of
Nazarene."

Ihesus. I told you ere that it was I.

675

(108)

Malcus. Dar no man on hym lay hand?

I shaH each hym, if I may;

A flateryng foyH has thou bene lang,²

Malchus
boasts that
he will catch
Jesus.

bot now is comen thyn endyng day.

679

(109)

Petrus. I wold be dede within short space

or I shuld se this sight!

[Cuts off Malchus' ear.]

Peter cuts
off his ear
and bids him
complain to
Sir Cayphas.

Go, pleyn the to sir cayphas,

and byd hym do the right!

683

(110)

Malcus. Alas, the tyme that I was borne,

or today com in this stede!

Malchus
laments.

My right ere I haue forlorne!

help, alas, I blede to dede!

687

(111)

Ihesus. Thou man, that menys thi hurt so sare,

com heder, let me thi wounde se;

Jesus re-
stores his
ear.

Take me thi ere that he of share;

In nomine patris hole thou be!

691

¹ assonance with *name*.

² assonance with *hand*.

(112)

Malchus is
again eager
to take
Jesus.

Malcus. Now am I hole as I was ere,
My hurt is neuer the wars;
Therfor, felows, drawe me nere!
the dwiH hym spede that hym spars!

695

(113)

Jesus ad-
monishes
Peter

Ihesus. Therfor, peter, I say the this,
my wiH it is that aH men witten:
Put vp thi swerde and do no mys,
for he that smytys, he shalbe smyten.

699

(114)

and re-
proaches the
knights,

ye knyghtys that be comen now here,
thus assemblyd in a rowte,
As I were thefe, or thefys fere,
with wepyns com ye me abowte;

703

(115)

but asks
them to let
his "fel-
lows" go.

Me thynk, for sothe, ye do fuH yH
thus for to seke me in the nyght;
Bot what penance ye put me tyH,
ye let my felows go with gryth.

707

(116)

The knights
bring Jesus
to Pilate.

Secundus Miles. Lede hym furth fast by the gate!
hangyd be he that sparis hym oght!
Primus Miles. how thynk the, sir pilate,
bi this brodeH that we haue broght?

711

(117)

Pilate says
Jesus has
troubled
them by His
deeds,

Pilatus. Is he the same and the self, I say,
that has wrought vs this care?
It has bene tolde, sen many a day,
sayngys of hym fuH sare.

715

[Fol. 73, a.
Sig. M. 1.]

It was tyH vs greatt woghe,
ffrom dede to lyfe thou rasyd lazare;
Sen stalkyd styllly bi the see swoghe;
both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.

719

(118)

in which He
surpasses
Cæsar and
Herod.

Thou passys cesar bi dede,
or sir herode oure kyng.
Secundus Miles. let deme hym fast to dede,
and let for no kyn thyng.

723

(119)

Primus Miles. Sen he has forfett agans oure lawe,
let vs deme hym in this stede.

The knights
clamour for
His death.

Pilatus. I wiH not assent vnto youre saw ;
I can ordan weH better red.

727

Pilate knows
a better
rede.

(120)

Malcus. Better red ? yei dwiH ! how so ?
then were oure sorow lastand ay ;
And he thus furth shuld go,
he wold dystroy oure lay.

Malchus is
furious.

731

(121)

wold ye aH assent to me,
this bargan shuld be strykyn anone ;
By nyghtertayH dede shuld he be,
and tiH oure awnter stand ilkon.

735

(122)

Pilatus. Peasse, harlottis, the dwiH you spede !
wold ye thus preuaily morder a man ?

Pilate is
unwilling to
murder
Jesus,

Malcus. when euery man has red his red,
let se who better say can.

739

(123)

Pilatus. To cayphas haH loke fast ye wyrk,
And thider right ye shaH hym lede ;
he has the rewH of holy kyrk,
lett hym deme hym whyk or dede ;

and will
send Him to
Cayphas,
who has the
rule of Holy
Church.

743

(124)

ffor he has wroght agans oure law,
ffor-thi most skyH can he ther on.

Secundus Miles. Sir, we assent vnto youre saw ;
Com furth, bewshere, and lett vs gone.

747

(125)

[To Jesus.]

Malcus. Step furth, in the wenyande !
wenys thou ay to stand styH ?

Malchus
brings Jesus
to Cayphas
with much
abuse.

Nay, luskand loseH, lawes of the land
ShaH fayH bot we haue oure wiH ;

751

(126)

Out of my handis shaH thou not pas
ffor aH the craft thou can ;

TiH thou com to sir cayphas,

Saue the shaH no man.

Explicit Capcio Ihesu. 755

(XXI.)

Incipit Coliphizacio.

[Dramatis Personae.

[Fol. 73, b.]	<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		<i>Cayphas.</i>		<i>Jesus.</i>
	<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>		<i>Anna.</i>		<i>Froward.]</i>

[50 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cceb. The aaaa lines have central
rhymes, marked by bars (.)]

Primus tortor. (1)

The first
Torturer
hurries
Jesus to
Anna and Sir
Cayphas,
with threats.

Do Io furth, Io! / and trotte on a pase!
To anna wiH we go / and sir cayphas;
witt thou weH of thaym two / gettys thou no
grace,
Bot everlastyng wo / for trespas thou has
so mekiH. 5

Thi mys is more
then euer gettys thou grace fore;
Thou has beyn¹ ay-whore
fuH fals and fuH fekyH. 9

(2)

The second
reproaches
Him as a
deceiver of
the people.

Secundus tortor. It is wonder to dre / thus to be gangyng;
we haue had for the / mekiH hart stangyng;
Bot at last shaH we be / out of hart langyng,
Be thou haue had two² or three / hetys worth a hangyng;
No wonder! 14

Sich wyles can thou make,
gar the people farsake
Oure lawes, and thyne take;
thus art thou broght in blonder. 18

(3)

They join in
reviling
Jesus.
He shall rue
being called
a saint.
Better had
he held His
clatter!

Primus tortor. Thou can not say agaynt / If thou be trew;
Som men holdys the saunt / and that shaH thou rew;
ffare wordys can thou paynt / and lege lawes new.

Secundus tortor. Now be ye ataynt / for we wiH persew
On this mater. 23

Many wordys has thou saide
Of which we ar not weH payde;
As good that thou had
halden stiH thi clater. 27

¹ "beyn" overlined later.² MS. ij.

(4)

primus tortor. It is better syt stiH / then rise vp and faH ;
Thou has long had thi wiH / and made many braH ;
At the last wold thou spiH / and for-do vs aH,

"Better sit still than rise up and fall."

If we dyd neuer yH. /

Secundus tortor. I trow not, he shaH

Indure it ;

32 They are ready to accuse Him themselves.

fior if other men ruse hym,

we shaH accuse hym ;

his self shaH not excuse hym ;

To you I insure it,

36

(5)

with no legeance. /

primus tortor. fayn wold he wynk,

Els faly's his covntenance ; / I say as I thyнк.

Secundus tortor. he has done vs greuance / therfor shaH

he drynk ;

haue he mekiH myschaunce / that has gart vs swynke

In walkyng,

41 [Fol. 74, a. Sig. M. 2.]

That vnneth may I more.

primus tortor. Peas, man, we ar thore !

I shaH walk in before,

And teH of his talkyng.

[*They come to Cayphas*

(6)

and Anna.]

haiH, syrs, as ye sytt / so worthi in wonys !

whi spyrd ye not yit / how we haue farne this onys ?

Secundus tortor. Sir, we wold fayn witt / aH wery ar oure

bonys ;

we haue had a fytt / right yH for the nonys,

So tariH.

50

Cayphas. Say, were ye oght adred ?

were ye oght wrang led ?

Or in any strate sted ?

Syrs, who was myscaryd ?

54

(7)

Anna. Say, were ye oght in dowe / for fawte of light

As ye wached ther owte ? /

Primus tortor.

sir, as I am true knyght,

Of my dame sen I sowked / had I neuer sich a nyght ;

My n een were not lowked / to-geder right

Their trouble
is well spent
since they
have brought
in this
traitor.

Sen morowe ;
Bot yit I thynk it weH sett,
Sen we with this tratoure met ;
Sir, this is he that forfett
And done so mekiH sorow.

59

63

(8)

He teaches a
new law.

Cayphas. Can ye hym oght apeche / had he any ferys ?
Secundus tortor. he has bene for to preche / fuH many
long yeris ;
And the people he teche / a new law.
primus tortor. syrs, heris !
As far as his witt reche / many oone he lerys ;
when we toke hym,
we faunde hym in a yerde ;
Bot when I drew out my swerde,
his dyseypyls wex ferde,
And soyn thay forsoke hym.

68

72

(9)

He said He
could de-
stroy the
temple and
build a new
one on the
third day.
He "lies for
the whet-
stone" and
must be
given the
prize.

Secundus tortor. Sir, I hard hym say he cowthe dystroew /
oure tempyH so gay,
and sithen beld a new / on the thrid day.
Cayphas. how myght that be trew ? / it toke more aray ;
The masons I knewe / that hewed it, I say,
so wyse ;
That hewed ilka stone.
primus tortor. A, good sir, lett hym oone ;
he lyes for the quetstone,
I gyf hym the pryce.

77

81

(10)

Secundus tortor. The halt rynes, the blynd sees / through
his fals wyles ;¹
Thus he gettis many fees / of thym he begyles.
[Fol. 74, b.] *Primus tortor.* he rases men that dees / thay seke hym
be myles ;
And euer through his soceres / oure sabate day defyles

¹ MS. lyes.

Euermore, *sir*.

Secundus tortor. This is his vse and his custom,
To heyH the defe and the dom,
where so euer he com ;

I teH you before, *sir*.

86 He works
miracles for
tees and does
them on the
Sabbath.

90

(11)

Primus tortor. Men caH hym / a prophete and godis
son of heuen ;

he wold fayn downe bryng / oure lawes bi his steuen.

Secundus tortor. yit^t is ther another thyng / that I hard
hym neuen,

He is called
God's Son,
sets not a
fly-wing by
Cæsar, and
is the same
who excused
the adul-
teress.

he settys not a fle wyng / bi *sir* cesar fuH euen ;
he says thus ;

95

Sir, this same is he

that excusyd with his sotelte

A woman in avowtre ;

ffuH weH may ye trust vs.

99

(12)

Primus tortor. *Sir* lazare can he rase / that men may persauē,
when he had lyne fower¹ dayes / ded in his graue ;

AH men hym prase / both master and knaue,

Such wycHcraft he mase. /

He raised
Lazarus, and
uses such
witchcraft,
all men
praise Him.

Secundus tortor. If he abowte waue

Any langere,

104

his warkys may we ban ;

ffor he has turned many man

Sen the tyme he began,

And done vs great hangere.

108

(13)

Primus tortor. he wiH not leyfe yit / thof he be culpabyH ;

Men caH hym a prophete / a lord fuH renabyH.

Sir cayphas, bi my wytt / he shuld be dampnabiH,

Bot wold ye two, as ye sytt / make it ferme and stabyH

To geder ;

113

ffor ye two, as I trav,

May defende aH oure law ;

That mayde vs to you draw,

And bryng this loseH heder.

117

The first
Torturer
calls on
Cayphas
and Anna to
defend the
law.

¹ MS. iiij.

(14)

If Jesus
reign any
more their
laws are
ruined.

Secundus tortor. Sir, I can teH you before / as myght I
be maryd,

If he reyne any more / oure lawes ar myscaryd.

Primus tortor. Sir, opposed if he wore / he shuld be
fon waryd ;

That is weH seyn thore / where he has long tarid

And walkyd. 122

he is sowre lottyn :

Ther is somewhat forgottyn ;

I shaH thryng out the rottyn,

Be we haue aH talkyd. 126

(15)

Cayphas
examines
Jesus.

Cayphas. Now fare myght you faH / for youre talkyng !
ffor, certys, I my self shaH / make examynyng. [*To Jesus.*]
harstow, harlott, of aH ? / of care may thou syng !

[Fol. 75. a.
Sig. M. 3.]

How durst thou the caH / aythere emperoure or kyng ?

I do fy the ! 131

what the dwiH doyst thou here ?

Thi dedys wiH do the dere ;

Com nar and rowne in myn eeyr,

Or I shaH asery the. 135

(16)

He is
furious that
Jesus does
not answer.

Illa-hayH was thou borne ! / harke ! says he oght agane ?

Thou shaH onys or to-morne / to speke be fuH fayne.

This is a great skorne / and a fals trane ;

Now wols-hede and out-horne / on the be tane !

Vile fature ! 140

Oone worde myght thou speke ethe,

yit myght it do the som letht,

Et omnis qui tacet

hic consentire videtur. 144

(17)

Speke on oone word / right in the dwyllys name !

where was thi syre at bord / when he met with thi dame ?

what, nawder bowted ne spurd / and a lord of name !

Speke on in a torde / the dwiH gif the shame,

Sir sybre ! 149 He abuses
Perde, if thou were a kyng,
yit myght thou be ridyng ;
ffy on the, fundlyng !
Jesus as a
foundling,

Thou lyfys bot bi brybre. 153

(18)

Lad, I am a prelate / a lord in degre,
Syttys in myn astate / as thou may se,
knyghtys on me to wate / in dyuerse degre ;
I myght thole the alate / and knele on thi kne
and reminds
Him of his
own power.
Who has the
law in his
keeping has
a " better
purchase
than rent "

In my present ; 158

As euer syng I mæs,
whoso kepis the lawe, I gess,
he gettis more by purches
(wins more
by his pro-
fession than
by his
lands).

Then bi his fre rent. 162

(19)

The dwil gif the shame / that euer I knew the !
Nather blynde ne lame / wiH none persew the ;
Therfor I shaH the name / that euer shaH rew the,
kyng copyn in oure game / thus shaH I indew the,
ffor a fatur.

167 Jesus is
King Coppin
(King
Empty-
Skein).

Say, dar thou not speke for ferde ?
I shrew hym the lerd,
weme ! the dwillys durt in thi berd,
vyle fals tratur !

171

(20)

Though thi lyppis be stokyn / yit myght thou say, mom ;
Great wordis has thou spokyn / then was thou not dom.
Be it hole worde or brokyn / com, owt with som,
Els on the I shaH be wrokyn / or thi ded com

He will have
vengeance
on Him for
His silence.

AH outt. 176

As there has thou no wytt,
Or els ar thyn eres dytt ;
why bot herd thou not yit ?
(Fol. 75, b.)

So, I cry and I showte. 180

(21)

Ansa. A, sir, be not yH payde / though he not answare ;
he is inwardly flayde / not right in his gere.

Anna begs
Cayphas to
be less
violent.

Cayphas. No, bot the wordis he has saide / doth my
hart great dere.

Anna. Sir, yit may ye be dayde. /

Cayphas. May, whils I lif nere.

Anna. Sir, amese you. 185

Cayphas. Now fowh myght hym be faH!

Anna. Sir, ye ar vexed at aH, !

And perauentur he shaH
here after pleas you ; 189

(22)

we may bi oure law / examyn hym fyrst.

Cayphas. Bot I gif hym a blaw / my hart wiH brist.

Cayphas is
bursting to
give Jesus a
blow.

Anna. Abyde to ye his purpose knaw. /

Cayphas. nay, bot I shaH out thrist

Both his een on a raw. /

Anna. sir, ye wiH not, I tryst,
Be so vengeabyH ; 194

Bot let me oppose hym.

Cayphas. I pray you, and sloes hym.

Anna. Sir, we may not lose hym
Bot we were dampnabiH. 198

(23)

Cayphas. he has adyld his ded / a kyng he hym carde ;
war ! let me gyrd of his hede ! /

If he may
not strike off
His head, he
will not eat
till Jesus is
in the
stocks.

Anna. I hope not ye wold ;¹

Bot sir do my red / youre worship to hald.

Cayphas. ShaH I neuer ete bred / to that he be stald
In the stokys. 203

Anna. Sir, speke soft and styH,

let vs do as the law wiH.

Cayphas. Nay, I myself shaH hym kyH,
And murder with knokys. 207

(24)

Anna. Sir, thynk ye that ye ar / a man of holy kyrk,
ye shuld be oure techer² / mekenes to wyrk.

Anna
reminds
Cayphas he
is a man of
holy church,

Cayphas. yei, bot aH is out of har / and that shaH he yrk.

Anna. AH soft may men go far / oure lawes ar not myrk,

¹ The ryme needs 'wald.'

² The ryme needs 'techar.'

I weyn ;	212	and they must pro- ceed by law.
Youre wordys ar bustus,		
Et hoc nos volumus		
Quod de Iure possumus :		
ye wote what I meyn ;	216	

(25)

It is best that we trete hym / with farenes.

Cayphas.

We, nay !

Anna. And so myght we gett hym / som word for to say. [Fol. 76, a, Sig. M. 4.]

Cayphas. war ! let me bett hym ! /

Anna.

syr, do away !

ffor if ye thus thrett hym / he spekys not this day.

Bot herys ;

221

He will ex-
amine Jesus
himself.

wold ye sesse and abyde,

I shuld take hym on syde

And inquire of his pryde,

how he oure folke lerys.

225

(26)

Cayphas. he has reuyd ouer lang / with his fals lyys,

And done mekyH wrang / sir cesar he defyes ;

Therfor shaH I hym hang / or I vp ryse.

Anna. Sir, the law wiH not he gang / on nokyn wyse

Vndemyd ;

230

The law will
not allow
Him to go
unjudged,
but His
guilt must
be estab-
lished.

Bot fyrst wold I here

what he wold answere ;

Bot he dyd any dere

why shuld he be flemyd ?

234

(27)

And therfor examynyng / ffyrst wiH I make,

Sen that he callys hym a kyng. /

Cayphas.

bot he that forsake

I shaH gyf hym a wryng / that his nek shaH crak.

Cayphas
still
threatens.

Anna. Syr, ye may not hym dyng / no word yit he
spake,

That I wyst.

239

hark, felow, com nar !

[To Jesus.]

wyH thou neuer be war ?

I haue merueH thou dar

Thus do thyn awne lyst.

243

(28)

Anna asks
Jesus if He
is God's Son,
and is
answered.

Bot I shaH do as the law wyH / if the people ruse the ;
Say, dyd thou oght this yH ? / can thou oght excuse the ?
why standys thou so styH / when men thus accuse the ?
ffor to hyng on a hyH / hark how thay ruse the

To dam.

248

Say, art thou godys son of heuen,

As thou art wonte for to neuen ?

Ihesus. So thou says by thy steuen ;

And right so I am ;

252

(29)

ffor after this shaH thou se / when that [I] do com downe
In brightnes on he / in clowdys from abone.

Cayphas
says they
need no
more
witness.

Cayphas. A, iH myght the feete be / that broght the to
towne !

Thou art worthy to de ! / say, thefe, where is thi crowne ?

Anna. Abye, sir,

257

let vs lawfully redres.

Cayphas. we nede no wytnes,

hys self says expres ;

whi shuld I not chyde, sir ?

261

(30)

Anna. was ther neuer man so wyk / bot he myght amende.
when it com to the pryk / right as youre self kend.

[Pol. 76, b.]
Let him put
Jesus to
death at
once.

Cayphas. Nay, sir, bot I shaH hym styk / euen with
myn awne hend ;

ffor if he reue and be whyk / we ar at an end,

AH sam !

266

Therfor, whils I am in this brethe,

let me put hym to deth.

Anna. Sed nobis non licet

Interficere quemquam.

270

(31)

Sir, ye wote better then I / we shuld slo no man.

Anna says
they have no
power to
kill.

Cayphas. his dedys I defy / his warkys may we ban,
Therfor shaH he by. /

Anna.

nay, on oder wyse than,

And do it lawfully. /

Cayphas.

as how ?

Anna.

tel you I can.

Caiphaz. let se.

275 Men of temporal laws must judge such a matter.

Anna. Sir take tent to my sawes ;

Men of temporaH lawes

Thay may deme sich cause,

And so may not we.

279

(32)

Cayphas. My hart is full cold / nerehand that I swelt ;

ffor talys that ar told / I bolne at my belt,

Vnethes may it hold / my body, an ye it felt ;

yit wold I gif of my gold / yond tratoure to pelt

ffor euer.

284

Anna. Good sir, do as ye hett me.

Caiphaz. whi shaH he ouer-sett me ?

Sir anna, if ye lett me

ye do not youre deuer.

288

(33)

Anna. Sir, ye ar a prelate. /

Cayphas. so may I weH seme,

My self if I say it. /

Anna. be not to breme ;

Sich men of astate / shuld no men deme,

bot send them to pilate / the temporaH law to yeme

has he ;

293

he may best threte hym,

And aH to rehetete hym ;

It is shame you to bete hym

Therfor, sir, let be.

297

(34)

Cayphas. ffy on hym and war ! / I am oute of my gate ;

say why standys he so far. /

Anna. sir, he cam bot late.

Cayphas. No, bot I haue knyghtys that dar / rap hym

on the pate.

Anna. ye ar bot to skar / good sir abate,

And here ;

302

what nedys you to chyte ?

what nedys you to flyte ?

If ye yond man smyte,

ye ar irregulere.

306

Cayphas says if Anna hinders him he is not doing his duty.

Anna proposes to send Jesus to Pilate.

Cayphas wants to set his knights on Jesus ; Anna remonstrates.

(35)

Cayphas
laments he
was ever
made a
clerk, that

[Fol. 77, a.]

he may not
beat Jesus
himself.

Cayphas. he that fyrst made me clerk / and taght me
my lare,

On bookys for to barke / the dwil gyf hym care !

Anna. A, good sir, hark ! / sich wordys myght ye spare.

Cayphas. Els myght I haue made vp wark / of yond
harlot and mare,

perde !

311

Bot certys, or he hens yode,

It wold do me som good

To se knyghtys knok his hooode

with knokys two or thre.

315

(36)

ffor sen he has trespass / and broken oure law,

let vs make hym agast / and set hym in awe.

Anna con-
sents to the
knights
buffeting
Jesus

Anna. sir, as ye haue hast / it shalbe, I traw.

Com and make redy fast / ye knyghtys on a raw,

youre arament ;

320

And that kyng to you take,

And with knokys make hym wake.

Cayphas. yei, syrs, and for my sake

Gyf hym good payment.

324

(37)

ffor if I myght go with you / as I wold that I myght,

I shuld make myn avowe / that ons or mydnyght

I shuld make his heede sow / wher that I hyt right.

They assure
Cayphas
they will not
spare Him.

Primus tortor. Sir, drede you not now / of this cursed
wight

To day,

329

ffor we shaH so rok hym,

and with buffettys knok hym.

Cayphas. And I red that ye lok hym,

That he ryn nott away,

333

(38)

ffor I red not we mete / if thatt lad skap.

Secundus tortor. Sir, on vs be it / bot we clowt weH his
kap.

Cayphas. wold ye do as ye heytt / it were a fayr hap.

primus tortor. Sir, see ye and sytt / how that we hym
knap,

Oone ffeste ;	338	They ask him to bless them-with his ring.
Bot or we go to this thyng,		Cayphas promises his blessing to the one who buffets best.
Sayn vs, lord, with thy ryng.		
<i>Cayphas.</i> Now he shaH haue my blyssyng		
That knokys hym the best.	342	

(39)

<i>Secundus tortor.</i> Go we now to oure noyte / with this		
fond foyH.		
<i>primus tortor.</i> we shaH teche hym, I wote / a new play		The first Torturer sends Fro-
of yoyH,		ward for a stool. Fro-
And hold hym full hote / fawrord, a stoyH		ward and the other
Go fetch vs !		remonstrate,
<i>froward.</i> We, dote ! / now els were it doyH		
And vnneth ;	347	
ffor the wo that he shaH dre		
let hym knele on his kne.		

<i>Secundus tortor.</i> And so shaH he for me ;	
Go fetch vs a light buffit.	351

(40)

<i>froward.</i> why must he sytt ^t soft / with a mekiH mys-		but are told they can
chaunce,		buffet Jesus more easily,
That has tenyd vs thus oft ? /		
<i>primus tortor.</i> sir, we do it for a skawnce ;		
If he stode vp on loft / we must hop and dawnse		
As cokys in a croft. /		[Fol. 77, b.]
<i>froward</i> l. Now a veniance		

Com on hym !	356	
Good skiH can ye shew,		if He be seated.
As feH I the dew ;		
haue this, bere it, shrew !		
ffor soyn shaH we fon hym.	360	

(41)

<i>Secundus tortor.</i> Com, sir, and syt downe / must ye		They bid Jesus sit.
be prayde ?		
lyke a lord of renowne / youre sete is arayde.		
<i>primus tortor.</i> we shaH preue on his crowne / the wordys		
he has sayde.		
<i>Secundus tortor.</i> Ther is none in this towne / I trow, be		
iH payde		

All His kin
may not
rescue Him.

Of his sorow,
Bot the fader that hym gate.

365

primus tortor. Now, for oght that I wate,
AlH his kyn commys to late
his body to borow.

369

(42)

They send
Froward for
a veil to
blind Jesus
with.

Secundus tortor. I wold we were onwarde. /

primus tortor. bot his een must be hyd.

Secundus tortor. yei, bot thay be weH spard / we lost
that we dyd ;

Step furth thou, froward ! /

froward. what is now betyd !

primus tortor. Thou art euer away ward. /

froward. haue ye none to byd

Bot me ?

374

I may syng ylla-hayH.

Secundus tortor. Thou must get vs a vayH.

froward. ye ar euer in oone tayH.

primus tortor. Now iH myght thou the !

378

(43)

weH had thou thi name / for thou was euer curst.

Froward
quarrels
with them.

froward. Sir, I myght say the same / to you if I durst ;

yit my hyer may I clame / no penny I purst ;

I haue had mekyH shame / hunger and thirst,¹

In youre seruyce.

383

primus tortor. Not oone word so bold !

froward. why, it is trew that I told !

fayn preue it I wold.

Secundus tortor. Thou shalbe cald to peruyce.

387

(44)

But brings
the veil.

froward. here a vayH haue I fou / I trow it wiH last.

primus tortor. Bryng it hyder, good son / that is it
that I ast.

froward. how shuld it be bon ? /

Secundus tortor.

abowte his heade cast.

primus tortor. yei, and when it is weH won / knyht a
knot fast

¹ MS. thrust.

I red.

392 They blind-
fold Jesus.*ffroward.* Is it weyH?*Secundus tortor.* yei, knaue.*ffroward.* what, weyn ye that I rafe?

Cryst curs myght he haue

That last bond his head!

396

(45)

primus tortor. Now sen he is blynfold / I faH to begyn,

The tor-

And thus was I counseid / the mastry to wyn.

[Fol. 78, a.]

Secundus tortor. Nay, wrang has thou told / thus shuld

thou com in!

turers vie
with each
other in
smiting
Him,*ffroward.* I stode and beheld / thou towchid not the
skyn,

Bot fowH.

401

primus tortor. how wiH thou I do?*Secundus tortor.* On this manere, lo!*ffroward.* yei, that was weH gone to,

Thar start vp a cowH.

405

(46)

primus tortor. Thus shaH we hym refe / aH his fonde
taly.*Secundus tortor.* Ther is noght in thi nefe / or els thi
hart faly.*ffroward.* I can my hand vphefe / and knop out the
skalys.*primus tortor.* Godys forbot ye lefe / bot set in youre nalys

On raw.

410

Sit vp and prophecy.

ffroward. Bot make vs no ly.and bid Him
prophecy
who smote
Him last.*Secundus tortor.* who smote the last?*primus tortor.*

was it I?

ffroward. he wote not, I traw.

414

(47)

primus tortor. ffast to sir cayphas / go we togeder.¹*Secundus tortor.* Ryse vp with iH grace / so com thou
hyder.They bring
Him again
to Sir
Caiaphas.*ffroward.* It semys by his pase / he groches to go thyder.*primus tortor.* we haue gyfen hym a glase / ye may
consyder,¹ The ryme needs 'togyder.'

The tor-
turers boast
that they
have almost
killed Jesus.

To kepe.

419

Secundus tortor. Sir, for his great boost,
with knockys he is indoost.

ffroward. In fayth, *sir*, we had almost

knokyd¹ hym on slepe.

423

(48)

Caiaphas
bids them
take Jesus
to Pilate,

Cayphas. Now sen he is weH bett / weynd on youre gate,

And teH ye the forfett / vnto *sir* pylate ;

ffor he is a Iuge sett / emang men of state,

And looke that ye not let. /

primus tortor.

Com furth, old crate,

Be lyfe !

428

we shaH lede the a trot.

ijus tortor. lyft thy feete may thou not.

ffroward. Then nedys me do nott

Bot com after and dryfe.

432

(49)

yet fears lest
Pilate may
be bribed to
acquit Him.

Cayphas. Alas, now take I hede ! /

Anna.

why mowrne ye so ?

Cayphas. ffor I am euer in drede / wandreth, and wo,
lest pylate for mede / let ihesus go ;

Bot had I slayn hym indede / with thise handys two,

At onys,

437

AH had bene qwytt than ;

Bot gyftys marres many man.

Bot he deme the sothe than,

The dwiH haue his bonys !

441

(50)

[Fol. 78, b.]

After up-
braiding
Anna he
starts off to
follow them.

Sir anna, aH I wyte you this blame / for had ye not beyn,

I had mayde hym fuH tame / yei, stykyd hym, I weyn,

To the hart fuH wan² / with this dagger so keyn.

Anna. Sir, you must shame / sich wordys for to meyn

Emang men.

446

Cayphas. I wiH not dweH in this stede,

Bot spy how thay hym lede,

And persew on his dede.

ffare weH ! we gang, men.

450

Explicit Coliphizacio.

¹ MS. 'knokyp.'

² Assonant to 'fame, shame.'

(XXII.)

Incipit Fflagellacio.

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Primus Consultus.</i>	<i>Maria.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>	<i>Secundus Consultus.</i>	<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>
<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Maria Jacobi.</i>
<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>	<i>Johannes Apostolus.</i>	<i>Symon.]</i>

[49 stanzas; 4 of 13 lines, ab ab ab ab c, dddc; 1 of 12 lines, aab ccb, bb dd bb; 24 of 9 lines, aaaab cccb; 13 of 8 lines, aab aab bb; 2 of 6 lines, aaaa bb; 4 of 4 lines, aaaa¹; 1 of 4 lines, aa bb.]

Pilatus.

(1)

Peasse at my bydyng, ye wyghtys in wold!
 Looke none be so hardy to speke a word bot I,
 Or by mahowne most myghty, maker on mold,
 With this brande that I bere ye shaH bytterly
 aby.

Pilate rages,
 boasting
 himself full
 of subtlety
 and guile,
 and there-
 fore called
 "mali
 actoris."

Say, wote ye not that I am pylate, perles to behold?

Most doughty in dedys of dukys of the Iury;

In bradyng of batels I am the most bold,

Therfor my name to you wiH I dysery,

No mys.

9

I am fuH of sotelty,

ffalshed, gyll, and trechery;

Therfor am I namyd by clergy

As mali actoris.

13

(2)

ffor like as on both sydys the Iren the hamer makith playn, [Pol. 79, a.]

So do I, that the law has here in my keypyng;

The right side to socoure, certys, I am fuH bayn,

If I may get therby a vantage or wynyng;

17

Then to the fals parte I turne me agayn,

ffor I se more VayH wiH to me be risyng;

Thus euery man to drede me shalbe fuH fayn,

And aH faynt of thare fayth to me be obeyng,

In judging
 he inclines
 first to the
 right, then
 to the
 wrong, for
 the sake of
 bribes.

¹ All the aaaa lines have central rymes, markt here by bars.

Truly.

22

AH fals endytars,

Quest-gangars, and Iurars,

And thise out-rydars

Ar welcom to me.

26

(3)

He means to
pretend to
be Christ's
friend, but
finally to
crucify Him.

Bot this prophete, that has prechyd and puplyshed so playn

Cristen law, crist thay caH hym in oure cuntre ;

Bot oure prynces fuH prowldy this nyght haue hym tayne,

ffuH tytt to be dampned he shaH be hurlyd byfore me ;

I shaH fownde to be his freynd vtward, in certayn,

And shew hym fare cowntenance and wordys of vanyte ;

Bot or this day at nyght on crosse shaH he be slayn,

Thus agans hym in my hart I bere great enmyte

ffuH sore.

35

ye men that vse bak-bytyngys,

and rasars of slanderyngys,

ye ar my dere darlyngys,

And mahowns for euermore.

39

(4)

Nothing
angers him
more than to
hear of
Christ and
His new law.

ffor no thyng in this world dos me more grefe

Then for to here of crist and of his new lawes ;

To trow that he is godys son my hart wold aH to-clefe,

Though he be neuer so trew both in dedys and in sawes

Therfor shaH he suffre mekiH myschefe,

And aH the dyscopyls that vnto hym drawes ;

ffor ouer aH solace to me it is most lefe,

The shedyng of cristen bloode, and that aH Iury knawes,

I say you.

48

My knyghtys fuH swythe

Thare strengthes wiH thay kyth,

And bryng hym be-lyfe ;

lo, where thay com now !

52

(5)

The first tor-
turer arrives
bringing

primus tortor. I haue ron that I swett / from sir herode

oure kyng

[Fol. 79, b.]

With this man that wiH not lett / oure lawes to downe

bryng ;

Jesus, as
from Herod.

he has done so mych forfeit / of care may he syng ;

Thurgh dom of sir pylate he zettyys / an yH endyng

And sore ;	57	The great
The great warkys he has wrought		works Jesus
Shall serue hym of noght,		has done
And bot thay be dere boght		shall serue
lefe me no more.	61	Him
		nothing.

(6)

Bot make rowme in this rese / I byd you, belyfe,		He bids the
And of youre noys that ye sesse / both man and wyfe ;		people make
To sir pylate on dese / this man wiH we dryfe,		room, and
his dede for to dres / and refe hym his lyfe		hurries
This day ;	66	Jesus on.
Do draw hym forward !		
whi stand ye so bakward ?		
Com on, sir, hyderward,		
As fast as ye may !	70	

(7)

Secundus tortor. Do puH hym a-rase / whyls we be gangyng ;		The second
I shaH spytt in his face / though it be fare shynyng ;		torturer
Of vs thre gettys thou no grace / thi dedys ar so noyng,		threatens
Bot more sorow thou hase / oure myrth is incresyng,		Jesus, and
No lak.	75	binds His
		hands be-
		hind Him.

ffelows, aH in hast,	
with this band that wiH last	
Let vs bynde fast	
Both his handys on his bak.	79

(8)

Tercius tortor. I shaH lede the a dawnee / Vnto sir pilate haH ;		The third
Thou betyd an yH chawnee / to com emangys vs aH.		torturer
Sir pilate, with youre cheftance / to you we cry and caH		calls on
That ye make som ordynance / with this brodeH thraH,		Pilate to
By skyH ;	84	crucify
		Jesus.

This man that we leH
On crosse ye put to deH.

Pilatus. what ! with outten any red ?

That is not my wyH ;	88
----------------------	----

(9)

Bot ye, wysest of law / to me ye be tendand :
 This man withoutten awe / which ye led in a band,
Nather in dede ne in saw / can I fynd with no wrang,
 wherfor ye shuld hym draw / or bere falsly on hand

Pilate pre-
tends to take
Jesus' part,
and sum-
mons his
counsellors.

It will be a
shame if
Jesus be
killed.

With ih.

93

ye say he turnes oure pepyH,
ye eaH hym fals and fekyH;
wardys shame is on you mekyH

This man if ye spyH.

97

(10)

Herod

Of all thise causes ilkon / which ye put on hym,

[Fol. 80, a.1]

Herode, truly as stone / coud fynd with nokyns gyn

could find
no fault in
Him.

Nothyng herapon / that pent to any syn;

why shuld I then so soyn / to ded here deme hym?

Therfor

102

This is my counseH,

I wiH not with hym meH;

Let Him go!

let hym go where he wyH

ffor now and euermore.

106

(11)

The first
Counsellor
urges that
Jesus has
called Him-
self a king.

Primus consultus. Sir, I say the oone thyng / without any
mys,

he callys his self a kyng / ther he none is;

Thus he wold downe bryng / oure lawes, I-wys,

with his fals lesyng / and his quantys,

This tyde.

111

Pilate re-
minds Jesus
of His
power.

Pilatus. herk, felow, com nere!

Thou knowes I haue powere

To excuse or to dampne here,

In bayH to abyde.

115

(12)

Jesus says
the power is
given him by
the Trinity.

Ihesus. Sich powere has thou noght / to wyrk thi wiH
thus with me,

Bot from my fader that is broght / oone-fold god in
persons thre.

Pilatus. Certys, it is fallen weH in my thoght / at this
tyme, as weH wote ye,

A thefe that any felony has wroght / to lett hym skap
or go fre

¹ At the beginning of this page of the MS., is a large initial letter D, which, however, has no connection with the ensuing text.

Away ;	120	Pilate offers to release
Therfor ye lett hym pas.		Jesus be-
<i>primus tortor</i> ¹ . Nay, nay, bot ^t barabas!		cause of the
And <i>ihesus</i> in this case		Feast, but
To deth ye dam ⁿ this day.	124	the first tor- turer asks for Barab- bas.

(13)

<i>pilatus</i> . Syrs, looke ye take good hede / his cloyssse ye		Pilate bids
spoyH hym fro,		them strip
ye gar his body blede / and bett hym blak and bloo.		Jesus and
<i>Secundus tortor</i> . This man, as myght I spede / that ^t has		scourge
wroght vs this wo,		Him.
how "Iudicare" comys in crede / shaft ^t we teche, or we		
go,		
AH soyne.	129	

haue bynd to this pyllar.

Tercius tortor. why standys thou so far?

primus tortor. To bett^t his body bar

I haste, withoutten hoyne. 133

(14)

<i>Secundus tortor</i> . Now faH I the fyrst ^t / to flap on hys hyde.		The tor-
<i>Tercius tortor</i> . My hartt wold aH to-bryst ^t / bot ^t I myght		turers vie
tyH hym glyde.		with each
		other in
		cruelty.

primus tortor. A swap fayn, if I durst^t / wold I lene the
this tyde.

Secundus tortor. war! lett^t me rub on the rust^t / that^t
the bloode downe glyde

As swythe. 138

Tercius tortor. haue att!

primus tortor. Take thou that!

Secundus tortor. I shaH lene the a flap,

My strengthe for to kythe. 142

(15)

<i>Tercius tortor</i> . Where on seruys thi prophecy / thou teH	[Fol. 80, b.]
vs in this case,	

And aH thi warkys of greatt ^t mastry / thou shewed in	They scoff
dyuers place?	at Him.

primus tortor. Thyn apostels fuH raddy / ar run from the
a rase,

Thou art^t here in oure baly / withoutten any grace

They would
scourge
Jesus to
death, but
for Pilate.

Of skap. 147
Secundus tortor. Do, rug him.
Tercius tortor. Do, dyng hym.
primus tortor. Nay, I myself shuld kyH hym
 Bot for sir pilate. 151

(16)

They call to
mind His
miracles—
His turning
water into
wine and
walking on
the sea,

Syrs, at the ffeste of architreclyn / this prophete he was ;
 Ther turnyd he water into wyn / that day he had sich
 grace,
 his apostels to hym can enclyn / and other that ther was ;
 The see he past bot few yeres syn / it lete hym walk
 the ron apase
 At wyH ; 156
 The elementys aH bydeyn,
 And wyndes that ar so keyn,
 The firmamente, as I weyn,
 Ar hym obeyng tyH. 160

(17)

His healing
a leper and
the Cen-
turion's son,

ijus. tortor. A lepir cam fuH fast / to this man that
 here standys,
 And prayed hym, in aH hast / of bayH to lowse his
 bandys ;
 his traueH was not wast / though he cam from far landys ;
 This prophete tyH hym past / and helyd hym with his
 handys,
 ffuH blythe. 165
 The son of Centuryon,
 ffor whom his fader made greatt mone,
 Of the palsy he helyd anone,
 Thay lowfyd hym oft sythe. 169

(18)

His giving
sight to a
blind man
on the way
from
Jericho.

ijus tortor. Sirs, as he cam from iherico / a blynde
 man satt by the way ;
 To hym walkand with many mo / cryand to hym thus
 can he say,
 “Thou son of dauid, or thou go / of blyndnes hele thou
 me this day.”
 Ther was he helyd of aH his wo / sich wonders can
 he wyrk aH way

At wyH ;	174	Jesus can
he rasys men from deth to lyfe,		raise the
And castys out devyls from thame oft sythe,		dead and
seke men cam to hym fuH ryfe,		cast out
He helys thaym of aH yH.	178	devils.

(19)

<i>primus tortor.</i> ffor aH thise dedys of great louyng / fower ¹		But the first
thyngys I haue fond certainly,		torturer re-
ffor which he is worthy to hyng : / oone is oure kyng that		members
he wold be ;		that (1) He
Oure sabbot day in his wyrkyng / he lettys not to hele the		claimed to
seke truly ;		be king, (2)
he says oure temple he shaH downe bryng / and in thre ²		healed the
daies byg it in hy		sick on the
AH hole agane ;	183	Sabbath, (3)
Syr pilate, as ye sytt,		said He
looke wysely in youre wytt ;		would de-
Dam ihesu or ye flytt		stroy the
On crosse to suffre his payne.	187	temple and
		build it
		again in
		three days.
		He calls on
		Pilate to
		crucify
		Jesus.

(20)

<i>pilatus.</i> Thou man that suffurs aH this yH / Why WyH		[Fol. 81, a.
thou Vs no mercy cry ?		Sig. n. 1.]
Slake thy hart and thi greatt wyH / whyls on the we		Pilate bids
haue mastry ;		Jesus work
Of thy greatt warkes shew vs som skyH ; / men caH the		some
kyng, thou teH vs why ;		miracle.
wherfor the Iucs seke the to spyH / the cause I		
wold knowe wytterly,		
perdee ;	192	

Say what is thy name,		
Thou lett for no shame,		
Thay putt on the greatt blame,		He himself
Els myght [thou] skap for me.	196	would re-
		lease Him.

(21)

<i>Secundus Consultus.</i> Syr pilate, prynce peerles / this is		The first
my red,		Counsellor
That he skap not harmeles / bot do hym to ded :		alleges
he cals hym a kyng in euery place / thus wold he ouer led		Jesus' claim
Oure people in his trace / and oure lawes downe tred		to be king.

¹ MS. iiij, apparently a mistake for iij.

² MS. iij.

The knights
and people
are crying
for His
crucifixion.

By skyH ;
Syr, youre knyghtes of good lose,
and the pepyH with oone voce,
To hyng hym hy on a crosse
Thay cry and caH you vntyH.

201

205

(22)

Pilate asks
why they
will not
obey their
king?

pilatus. Now certys, this is a wonder thyng / that ye
wold bryng to noght
hym that is youre lege lordyng / In faith this was far
soght ;
Bot say, why make ye none obeyng / to hym that aH has
wroght ?

The third
torturer
answers
that Cesar
is their king.

Tercius Tortor. Sir, he is oure chefe lordyng / *sir* Cesar
so worthily wroght

On mold. 210

pylate, do after vs,
And dam to deth *ihesus*
Or to *sir* Cesar we trus,
And make thy frenship colH.

214

(23)

Pilate
washes his
hands,

pilatus. Now that I am sakles / of this bloode shaH
ye see ;

Both my handys in expres / weshen saH be ;
This bloode bees dere boght I ges / that ye spiH so frele.
primus tortor. we pray it' faH endles / on vs and oure
meneye,
with wrake. 219

and bids
them take
Jesus and
crucify Him.

pilatus. Now youre desyre fulfyH I shaH ;
Take hym emangs you aH,
On crosse ye put that' thraH,
his endyng ther to take. 223

(24)

The tor-
turers exult.

primus tortor. Com on ! tryp on thi tose / without any
feynyng ;

Thou has made many glose / with thy fals talkyng.
Secundus tortor. we ar worthy greatte lose / that thus
has broght a kyng
ffrom *sir* pilate and othere fose / thus into oure ryng,

withoutt any hoyne.

228 As Jesus
calls Him-
self a king,
He must
have a
crown.

Sirs, a kyng he hym cals,

Therfor a crowne hym befals.

Tercius tortor. I swere by aȝ myn elder sauls,

I shaȝ it ordan soyne.

232

(25)

primus tortor. Lo! here a crowne of thorne / to pereȝi [Fol. 81, b.]
his brane within,

putt on his hede with skorne / and gar thyrȝ the skyn.

Secundus tortor. hayȝ kyng! where was thou borne / sich
worship for to wyn? They crown
Him with
thorns and
mock Him.

we knele aȝ the beforne / and the to grefe wiȝ we not
blyn,

That be thou boldȝ;

237

Now by mahownes bloode!

Ther wiȝ no mete do me goode

To he be hanged on a roode,

And his bones be coldȝ.

241

(26)

primus tortor. Syrs, we may be fayn / ffor I haue fon
a tree, They find a
tree for a
cross, and
begin to
make ready.

I teȝ you in certan / it is of greattȝ bewtee,

On the which he shaȝ suffre payn / be feste wiȝ nales
thre,

Ther shaȝ nothyng hym gayn / ther on to he dede be,

I insure it;

246

Do, bryng hym hence.

Secundus tortor. Take vp oure gere and defence.

Tercius tortor. I wold spende aȝ my spence

To se hym ones skelpt.

250

(27)

primus tortor. This cros vp thou take / and make the
redy bowne;

Withoutt gruchyng thou rake / and bere it through the
towne;

Mary, thi moder, I wote wiȝ make / great mowrnyng and
mone,

But for thy fals dedys sake / shortly thou salbe slone,¹

The first tor-
turer bids
Jesus bear
the cross.
Mary will
mourn for
Him.

¹ This line is added by a later hand.

The people
of Bethle-
hem and
Jerusalem
shall wonder
at Jesus to
day.

No nay ; 255
The pepyH of bedlem,
and gentyls of Ierusalem,
A^H the comoners of this reme,
sha^H wonder on the this day. 259

(28)

[*John and the Holy Women appear on another part of the stage.*]

John
laments for
Jesus.

Iohannes apostolus. Alas ! for my master moste of myght,
That yester euen with lanterne bright
before Caiphaz was broght ; 262
Both peter and I sagh that sight,
And sithen we fled away fu^H wight,
when Iues so wonderly wroght ; 265
At morne thay toke to red, And fals witnes furth soght,¹
And demyd hym to be dede, That to thaym trespaste
noght,¹ 267

(29)

He must tell
Mary and
the other
women.

Alas ! for his modere and othere moo,
My moder and hir syster also,
Sat sam with syghyng sore ; 270
Thay Wote nothyng of a^H this wo,
Therfor to te^H thaym wi^H I go,
Sen I may mend no more. 273
If he shuld dy thus tyte And thay vnwarned wore,
I were Worthy to wyte ; I wi^H go fast therfor. 275

(30)

[*Goes to the women.*]

He greets
Mary and
shows he
has bad
news.

God saue you, systers a^H in fere !
Dere lady, if thi wi^H were,
I must te^H tythyngys playn. 278
Maria. Welcom, Iohn, my cosyn dere !
how farys my son sen thou was here ?
That wold I wyt fu^H fayn. 281
Iohannes. A, dere lady with youre leyff, The trouth shuld
no man layn,
Ne with godys wi^H thaym grefe.

Mary asks if
her son be
slain.

Maria. whi, Iohn, is my son slayn ? 283

¹ These two lines, and the corresponding ones in the next five stanzas, are written as four in the MS.

(31)

Iohannes. Nay lady, I saide not so,
Bot^t ye me myn he told vs two

And thaym that with vs wore, 286
how he with pyne shuld pas vs fro,
And efte shuld com vs to,

To amende oure syghyng sore ; 269
It may not stand in stede To sheynd youre self therfore.

Maria magdalene. Alas ! this day for drede ! Good Iohn,
neven this no more ! 291

(32)

Speke preuaily I the pray,
ffor I am ferde, if we hir flay,

That^t she wiH ryn and rafe. 294

Iohannes. The sothe behowys me nede to say,
he is damyd to dede this day,

Ther may no sorow hym safe. 297

Maria Iacobi. Good Iohn, tel vnto vs two What thou of
hir wiH crafe,

And we wiH gladly go And help that thou it haue. 299

(33)

Iohannes. Systers, youre mowrnyng may not^t amende ;
And ye wiH ever, or he take ende,

[Fol. s2, b.]

Speke with my master free, 302
Then must ye ryse and with me weynd^t,
And kepe hym as he shaH be kend

If they would speak to Him again, they must make haste.

Withoutt yond same cyte ; 305

If ye wiH nygh me nere, Com fast^t and felowe me.

Maria. A, help me, systers dere ! That^t I my son
may see. 307

(34)

Maria Magdalene. Lady, we wold weynd fuH fayn,
Hertely With aH oure myght^t and mayn,

youre comforth to encrease. 310

Maria. Good Iohn, go before and frayn.

Mary bids John go before them.

Iohannes. Lo, where he commes vs euen agayn
with aH yond mekyH prese ! 313

AH youre mowrnyng in feyr / may not his sorow sese.

Maria. Alas, for my son dere, / that^t me to moder
chese ! [They meet Jesus.] 315

(35)

Mary would
bear her
Son's cross.

Alas, dere son for care / I se thi body blede ;
My self I wiH for-fare / for the in this great drede,
This cros on thi shulder bare / to help the in this nede,
I wiH it bere with greatt hart sare / wheder thay wiH the
lede. 319

Jesus says it
is too heavy
for her.

Ihesus. This cros is large in lengthe / and also bustus
with aH :

If thou put to thi strengthe / to the erthe thou mon downe
faH. 321

(36)

Maria. A dere son, thou let me / help the in this case !

et inclinabit crucem ad matrem suam.

Ihesus. lo, moder, I teH it the / to bere no myght thou
hase.

Mary bids
Him have
pity on Him-
self.

Maria. I pray the, dere son, it may so be / to man thou
gif thi grace,

On thi self thou haue pyte / and kepe the from thi
foyse.¹ 325

(37)

Jesus says
He must die
and rise
again to save
man.

Ihesus. ffor sothe, moder, this is no nay / ou cros I must
dede dre,

And from deth ryse on the thryd day / thus prophecy
says by me ;

Mans sauH that I luffyd ay / I shaH redeme securly,
Into blis of heuen for ay / I shaH it bryng to me. 329

(38)

The other
Maries
lament.

Maria Magdalene. It is greatt sorow to any wyght / Ihesus,
to se with Iues keyn,

[Fol. 83. a.
Sig. N. 3.]

How he in dyuerse payns is dight / ffor sorow I water both
myn eeyn. 331

Maria Iacobi. This lord that is of myght / dyd neuer
yH truly,

Thise Iues thay do not right / if thay deme hym to dy.

(39)

Maria Magdalene. Alas ! what shaH we say ! / ihesus
that is so leyfe, 334

To deth thise Iues this day / thay lede with paynes fuH
grefe.

¹ The ryme needs fayse, foes.

Maria Iacobi. He was fuH true, I say / though thay dam
 hym as thefe,
 Mankynde he lufed aH way / for sorow my hart wiH
 clefe. 337

Their hearts
 will cleave
 for sorrow.

(40)

Ihesus. ye doghters of Ierusalem / I byd you wepe nothyng
 for me,
 Bot^t for youre self and youre barnⁿ-teme / behald I teH
 you securle,
 Sore paynes ar ordand for this reme / in dayes hereafter for
 to be ;
 youre myrth to bayH it shaH downe streme / in euery
 place of this eyte. 341

Jesus bids
 them lament
 for them-
 selves and
 their chil-
 dren.

(41)

Childer, certys, thay shaH blys / women baren that neuer
 child bare,
 And pappes that neuer gaf sowke, Iwys / thus shaH
 thare hartys for sorow be sare ;
 The montayns hy and thise greatt hyllys / thay shaH byd
 faH apon them thare,
 ffor my bloode that sakles is / to shede and spyH thay
 wiH not spare. 345
Secundus tortor. walk on, and lefe thi vayn carpyng / it
 shaH not saue the fro thy dede,
 wheder thise women cry or syng / for any red^t that thay
 can red^t. 347

The second
 torturer bids
 Him cease
 His vain
 talking.

(42)

Tercius tortor. Say wherto abyde we here abowte,
 Thise qwenes with scremyng and with showte ?
 May no man thare wordys stere ? 350
primus tortor. Go home, thou casbald, with that clowte !
 Or, by that lord I leyfe and lowte,
 Thou shaH by it fuH dere ! 353
Maria Magdalene. This thyng shaH venyance caH / on
 you holly in fere.
Secundus tortor. Go, hy the hens with aH / or yH hayH
 cam thou here !
ijus tortor. let aH this bargan be / syn aH oure toyles ar
 before ;
 This tratoure and this tre / I wold^t fuH fayn were thore.

The other
 torturers
 threaten the
 women.

The third
 torturer
 hurries
 Jesus on.

The third
torturer sees
that Jesus
cannot bear
the cross.

Ijus tortor. It nedys not hym to harH / this cros dos
hym greatt dere,
Bot yonder commys a carll / shaH help hym for to
bere. [Enter Simon of Cyrene.]

(43)

They bid
Simon ease
Him of it.

Ijus tortor. That shaH we soyn se on assay.
herk, good man, wheder art thou on away ?

Thou walkes as thou were wrath.

362

Simon says
he is on a
great
journey.

Symon. Syrs, I haue a greatt Iornay

That must be done this same day,

Or els it wiH me skathe.

365

[Fol. 83, b.]

Tercius tortor. Thou may with lytyH payn / easse hym
and thi self both.¹

Simon. Good syrs, that wold I fayn / bot for to tary
were fuH loth.¹

367

(44)

The first tor-
turer presses
him for
pity's sake,
but Simon
alleges his
haste.

primus tortor. Nay, nay ! thou shaH fuH soyn be sped ;
lo here a laH that must be led

ffor his yH dedys to dy,

370

And he is bressed and aH for bled,

That makys vs here thus stratly sted ;

we pray the, sir, for-thi,

373

That thou wiH take this tre / bere it to caluary.

Symon. Good sirs, that may not be / ffor fuH greatt
haste haue I,

375

(45)

The second
torturer says
that Jesus
must be dead
by noon,
and Simon
must needs
help them.

No longere may I hoyn.

Ijus tortor. In fayth thou shaH not go so soyn

ffor noght that thou can say

378

This dede must nedys be done,

And this carll be dede or noyn,

And now is nere myd day ;

381

And therfor help vs at this nede / and make vs here no
more delay.

Symon. I pray you do youre dede / and let me go my
way ;

383

(46)

Simon still
excuses him-
self.

And I shaH com fuH soyn agane,

To help this man with aH my mayn,

¹ The ryme needs 'bath, lath.'

At youre awne wyH. 386

ijus tortor. what and wold thou trus with sich a trane ?
Nay fatur, thou shaft be full fayn, The tortur-
ers threaten
Simon.

This forward to fulfyll ; 389

Or, by the myght of mahowne ! / thou shaft lyke it
full yH.

primus tortor. Tytt, let dyng this dastard downe / bot
he lay hand ther tyH. 391

(47)

Symon. Certys, that were vnwysely wrought,
To beytt me bot if I trespass oght

Aythere in worde or dede. 394

ijus tortor. Apon thi bak it shaft be broght,
Thou berys it wheder thou wiH or noght !
DewyH ! whom shuld we drede ? 397 He shall
bear the
Cross,
whether he
will or no.

And therfor take it here belyfe / And bere it furth, good
spede.

Symon. It helpys not here to strife / bere it behoues me
nede ; 399 Simon sees
he must bear
it,

(48)

And therfor, syrs, as ye haue sayde,
To help this man I am weH payde, and is well
content to
help Christ.

As ye wold that it were. 402

ijus tortor. A, ha ! now ar we right arayde,
bot loke oure gere be redy grade,

To wyrk when we com there. 405

primus tortor. I warand aH redy / oure toyles both moore
and les, [Fol. 84, a .
Sig. N. 4.]

And sir symon truly / gose on before with cros. 407

(49)

Tercius tortor. Now by mahowne, oure heuen kyng,
I wold that we were in that stede
where we myght hym on cros bryng. The tortur-
ers hurry to
their work.

Step on before, and furth hym lede

A trace. 412

primus tortor. Com on thou !

ijus tortor. Put on thou !

ijus tortor. I com fast after you,

And folowse on the chace. 416

✧

Explicit Flagellacio.

(XXIII.)

Sequitur Processus crucis.

[Dramatis Personae]

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Quartus Tortor.</i>	<i>Longeus.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Josephus.</i>
<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>	<i>Maria.</i>	<i>Nichodemus.]</i>
<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>	<i>Johannes.</i>	

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, abab ebebd ced ; 9 *eleven-line*, no. 38 aab ceb bd bbd, nos. 39, 40, 45, 70, 71, 72 aab aab bc bbc, nos. 53 and 54 aaab cceb dbd ; 1 *ten-line*, no. 52, aaab cceb, eb ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 57, aaaab cceb ; 5 *eight-line*, no. 1 abab alab, no. 51 abab aaab, nos. 50, 56 and 65 aaab cceb ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 3, aa bbc be ; 71 *six-line*, nos. 62, 63, 66, 68, 69 aaaab b, the rest aab ccb ; 3 *five-line*, nos. 59, 61, 67 aaab b ; 6 *four-line*, no. 44 ab ba, 49, 55, 58, 60 and 64 aaaa ; 1 *three-line*, no. 90, and 7 *couplets*.]

pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls
for silence,
with threats.

P Easse I byd euereich Wight !
Stand as styH as stone in WaH,
Whyls ye ar present in my sight,
That none of you clatter' ne caH ; 4
ffor if ye do, youre dede is dight
I warne it you both greatt and smaH,
With this brand burnyshyd so bright,
Therfor in peasse loke ye be aH. 8

(2)

Those who
interrupt
him, he will
tame on the
gallows, or
beat them.

What ! peasse in the dwillys name !
harlottys and dustardys aH bedene !
On galus ye be maide fuH tame, 12
Thefys and mychers keyn !
wiH ye not peasse when I bid you ?
by mahownys bloode, if ye me teyn,
I shaH ordan sone for you,
paynes that neuer ere was seyn,
And that anone ! 17
Be ye so bold' beggars, I warn you,
ffuH boldly shaH I bett you,
To heH the dwiH shaH draw you,
Body, bak and bone. 21

(3)

I am a lord that mekiH is of myght,
 prynce of aH Iury, sir pilate I hight,
 Next kyng herode grettyst of aH ;
 Bowys to my byddying both greatt and smaH,
 Or els be ye shentt ;
 Therfor stere youre tonges, I warn you aH,
 And vnto vs take tent.

[Fol. 84, b.]
 His name is
 Pilate.
 He is
 second only
 to King
 Herod.

26

28

(4)

primus tortor. AH peasse, aH peasse, emang you aH !
 And herkyns now what shaft befaH
 Of this fals chuffer here ;
 That *with* his fals quantyse,
 hase lett hymself as god wyse,
 Emangys vs many a yere.

The 1st
 torturer bids
 the people
 listen to
 what shall
 befall Jesus,
 "this false
 chuffer,"

31

34

(5)

he cals hym self a prophett,
 And says that he can bales bete,
 And make aH thyngys amende ;
 Bot or oght lang wytt we shaH
 wheder he can bete his awne bale,
 Or skapp out of oure hende.

who says He
 can mend all
 evils.
 Can He now
 mend His
 own ?

37

40

(6)

Was not this a wonder thyng,
 That he durst caH hym self a kyng
 And make so greatt a lee ?
 Bot, by mahowne ! whils I may lyf,
 Those prowde wordes shaft I neuer forgyf,
 TyH he be hanged on he.

He called
 Himself a
 king, and
 shall not be
 forgiven His
 pride till He
 be hanged
 for it.

43

46

(7)

Secundus tortor. hys pride, fy, we sett at noght,
 Bot ich man now kest in his thoght,
 And looke that we noght wante ;
 ffor I shaft fownle, if that I may,
 By the order of knyghtede, to day
 To cause his hart pante.

The 2nd
 torturer
 will make
 Christ's
 heart pant
 this day.

49

52

(8)

Tercius tortor. And so shaft I with aH my myght,
 Abate his pride this ylk nyght,

- The 3rd
torturer says
that Jesus
can do a foul
deed when
He will.
- And rekyn hym a crede ; 55
Lo, he letys he cowde none yH,
Bot^t he can ay, when he wyH.
Do a fuH fowH dede. 58
- (9)
- The 4th bids
them see
that they
have all they
need to
fasten Jesus
with.
- Quartus tortor.* yei felows, ye, as haue I rest !
Emangys vs aH I red we kest^t
To bryng this thefe to dede ; 61
Loke that^t we haue that we shuld mate,
ffor to hald^t this shrew strate.
primus tortor. That was a nobyH red ! 64
- (10)
- [Fol. 85, a.]
They have
bands,
- Lo, here I haue a bande,
If nede be to bynd his hande ;
This thowng, I trow, wiH last. 67
Secundus tortor. And here oone to the othere syde,
That shaH abate his pride,
Be it^t be drawen fast^t. 70
- (11)
- hammer and
nails.
- iiijus tortor.* lo, here a hamere and nales also,
ffor to festen fast oure foo
To this tre, fuH soyn. 73
iiijus tortor. ye ar wise, withoutten drede,
That so can help youre self at nede,
Of thyng that^t shuld be done. 76
- (12)
- All His
"mawmen-
try" shall
not serve
Him now.
- primus tortor.* Now dar I say hardely,
he shaH with aH his mawmentry
No longere vs be teH. 79
ijus tortor. Syn pilate hase hym tyH vs geyn.
haue done, belyfe ! let it be seyn
how we can with hym meH. 82
- (13)
- They arrive
at Calvary,
and prepare
for their
"play."
- iiijus tortor.* Now ar we at the monte of caluarye ;
haue done, folows, and let now se
how we can with hym lake. 85
iiijus tortor. yee, for as modee as he can loke,
he wold haue turnyd an othere croke
Myght^t he haue had the rake. 88

(14)

primus tortor. In fayth, syr, sen ye callyd you a kyng,
you must prufe a worthy thyng

That falles vnto the were;

ye must Iust in tornamente;

Bot ye sytt fast els be ye shentt,

Els downe I shaH you here.

As Iesus
calls Him-
self a king,
He must
joust in
tournament,
and sit fast
on His
Cross.

91

94

(15)

Secundus tortor. If thou be godys son, as thou tellys,
Thou can the kepe; how shuld thou ellys?

Els were it merueH greatt;

And bot if thou can, we wiH not trow

That thou hase saide, bot make the mow

when thou syttys in yond sett.

If He be
God's Son,
He can
guard Him-
self.

97

100

(16)

iiijus tortor. If thou be kyng we shaH thank adyH,
ffor we shaH sett the in thy sadyH,

ffor faHyng be thou bokt.

I hete the weH thou bydys a shaft;

Bot if thou sytt weH thou had better laft

The tales that thou has told.

They will
set Him in
His saddle,
and He need
not fear a
fall.

103

106

(17)

iiijus tortor. Stand nere, felows, and let se
how we can hors oure kyng so fre,

By any craft;

Stand thou yonder on yond syde,

And we shaH se how he can ryde,

And how to weld a shaft.

Let them see
how they can
horse their
King!

109

[Fol. 85, b.]

112

(18)

primus tortor. Sir, commys heder and haue done,
And wyn apon youre palfray sone,

ffor he [is] redy bowne.

If ye be bond tiH hym, be not wrothe,

ffor be ye seure we were fuH lothe

On any wyse that ye feH downe.

His palfrey
is ready,
and He must
be bound to
it.

115

118

(19)

Secundus tortor. kuyt thou a knott, with aH thi strenght,
ffor to draw this arme on lengthe,

- They draw
out Christ's
arms,
TyH it com to the bore. 121
Tercius tortor. Thou maddys, man, bi this light!
It wantys, tyH ich mans sight,
Othere half span and more. 124
(20)
- bind them
with ropes,
Quartus tortor. yit drawe owt this arme and fest it fast,
with this rope that weH wiH last,
And ilk man lay hand to. 127
primus tortor. yee, and bynd thou fast that band;
we shaH go to that othere hand
And loke what we can do. 130
(21)
- and nail
them;
ijus tortor. Do dryfe a nayH ther through outt,
And then thar vs nothyng doutt,
ffor it wiH not brest. 133
ijus tortor. That shaH I do, as myght I thryfe!
ffor to clynke and for to dryfe,
Therto I am full prest; 136
(22)
- So lett it styk, for it is wele.
iiijus tortor. Thou says sothe, as haue I cele!
Ther can no man it mende. 139
- hold down
His knees,
primus tortor. hald downe his knees.
Secundus tortor. that shaH I do.
his norysh yede neuer better to;
Lay on aH your hende. 142
(23)
- draw down
the legs
hard,
Tercius tortor. Draw out hys lymmes, let se, haue at!
iiijus tortor. That was weH drawn that that;
ffare faH hym that so puld!
ffor to haue gotten it to the marke,
I trow lewde man ne clerk
Nothyng better shuld. 148
(24)
- pierce them,
and nail
them.
primus tortor. hald it now fast thor,
And oone of you take the bore,
And then may it not fayH. 151
ijus tortor. That shaH I do withoutten drede,
As euer myght I weH spede,
hym to mekyH bayH. 154

(25)

Tercius tortor. So, that is weH, it wiH not brest,
Bot let now se who dos the best
with any slegthe of hande.

[Fol. 86, a.]
They begin
to pull the
Cross into
place with
a rope.

157

iiijus tortor. Go we now vnto the othere ende ;
ffelowse, fest^t on fast youre hende,
And puH weH at this band.

160

(26)

primus tortor. I red, felowse, by this wedyr,
That^t we draw aH ons togedir,
And loke how it wyH fare.

At first
all pull to-
gether.

163

ijus tortor. let now se and lefe youre dyn !
And draw we ilka syn from syn ;
ffor nothyng let vs spare.

166

(27)

iiijus tortor. Nay, felowse, this is no gam !
we wiH no longere draw aH sam,
So mekiH haue I asspyed.

But the
3rd and 4th
torturers
think some
one is sham-
ming.

169

iiijus tortor. No, for as haue I blys !
Som can twyk, who so it is,
Sekys easse on som kyn syde.

172

(28)

primus tortor. It^t is better, as I hope,
On by his self to draw this rope,
And then may we se
who it is that^t ere while
A^t his felows can begyle,
Of this companye.

The 1st pro-
poses that
each man
pulls by him-
self.

175

178

(29)

Secundus tortor. Sen thou wiH so haue, here for me !
how draw I, as myght thou the ?

They vie
with each
other in
pulling

181

Tercius tortor. Thou drew right wele.
haue here for me half a foyte !

quartus tortor. wema, man ! I trow thou doyte !
Thou flyt it neuer a dele ;

184

(30)

Bot haue for me here that I may !

primus tortor. WeH drawen, son, bi this day !

The tortur-
ers excite
each other
to pull the
Cross to the
mark.

Thou gose weH to thi warke ! 187
Secundus tortor. yit efte, whils thi hande is in,
puH therat with som kyn gyn.

ijus tortor. yee, & bryng it to the marke. 190
(31)

quartus tortor. puH, puH !

primus tortor. haue now !

ijus tortor. let se !

ijus tortor. A ha !

iiijus tortor. yit a draght !

primus tortor. Therto with aH my maght.

Hold still
there !
Now to bore
the hole for
the Cross to
stand in !
ijus tortor. A, ha ! hold stiH thore ! 193
ijus tortor. So felowse ! looke now belyfe,
which of you can best dryfe,

And I shaH take the bore. 196
(32)

[Fol. 56, b.] *Quintus tortor.* let me go therto, if I shaH ;

I hope that I be the best mershaH

ffor [to] clynke it right. 199

do rase hym vp now when we may,

ffor I hope he & his palfray

ShaH not twyn this nyght. 202
(33)

They call to
one another
to lift the
Cross,
primus tortor. Com hedir, felowse, & haue done !
And help that this tre some

To lyft with aH youre sleght. 205

ijus tortor. yit let vs wyrke a whyle,

And noman now othere begyle

To it be broght on heght. 208
(34)

ijus tortor. ffelowse, fest on aH youre hende,

ffor to rase this tre on ende,

And let se who is last. 211

and set it in
the mortice,
iiijus tortor. I red we do as that he says ;
Set we the tre in the mortase,

And ther wiH it stand fast. 214
(35)

primus tortor. Vp with the tymbre.

Secundus tortor. a, it heldys !

ffor hym that aH this world weldys

put fro the <i>with</i> thi hande !	217	Let it drop into the mor- tise : it will stand then.
<i>ijus tortor.</i> hald euen emangys vs aH.		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> yee, and let it into the mortase faH,		
ffor then wiH it best stande.	220	

(36)

<i>primus tortor.</i> Go we to it and be we strong,		They lift it into place, and mock Jesus.
And rase it, be it neuer so long,		
Sen that it is fast bon.	223	
<i>ijus tortor.</i> Vp with the tymbre fast on ende !		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> A felowse, fayr faH youre hende !		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> so sir, gape agans the son !	226	

(37)

<i>primus tortor.</i> A felow, war thi crowne !		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> Trowes thou this tymbre wiH oght downe ?		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> yit help that it were fast.	229	
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> Shog hym weH & let vs lyfte.		
<i>primus tortor.</i> ffuH shorte shalbe his thryfte.		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> A, it standys vp lyke a mast.	232	It stands up like a mast.

(38)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I pray you pepyH that passe me by,		Jesus calls to them that pass by to see how He suffers.
That lede youre lyfe so lykandly,		
heyfe vp youre hartys on hight !	235	
Behold if euer ye sagh body		
Buffet & bett thus bloody,		
Or yit thus dullyfully dight ;	238	
In world was neuer no wight		
That suffred half so sare.		
My mayn, my mode, my myght,		
Is noght bot sorow to sight,		
And comforth none, bot care.	243	

(39)

My folk, what haue I done to the,		[Fol. 87, a.]
That thou aH thus shaH tormente me ?		What haue I done to thee, My folk, that thou tor- mentest Me thus ?
Thy syn by I fuH sore.	246	
what haue I greuyd the ? answeare me,		
That thou thus nalyys me to a tre,		
And aH for thyn erreure ;	249	

How shalt
thou atone
for this dis-
honour thou
doest Me?

where shaH thou seke socoure?
 This mys how shaH thou amende? 251
 when that thou thy saveoure
 Dryfes to this dyshonoure,
 And naly's through feete and hende! 254

(40)

Beasts and
birds have
their resting
places, but
God's Son
has only His
shoulder to
lay His head
on,

aH creatoures that kynde may kest,
 Beestys, byrdys, aH haue thay rest,
 when thay ar wo begon; 257
 Bot godys son, that shuld be best,
 hase not where upon his hede to rest,
 Bot on his shuder bone. 260

To whome now may I make my mone?
 when thay thus martyr me,
 And sakles wiH me slone,
 And beete me blode and bone,
 That my brethere shuld be! 265

(41)

I have made
thee in My
likeness,
and thou re-
payest Me
thus.

what kyndnes shuld I kythe theym to?
 haue I not done that I aght to do,
 Maide the to my lyknes? 268
 And thou thus refys me rest & ro,
 And lettys thus lightly on me, lo!
 Sich is thi catyfnes. 271

(42)

I haue the kyd kyndnes, / Vnkyndly thou me quyty's;
 Se thus thi wekydnes! / loke how thou me dyspyty's! 273

(43)

By this
guiltless
suffering I
buy Adam's
blood.

Gyltles thus am I put to pyne,
 Not for [my] mys, man, bot for thyne,
 Thus am I rent on rode; 276
 ffor I that tresoure wold not tyne,
 That I markyd & made for myne,
 Thus by I adam blode, 279

(44)

That sonkyn was in syn,
 with none erthly good;
 Bot with my flesh and blode
 That lothe was for to wyn. 283

(45)

My brethere that I com forto by,
has hanged me here thus hedusly,

The brethren
I came to
save have
hanged Me
thus;

And freyndys fynde I foyne;

286

Thus haue thay dight me drerely,

And aH by-spytt me spytusly,

As helpes man in won.

289

[Fol. 87, b.]

Bot, fader, that syttys in trone,

fforgyf thou them this gylt,

but, Father,
forgive them
this guilt,
they know
not what
they do.

I pray to the this boyn,

Thay wote not what thay doyn,

Nor whom thay haue thus spylt.

294

(46)

primus tortor. yis, what we do fuH weH we knaw.

ijus tortor. yee, that shaH he fynde within a thraw.

296

The tortur-
ers say they
know well
enough what
they are
about.

(47)

iius tortor. Now, with a myschaunce tyH his cors,

wenys he that we gyf any force,

what dwiH so euer he ayH?

299

iiijus tortor. ffor he wold tary vs aH day,

Of his dede to make delay

I teH you, sansfayH.

302

(48)

primus tortor. lyft vs this tre emanges vs aH.

ijus tortor. yee, and let it into the mortase faH,

And that shaH gar hym brest.

305

They lift the
Cross, and
let it fall
again into
the mortice,
to make His
body burst
asunder.

iiijus tortor. yee, and aH to-ryfe hym lym from lym.

iiijus tortor. And it wiH breke ilk ionte in hym.

let se now who dos best.

308

(49)

[*Mary advances.*]

Maria. Alas! the doyn I dre / I drowpe, I dare in drede!

Whi hyngys thou, son, so hee? / my bayH begynnes to
brede.

Mary la-
ments for
her Son's
agony.

AH blemyshyd is thi ble / I se thi body blede!

In world, son, were neuer we / so wo as I in wede.

312

(50)

My foode that I haue fed,

In lyf longyng the led,

fluH stratly art thou sted

Emanges thi foo-men feH;

316

No tongue
can tell her
grief at her
child's
suffering.

Sich sorow forto se,
My dere barn, on the,
Is more mowrnyng to me
Then any tong may tell.

320

(51)

How may
she look on
His face and
body thus
disfigured!

Alas! thi holy hede
hase not wheron to helde;
Thi face with blode is red,
Was fare as flouré in feylde;
how shuld I stand in sted
To se my barne thus blede?
Bett as blo as lede,
And has no lym to weylde!

324

328

(52)

His hands
[Fol. 85, a.]
and feet are
nailed,
His skin
torn.
His sides
stream with
blood.

flestynd both handys and feete
With nalys fuH vmete,
his woundes wrynyng wete,
Alas, my childe, for care!
ffor aH rent is thi hyde;
I se on aythere syde
Teres of blode downe glide
Ouer aH thi body bare.
Alas! that euer I shuld hyde
And se my feyr thus fare!

332

336

338

(53)

[John advances.]

John shares
in her grief
for her Son,
who was a
good Master
to him and
many more.

Iohannes. Alas, for doyh, my lady dere!
AH for-changid is thi chere,
To see this prynce withoutten pere
Thus lappyd aH in wo;
he was thi fode, thi faryst foine,
Thi luf, thi lake, thi lufsom son,
That high on tre thus hyngys alone
with body blak and blo;
Alas!
To me and many mo
A good master he was.

342

346

349

(54)

Bot, lady, sen it is his wiH
The prophecy to fulfyll,
That mankynde in sy[n] not spiH
ffor theym to thole this payn ;
And with his dede raunson to make,
As prophetys befor of hym spake,
ffor-thi I red thi sorowe thou slake,
Thi Wepying may not gayn ;
In sorowe

353

But Jesus
suffers this
pain by His
own will,
therefore
she should
slake her
sorrow.

357

Oure boytt he byes full bayn,¹
Vs aH from bale to borowe.¹

360

(55)

Maria. Alas ! thyn een as cristaH clere / that shoyne as
son in sight,
That luffly were in lyere / lost thay haue thare light,
And wax aH faed in fere / aH dym then ar thay dight !
In payn has thou no pere / that is withoutten pight.

Mary la-
ments
afresh.

364

(56)

Swete son, say me thi thocht,
what wonders has thou wrought
To be in payn thus broght,
Thi blissed blode to blende ?

She calls on
Jesus to tell
her why He
endures
these things.

368

A son, thynk on my wo !
whi wiH thou fare me fro ? ✓
On mold is noman mo
That may my myrthes amende.

372

(57)

Iohannes. Comly lady, good and couth, / ffayn wold I
comforth the ;
Me mynnys my master with mowth, / told vnto his menyee
That he shuld thole full mekiH payn / and dy apon a tre,
And to the lyfe ryse vp agayn, / apon the thryd day shuld
it be
ffull right !
ffor-thi, my lady swete,
Stynt a while of grete !
Oure bale then wiH he bete
As he befor has hight.

[Fol. 85, b.]
John re-
minds her of
the words of
Jesus as to
His death
and resur-
rection.

377

381

¹ These two lines are written as one in the MS.

(58)

Mary is mad
with her
grief;

Maria. Mi sorow it is so sad / no solace may me safe;
Mowrnyng makys me mad / none hope of help I hafe;
I am redles and rad / ffor ferd that I mon rafe;
Noght may make me glad / to I be in my grafe. 385

(59)¹

she sees the
robe she
gave Jesus
all rent.

To deth my dere is dryffen,
his robe is aH to-ryffen,
That of me was hym gyffen,
And shapen with my sydys;
Thise Iues and he has stryffen / That aH the bale he bydys. 389

(60)

She laments
for her come-
ly child,

Alas, my lam so mylde / whi wiH thou fare me fro
Emang thise wulfes wyld / that wyrke on the this wo?
ffor shame who may the shelde / ffor freyndys has thou fo!
Alas, my comly childe / whi wiH thou fare me fro? 394

(61)¹

and calls on
maids and
wives to
weep with
her.

Madyns, make youre mone!
And wepe ye, wyfès, euerichon,
with me, most wrich, in wone,
The childe that borne was best!
My harte is styf as stone / That for no bayH wiH brest. 399

(62)

John says it
is His love
which makes
Jesus suffer
thus for us.

Iohannes. A, lady, weH wote I / thi hart is fuH of care
when thou thus openly / sees thi childe thus fare;
luf gars hym rathly / hym-self wiH he not spare,
Vs aH fro baiH to by / of blis that ar fuH bare 403
ffor syn.

My lefe lady, for-thy / Of mowrnyng loke thou blyn. 405

(63)

[Fol. 89, a.,
Sg. O. 1.]

Maria. Alas! may euer be my sang / Whyls I may lyf
in leyd;

Mary thinks
she has lived
too long.

Me thynk now that I lyf to lang / to se my barne thus blede;
Iuès wyrke with hym aH wrang / wherfor do thay this
dede?

lo, so hy thay haue hym hang / thay let for no drede: 409

Whi so

his fomen is he emang? / No freynde he has, bot fo. 411

¹ These stanzas, as well as No. 67, are really six-line stanzas, aaab ab.

(64)

My frely foode now farys me fro / what shaH worth on me ?

Thou art warpyd aH in wo / and spred here on a tre

ffuH hee /

414

I mowrne, and so may mo / That sees this payn on the.

What shall
become of
her when her
childe is thus
tortured ?

(65)

Iohannes. Dere lady, weH were me

If that I myght comforti the ;

ffor the sorow that I see

John would
fain comfort
her.

Sherys myn harte in sondere ;

419

when that I se my master hang

With bytter paynes and strang,

Was neuer wight with wrang

Wroght so mekiH wonder.

423

(66)

Maria. Alas, dede, thou dwellys to lang ! / whi art thou

hid fro me ?

Who kenst the to my childe to gang ? / aH blak thou

makys his ble ;

Mary up-
braids Death
for going to
her Son,
and not slay-
ing her also.

Now witterly thou wyркys wrang / the more I wiH wyte the,

Bot if thou wiH my hartè stang / that I myght with

hym dee

427

And byde ;

Sore syghyng is my sang, / ffor tnyrlyd is his hyde ! 429

(67)

A, dede, what has thou done ? / with the wiH I moytt sone,

Sen I had childer none bot oone / best vnder son or moyn ;

ffreyndys I had fuH foyn / that gars me grete and grone

ffuH sore.

433

God grant
her to live
no more

Good lord, graunte me my boyn / and let me lyf no more !

(68)

GabrieH, that good / som tyme thou can me grete,

And then I vnderstud / thi wordys that were so swete ;

Bot now thay meng my moode / ffor grace thou can me hete,

To bere aH of my blode / a childe oure baiH shuld bete

with right ;

O Gabriel,
how have
thy promises
to me been
fulfilled ?

Now hyngys he here on rude / Where is that thou me hight ?

(69)

AH that thou of blys / hight me in that stede,

ffrom myrth is faren omys / and yit I trow thi red ; 442

Mary cries
[Fol. 89, b.]
to Jesus for
mercy.

Thi counceH now of this / my lyfe how shaH I lede
When fro me gone is / he that was my hede 444
In hy ?
My dede now comen it is / My dere son, haue mercy ! 446

(70)

Jesus bids
her cease
from the
sorrow that
pains Him
more than
His own.
He suffers
to save man-
kind.

*I*hesus. My moder mylde, thou chaunge thi chere !
Sease of thi sorow and sighyng sere,
It syttys vnto my hart fuH sare¹ ; 449
The sorow is sharp I sufire here,
Bot doyH thou drees, my moder dere,
Me marters mekiH mare.¹ 452
Thus wiH my fader I fare,
To lowse mankynde of bandys ;
his son WiH he not spare,
To lowse that bon was are
ffuH fast in feyndys handys. 457

(71)

Let her cease
from weep-
ing, and let
John and she
be as son
and mother.

The fyrst cause, moder, of my commyng
Was for mankynde myscaryng,
To salf thare sore I soght ; 460
Therfor, moder, make none mowrnyng,
Sen mankynde thurgh my dyyng
May thus to blis be boght. 463
Woman, wepe thou right noght !
Take ther IoHn vnto thi chylde !
Mankynde must nedys be boght,
And thou kest, cosyn, in thi thought ;
IoHn, lo ther thi moder mylde ! 468

(72)

He calls on
mankind to
repay His
suffering
with stead-
fastness.

Blo and bloody thus am I bett,
Swongen with sweepys & aH to-swett,
Mankynde, for thi mysdede ! 471
ffor my luf lust when Wold thou lett,
And thi harte sadly sett,
Sen I thus for the haue blede ? 474

¹ MS. sore, more.

Sich lyf, for sothe, I lete,
That vnothes may I more ;
This suffre I for thi nede,
To marke the, man, thi mede :

Jesus
thirsts.

Now thyrst I, wonder sore. 479

(73)

primus tortor. Noght bot holdē thi peasse !
Thou shaH haue drynke within a resse,

The 1st
torturer
offers Him a
bitter drink.

My self shalbe thy knaue ; 482

haue here the draght that I the hete,
And I shaH warand it is not swete,

On aH the good I haue. 485

(74)

Secundus tortor. So syr, say now aH youre wiH !
ffor if ye couth haue holden you styH

The others
mock Him
by recalling
His words:—

ye had not had this brade. 488

Tercius tortor. Thou wold aH gaytt be kyng of Iues,
Bot by this I trow thou rues

His claim of
kinship,

AH that thou has sayde. 491

(75)

iiijus tortor. he has hym ruseH of great prophes,
That he shuld make vs tempyllēs,

His boast

And gar it cleyn downe faH ; 494

And yit he sayde he shuld it rase

As weH as it was, within thre dayes !

he lyes, that wote we aH ; 497

of destroying
the temple,
and raising
it in three
days.

(76)

And for his lyes, in great dispyte
we wiH departe his clothyng tyte,

In despite

Bot he can more of arte. 500

of His lies
they will
divide His
clothes be-
tween them.

primus tortor. yee, as euer myght I thryfe,

Soyn wiH we this mantyH ryfe,

And ich man take his parte. 503

(77)

ijus tortor. how wold thou we share this clothe ?

iiijus tortor. Nay forsothe, that were I lothe,

There is one
garment too
good to be
cut :

Then were it aH-gate spylt ; 506

Bot assent thou to my saw,

lett vs aH cutt draw,

for this they
will draw
lots.

And then is none begylt. 509

(78)

The 4th
torturer
wins the gar-
ment,
and the 1st
offers to buy
it of him.

iiijus tortor. how so befallys now wyH I draw!

This is myn by comon law,

Say not ther agayn.

512

primus tortor. Now sen it may no better be,

Chevich the with it for me,

Me thynk thou art ful fayn.

515

(79)

They see an
inscription
newly writ-
ten on the
Cross,
and guess it
is by Pilate.

ijus tortor. how felowse, se ye not yond skraw?

It is writen yonder within a thraw,

Now sen that we drew cut.

518

iiijus tortor. There is noman that is on lyfe

Bot it were pilate, as myght I thrife,

That durst it ther haue putt.

521

(80)

They go to
look at it.

iiijus tortor. Go we fast and let vs loke

what is wretyn on yond boke,

And what it may bemeyn.

524

primus tortor. A the more I loke theron

A the more I thynke I fon;

AH is not worth a beyn.

527

(81)

It is in He-
brew, Latin,
and Greek,
and hard to
expound.

ijus tortor. yis, for sothe, me thynk I se

Theron writen langage thre,

Ebrew and latyn

530

And grew, me thynk, writen theron,

ffor it is hard for to expowne.

iiijus tortor. Thou red, by appolyn!

533

(82)

The 3rd
torturer is
the best
"Latin
wright,"
and explains
it as

iiijus tortor. yee, as I am a trew knyght,

I am the best latyn wright

Of this company;

536

I wiH go withoutten delay

And telH you what it is to say;

Behald, syrs, witterly!

539

(83)

Jesus of
Nazareth,
King of the
Jews.

yonder is wretyn "ihesu of nazareyn

he is kyng of Iues," I weyn.

[Fol. 90, b.]

- primus tortor.* A! that is writen wrang. 542
Secundus tortor. he callys hym so, bot he is none.
iiijus tortor. Go we to pilate and make oure mone;
 haue done, and dweH not lang. 545
 (84) [*They approuch Pilate.*]
 pilate, yonder is a fals tabyH,
 Theron is wryten noght bot fabyH;
 Of Iues he is not kyng! 548
 he callys hym so, bot he not is:
 It is falsly writen, Iwys,
 This is a wrangwys thyng. 551
 (85)
Pilatus. Boys, I say, what meH ye you?
 As it is writen shaH it be now,
 I say certane; 554
 Quod scriptum scripsi,
 That same wrote I,
 What gadlyng gruches ther agane? 557
 (86)
quartus tortor. Sen that he is man of law / he must nedys
 haue his wiH;
 I trow he had not writen that saw / without som propre
 skyH. 560
 (87)
primus tortor. yee, let it hyng aboue his hede,
 It shaH not saue hym fro the dede,
 Noght that he can write. 562
ijus tortor. Now yHa hale was he borne.
iiijus tortor. Ma-fay, I teH his lyfe is lorne,
 he shalbe slayn as tyte. 565
 (88)
 If thou be crist, as men the caH,
 Com downe emangys vs aH,
 And thole not thies myssaes. 568
iiijus tortor. yee, and help thi self that we may se,
 And we shaH aH trow in the,
 what soeuer thou says. 571
 (89)
primus tortor. he cals hym self good of myght,
 Bot I wold se hym be so wight

The tortur-
ers think the
inscription
wrong, and
complain to
Pilate.

Pilate will
have none
of their
meddling.

The tortur-
ers think
Pilate, as a
lawyer, must
know best.

At any rate
it won't save
Jesus from
death.

They bid
Him come
down from
the Cross,
and save
Himself.

Jesus could
raise Laza-
rus, but
cannot help
Himself.

To do sich a dede
he rasyd lazare out of his delfe,
Bot he can not help hym self,
Now in his greatt nede.

574

577

(90)

Jesus cries
to God.

Ihesu. hely, hely, lamazabatany !
My god, my god, wherfor and why
has thou forsakyn me ?

580

(91)

The tortur-
ers mis-
understand
Him.

ijus tortor. how ! here ye not, as weH as I,
how he can now on hely cry
Apon his wyse ?

583

[Fol. 91, a.,
Sig. O. 3.]

Tercius tortor. yee, ther is none hely in this countre
ShaH delyuer hym from this meneze,
On nokyns wyse.

586

(92)

Jesus com-
mends His
soul to the
Father.

iiijus tortor. I warand you now at the last
That he shaH soyn yelde the gast,
ffor brestyn is his gaH.
Ihesu. Now is my passyon broght tyH ende !
ffader of heuen, in to thyn hende
I betake my sauH !

589

592

(93)

The tortur-
ers make
Longeus, a
blind knight,
pierce His
side with a
spear.

primus tortor. let one pryk hym with a spere,
And if that it do hym no dere
Then is his lyfe nere past.
ijus tortor. This blynde knyght may best do that.
longeus. Gar me not do bot I wote what.
ijus tortor. Not bot put vp fast.

595

598

(94)

Longeus
receives his
sight, and
craves for-
giveness for
wounding
the body of
Jesus.

longeus. A, lord, what may this be ?
Ere was I blynde, now may I se ;
Godys son, here me, ihesu !
ffor this trespas on me thou rew.
ffor, lord, othere men me gart,
that I the stroke vnto the hart :
I se thou hyngys here on hy,
And dyse to fulfyH the prophecy.

602

606

(95)

iijus tortor. Go we hence and leyfe hym here,
ffor I shaH be his borghe to-yere

The 3rd
torturer says
they may
leave Jesus
now, for
none may
bring Him to
life again.

he felys no more payn ;

609

ffor hely ne for none othere man

AH the good tha euer he wan

Gettys not his lyfe agayn.

612

[*Exeunt Tortores. Joseph of Arimathea and
Nicodemus advance.*]

(96)

Ioseph. Alas, alas, and walaway !

Joseph of
Armathea
laments the
death of
Jesus.

That euer shuld I abyde this day,

To se my master dede ;

615

Thus wykydly as he is shent,

with so bytter tornamente,

Thurgh fals Iues red.

618

(97)

Nychodeme, I wold we yede

He proposes
to Nicode-
mus that
they beg
leave of Pi-
late to bury
the body.

To *sir* pilate, if we myght spede,

his body for to craue ;

621

I wiH fownde wiH aH my myght,

ffor my seruyce to aske that knyght

his body for to graue.

624

(98)

Nichodemus. Ioseph, I wiH weynde with the

Nicodemus
will go with
him.

ffor to do that is in me,

ffor that body to pray ;

627

ffor oure good wiH and oure trauale

I hope that it mon vs awayH

here afterward som day.

630

(99)

Ioseph. Syr pylate, god the saue !

[*They go to Pilate.*]

[Fol. 91, b.]

Graunte me that I craue,

If that it be thi wiH.

633

Joseph asks
a boon ;
Pilate grants
it.

pilatus. Welcom, Ioseph, myght thou be !

what so thou askys I graunte it the,

So that it be skyH.

636

(100)

Ioseph. ffor my long seruyce I the pray

Graunte me the body—say me not nay—

Joseph's
boon is that
he may bury
Jesus.

Of ihesu, dede on rud. 639

pilatus. I graunte weH if he ded be,

Good leyfe shaH thou haue of me,

Do *with* hym what thou thynk gud. 642

(101)

He thanks
Pilate for
granting it,
and himself
draws the
nails from
the Cross,

Ioseph. Gramercy, syr, of youre good grace,

That ye haue graunte me in this place ;

Go we oure way : [*They return to Calvary.*] 645

Nychodeme, com me furth with,

ffor I my self shaH be the smyth

The nales out for to dray. 648

(102)

Nichodemus. Ioseph, I am redy here

To go with the with fuH good chere,

To help the at my myght ; 651

while Nico-
demus up-
holds the
body of
Jesus.

puH furth the nales on aythere syde,

And I shaH hald hym vp this tyde ;

A, lord, so thou is dight ! 654

(103)

They wrap
the body,
and bear it
to the tomb.

Ioseph. help now, fellow, with aH thi myght,

That he were wonden and weH dight,

And lay hym on this bere ; 657

Bere we hym furth vnto the kyrke,

To the tombe that I gard wyrk,

Sen fuH many a yere. 660

(104)

Nicodemus
prays that
Christ, who
died and rose
again, may
bless the
spectators.

Nichodemus. It shaH be so with cutten nay.

he that dyed on gud fryday

And crownyd was with thorne, 663

Saue you aH that now here be !

That lord that thus wolk dee

And rose on pascHe morne. 666

*Explicit crucifixio Christi.*¹

¹ MS. xpi.

(XXIV.)

Incipit *Processus talentorum.*

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Pilatus.</i>		<i>Secundus Tortor,</i>		<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		(<i>Spyll-payn</i>)		<i>Consultus.</i>

[2 *ten-line stanzas*, no. 5 aaaaab ceeb, no. 54 ab aab edbeb ; 8 *nine-line*, aaaaab ceeb ; 13 *eight-line*, no. 6 abab eded, no. 47 abca bdbd, no. 53 abc acd ed, *the rest* aaab ceeb ; 15 *seven-line*, no. 29 abacd bā, no. 55 aaab edb, *the rest* ababc be ; 1 *six-line*, no. 46 aba cde ; 5 *five-line*, no. 17, 18 abbba, nos. 22-3, 32 ababc ; 11 *four-line*, no. 26 abba, nos. 27, 33, 44 abcb, no. 38 abca, nos. 51-2 abcd, *the rest* abab.]

[Fol. 92, a,
Sig. O. 4.]

pilatus. (1)

CErnite qui statis / ¹ quod mire sim probitatis,
Hec cognoscatis / vos cedam ni taceatis,
Cuncti discatis / quasi sistam vir deitatis
Et maiestatis / michi fando ne neceatis,
hoc modo mando ;

Pilate calls
in Latin for
silence.

5

Neue loquaces,

Siue dicaces,

poscite paces,

Dum fero fando.

9

(2)

Stynt, I say ! gyf men place / quia sum dominus dominorum !
he that agans me says / rapietur lux oculorum ;
Therfor gyf ye me space / ne tendam vim brachiorum,
And then get ye no grace / contestor Iura polorum,

In Latin
and English
he bids the
people make
room,

Caueatis ;

14

Rewle I the Iure,

Maxime pure,

Towne quoque rure,

Me paueatis.

18

(3)

Stemate regali / kyng atus gate me of pila ;
Tramite legali / Am I ordand to reyn apon Iuda,
Nomine wlgari / pownce pilate, that may ye weH say,
Qui bene wlt fari / shuld caH me fownder of aH lay.

boasting of
his lineage
and power.

¹ The metrical bars (/) are not in the MS., but the lines are divided by dots, thus : The rymes in this play are very irregular : see st. 30, 46, 53, 54, etc.

² " Kyng Atus gate me of Pila " ; hence " Pilatus."

Iudeorum

23

He is ruler
of the Jews.

Iura gubernō,
 please me and say so,
 Omnia firmo
 Sorte deorum.

27

(4)

Cesar has
exalted him,
and all men
must be
obedient.

Myghty lord of aH / me Cesar magnificauit;
 Downe on knees ye faH / greatt god me sanctificauit,
 Me to obey ouer aH / regi reliquo quasi dauid,
 hanged hy that he saH / hoc iussum qui reprobauit,

32

I swere now ;
 Bot ye youre hedis
 Bare in thies stedis
 Redy my swerde is
 Of thaym to shere now.

36

(5)

[Fol. 92, b.]

He is
armipotent,
quasi-cuncti-
potent, and
his laws
must be
kept.

Atrox armipotens / I graunt men girth by my good grace,
 Atrox armipotens / most myghty callyd in ylk place,
 vir quasi cunctipotens / I graunt men girth by my good
 grace,

Tota refert huic gens / that none is worthier in face,
 Quin eciam bona mens / doith trowth and right bi my
 trew lays,

Silete !

42

In generali,
 Sic speciali,
 yit agane byd I
 Iura tenete.

46

(6)

Leaving his
Latin, he
threatens to
hang any boy
who will not
bow to his
law.

loke that no boy be to bustus, blast here for to blaw,
 Bot truly to my talkyng loke that ye be intendyng ;
 If here be any boy that wiH not loutt tiH oure law,
 By myghty mahowne, hygh shaH he hyng ;

50

South, north, eest, west,
 In aH this world in lengthe and brede,
 Is none so doughty as I, the best,
 doughtely dyntand on mule and on stede.

54

(7)

Therfor I say,
loke that ye lowte to my lykance,
ffor dowte of dynt in greuaunce;
dilygently ply to my plesance,
As prynee most myghty me pay,

Let them
bow, then,
and obey,

59

(8)

And talke not a worde;
ffor who so styrris or any dyn makys,
deply in my daunger he rakys,
That as soferan me not takys
And as his awne lorde.

and speak
not a word.

64

(9)

he has myster of nyghtys rest that nappys not in noynyng!
boy, lay me downe softly and hap me weH from cold;
loke that no laddys noy me nawder with cryyng nor with
cronyng,

He bids his
boy lay him
down softly,
and see that
no lads dis-
turb him.

Nor in my sight ones greue me so bold.
If ther be any boyes that make any cry,
Or els that wiH not obey me,
he were better be hanged hy,
Then in my sight ones mefe me.

68

72

(10)

primus tortor. war, war! for now com I,
The most shrew in this cuntry;
I haue ron full fast in hy,
hedir to this towne;
To this towne now comen am I
ffrom the mownt of caluery;
Ther crist hang, and that full hy,
I swe[re] you, bi my crowne.

The 1st
torturer
comes in,
having run
from Cal-
vary.

76

[Fol. 93, a.]

80

(11)

At caluery when he hanged was,
I spuyd and spyt right in his face,
when that it shoyne as any glas,
so semely to my sight;
Bot yit for all that fayr thyng,
I loghe hym vnto hethyng,
And rofe of his clethyng;
To me it was full light.

He had spit
in Christ's
face, though
it shone as
glass,
and had
stripped
him of his
clothing.

84

88

(12)

When they
had stripped
Jesus, they
mocked and
crowned
Him as a
king.

And when his clothes were of in fere,
lord, so we loghe and maide good chere,

And crownyd that carle with a brere,

As he had bene a kyng;

92

And yit I did full *propurly*,

I clappyd his cors by and by,

I thoght I did full curiously

In fayth hym for to hyng.

96

(13)

He has
brought the
clothing now
for Pilate to
decide who
is to have it.

Bot to mahowne I make avowe,

hedir haue I broght his clethyng now,

To try the trowthe before you,

Euen this same nyght;

100

Of me and of my felowse two

with whom this garmente shaß go;

bot sir pilate must go therto,

I swere you by this light.

104

(14)

Whoever
gets these
clothes may
walk fear-
lessly, for
they guard
him from
loss.

ffor whosoever may get thise close,

he ther neuer rek where he gose,

ffor he semys nothyng to lose,

If so be he theym were.

108

bot now, now, felose, stand on rowme,

ffor he commes, shrewes, vnto this towne,

And we wiß aß togeder rowne,

so semely in oure gere.

112

(15)

The 2nd
torturer fol-
lows the 1st
in hot haste.

Secundus tortor. war, war! and make rowme,

ffor I wiß with my felose rowne,

And I shaß knap hym on the crowne

That standys in my gate;

116

I wiß lepe and I wiß skyp

As I were now out of my wytt;

Almost my breke thay ar beshyt

ffor drede I cam to late.

120

(16)

[Fol. 93, b.]

Bot, by mahowne! now am I here!

The most shrew, that dar I swere,

That ye shaß fynde aw where,

SpyH-payn in fayth I hight.	124	His name is
I was at caluery this same day,		Spill-pain.
where the kyng of Iues lay,		
And ther I taght hym a newe play,		
Truly, me thoght it right.	128	

(17)

The play, in fayth, it was to rowne,		He has borne
That he shuld lay his hede downe,		his part in
And sone I bobyd hym on the crowne,		torturing
That gam me thoght was good.	132	Jesus.
when we had played with hym oure fyH,		
Then led we him vnto an hyH,		
And ther we wroght with hym oure wiH,		
And hang hym on a ruck.	136	

(18)

Nomore now of this talkyng,		The cause of
Bot the cause of my commyng ;		his coming
Both on earnest and on hethyng		is that he al-
This cote I wold I had ;	140	so is anxious
ffor if I myght this cote gett,		to get the
Then wold I both skyp and lepe,		coat.
And therto fast both drynke and ete,		
In fayth, as I were mad.	144	

(19)

<i>Tercius tortor.</i> war, war! within thise wones,		The 3rd
ffor I com rynyng aH at ones !		torturer
I haue brysten both my balok stones,		comes in as
So fast hyed I hedyr ;	148	hurriedly as
And ther is nothyng me so lefe		the others.
As murder a mycher' and hang a thefe :		
If here be any that doth me grefe		
I shaH them thresh togedir.	152	

(20)

ffor I may swere with mekiH wyn		He is the
I am the most shrew in aH myn kyn,		greatest
That is from this towne vnto lyn,		shrew from
		this town to
		Lynn.

He and his
fellows are
come to di-
vide the
coat.

lo, here my fellowse two ! 156
Now ar we thre commen in
A new gam forto begyn,
This same cote forto twyn,
Or that we farther go. 160

(21)

He proposes
to go to
Pilate, but
they must
see that
Pilate does
not take the
gown him-
self.

Bot to *sir pilate* prynce I red that we go hy,
And present hym the playnt how that we ar stad ;
Bot this gowne that is here, I say you for-thy,
By myghty mahowne I wold not he hack. 164

(22)

[Fol. 94, a.]

The others
agree.

primus tortor. I assent to that sagh, by myghty mahowne !
Let vs Weynde to *sir pilate* withoutten any fabyH ;
Bot syrs, bi my lewte, he gettys not this gowne ;
Vnto vs thre it were right prophetabyH ;
SpiH-payn what says thou ? 169

(23)

Secundus tortor. youre sawes craftely assent I vnto.
primus tortor. Then wiH I streght furth in this place,
And speke wiH *sir pilate* wordys oone or two,
ffor I am right semely and fare in the face ;
And now shaH we se or we hence go. 174

(24)

They ask the
Counsellor
for Pilate,
and are told
he lies there
in the devil's
service,

Tercius tortor. Sir, I say the, by my lewtee,
where is *sir pilate* of pryce ?
Consultus. Sir, I say the, as myght I the,
he lygys here in the dewyH seruyce. 178

(25)

but shall be
waked.

primus tortor. wiH that prynce—fowH myght he faH—
Must we haue at do.
Consultus. I shaH go to hym and caH,
And loke what ye wiH say hym to. 182

(26)

Pilate bids
the Coun-
sellor call
him no more.

My lord, my lorde !
pilatus. what, boy, art thou nyse ?
caH nomore, thou has callid twyse.
Consultus. my lord ! 186

(27)

pilatus. what mytyng is that that mevys me in my mynde ? Pilate asks
if there be
any disaffer-
tion, and is
told "no."
Consultus. I, lord, youre counselloure, pight in youre saw.
pilatus. Say ar ther any cattyffys combred that ar vnkynde ?
Consultus. Nay, lord, none that I knawe. 190

(28)

pilatus. Then noy vs nomore of this noyse ; He is angry
at being dis-
turbed,
but takes his
seat in his
hall.
 you carles vnkynde, who bad you caH me ?
By youre maH maters I hald you bot boyes,
 And that shaH ye aby, els fowH myght befaH me. 194
I shaH not dy in youre dett !
 Bewshere, I byd the vp thou take me,
And in my sete softly loke that thou se me sett. 197

(29)

Now shaH we wytt, and that in hy,
 If that saghe be trew that thou dyd say ;
If I fynde the With lesyng, lad, thou shaH aby, [Fol. 94, b.]
 fforto meH in the maters that pertenyth agans the lay.

(30)

Consultus. Nay, sir, not so, withoutten delay, 202 The Coun-
sellor tells
him that Je-
sus is dead.
 The cause of my callyng is of that boy bold,
ffor it is saide sothely now this same day,
 That he shuld dulfully be dede,
 Certayn ; 206
 Then may youre cares be full cold
 If he thus sakles be slayn. 208

(31)

pilatus. ffare and softly, sir, and say not to far ; Pilate bids
the Counsel-
lor not to
meddle in
these mat-
ters.
 Sett the with sorow, then semys thou the les,
And of the law that thou leggyis be wytty and war,
 lest I grene the greatly with dyntys expres : 212
ffals fatur, in fayth I shaH slay the !
 Thy reson vnrad I red the redres,
Or els of thise maters loke thou nomore meH the. 215

(32)

The Counsel-
lor upbraids
Pilate.
and exalts
the value of
his own ad-
vice.

Consultus. Why shuld I not meH of those maters that
I haue you taght?

Thoug ye be prynce peerles withoutt any pere,
were not my wyse wysdom youre wyttys were in wagt;
And that is seen expresse and playnly right here,
And done in dede. 220

(33)

pilatus. Why, boy, bot has thou sayde?

Consultus. yee, lorde.

Pilate laughs
at him for
not knowing
the way of
kings.

pilatus. Therfor the deuyH the spede, thou carle vnkynde
Sich felowse myght weH be on rowme!
ye knaw not the comon cowers that longys to a kyng.¹ 225

(34)

The 1st
torturer cer-
tifies that
Jesus, whom
Pilate con-
demned, is
now dead.

primus tortor. Mahowne most myghtfuH, he mensk you
with mayn,

Sir pilate pereles, prynde of this prese!

And saue you, sir, syttand semely suffrayn!

we haue soght to thy sayH no sayng to sesse, 229

Bot certytie sone;

ye wote that ye demyd this day apou desse,

we dowte not his doying, for now is he done. 232

(35)

Pilate is glad
of it,
but bids

pilatus. ye ar welcom, I wys, ye ar worthy ay war;

Be it fon so of that fatur, in fayth then am I fayne.

[Fol. 95, a.]

Secundus tortor. we haue markyd that mytyng, nomore
shaH he mar;

them keep
it secret.

we prayed you, sir pilate, to put hym to payn, 236

And we thocht it weH wrought.

pilatus. lefe syrs, let be youre laytt and loke that ye layn;

ffor nothyng that may be nevyn ye it noght. 239

(36)

The 3rd
torturer asks
if Pilate
claims Jesus'
clothes.

Tercius tortor. Make myrth of that mytyng fuH mekyH
we may,

And haue lykyng of oure lyfe for los of that lad;

Bot, syr pilate peerles, a poynt I the pray;

hope ye with hethyng that harnes he had 243

¹ ? assonance to "vnkynde."

To hold that was hys?

Pilate at
once claims
them.

Pilatus. That appentyng vnto me, mafa! art thou mad?

I ment that no mytyng shuld meH hym of this. 246

(37)

primus tortor. Mefe the not, master, more if he meH,

The 1st
torturer ob-
jects,
and Pilate
then asks
the gown
as a gift.

ffor thou shaH parte from that pelfe, thar thou not pleyte.

pilatus. yit styrt not farer for noght that ye feH;

I aske this gowne of youre gyfte, it is not so greatt, 250
And yit may it agayn you.

Secundus tortor. how, aH in fageyng? in fayth I know of
yours featte,

ffor it fallys to vs four fyrst wiH I frayn you. 253

(38)

pilatus. And I myster to no maner of mans bot myn.

Tercius tortor. yee, lord, let shere it in shredys.

pilatus. Now that hald I good skyH! take thou this, &
thou that,

& this shaH be thyne, 257

(39)

And by lefe and by law this may leyfe styH.

primus tortor. O lordyng! I weyn it is wrang,

To tymely I toke it, to take it the vntyH

The farest, and the fowllest thy felowse to fang. 261

The tortur-
ers are dis-
contented
with their
shares.

(40)

pilatus. And thou art payed of thi parte fuH truly I trowe.

primus tortor. It is shame forto se, I am shapyn bot
a shrede.

Secundus tortor. The hole of this harnes is holdyn to you,

And I am leuerd a lap is lyke to no lede, 265
ffor-tatyrd and torne.

Tercius tortor. By myghty mahowne that mylde is of
mode,¹

If he skap wiH this cote it were a great skorne. 268

(41)

pilatus. Now sen ye teyn so at this, take it to you

[Fol. 95, b.]

with aH the mawgre of myn and myght of mahowne!

primus tortor. Drede you not doutles, for so WiH we dow;

Pilate gives
the gown to
them to di-
vide.

Grefe you not greatly ye gett not this gowne,

¹ The ryme needs "mede."

The 2nd
torturer
asks for a
falcon.

bot in fower¹ as it fallys. 273
Secundus tortor. had I a fawchon, then craftely to cutt it
 were I bowne.²
Tercius tortor. lo it here that thou callys! 275

(42)

It is sharp with to shere, shere if thou may.

Secundus tortor. Euen in the mydward to marke were
 mastre to me. 277

He cannot
find a seam
along which
to cut it.
Pilate bids
them leave
it whole.

primus tortor. Most semely is in certan the seym to assay.
Secundus tortor. I haue soght aH this syde and none
 can I se, 279
 of greatt nor of smaH.

pilatus. Bewshers, abyd you, I byd you let be!

I commaunde not to cutt it, bot hold it hole aH. 282

(43)

The 1st
torturer
objects,
and Pilate
threatens
him.

primus tortor. Now ar we bon, for ye bad, withhald on
 youre hud.

pilatus. we! harlottys! go hang you, for hole shaH it be.

Tercius tortor. Grefe you not greatly, he saide it for gud.

pilatus. wyst I that he spake it in spytyng of me 286

Tytt shuld I spede forto spyH hym.

Secundus tortor. That were hym loth, lord, by my lewte,
 ffor-thi grauntt hym youre grace.

pilatus. No greuans I wiH hym. 290

(44)

They make
it up,

primus tortor. Gramercy thi gudnes!

pilatus. yee, bot greue me nomo³;

fluH dere beys it boght

In fayth, if ye do. 294

(45)

and agree to
draw lots.

primus tortor. ShaH I then saue it?

pilatus. yee, so saide I, or to draw cutt is the lelyst,
 and long cut, lo, this wede shaH wyn. 297

Tercius tortor. Sir, to youre sayng yit assent we vnto;
 Bot oone assay, let se who shaH begyn. 299

¹ MS. iiij.

² MS. there were I bowne craftely to cut it.

³ MS. nomore.

(46)

pilatus. we! me falles aH the fyrst, and forther shaH ye.

Secundus tortor. Nay, drede you not doutles, for that
do ye not;

O, he sekys as he wold^t dyssaue vs now we se. 302

Tercius tortor. Bewshers, abyde you, heder haue I brog^{ht}
thre dyse vs emang.

The thirde
torturer has
brought
three dice.

primus tortor. That is a gam aH the best, bi hym that me
boght,

ffor at the dysyng he dos vs no wrang. 306

(47)

pilatus. And I am glad of that gam; On assay, Who
shaH begyn?

[Fol. 96, a.]
Pilate and
the first
torturer are
ready to de-
cide by
them.

primus tortor. ffirst shaH ye, and sen after we aH.
haue the dyse and haue done,

and lefe aH youre dyn, 310

ffor who so has most^t this frog shaH he faH,

And best of the bonys.

pilatus. I assent to youre sayng; assay now I shaH,

As I wold^t at a wap wyn aH at ones. 314

(48)

[*Pilate throws.*]

Secundus tortor. A, ha! how now! here ar a hepe.

pilatus. haue mynde then emang you how many ther ar.

Tercius tortor. thretteen¹ ar on thre, thar ye not threpe.

Pilate
throws thir-
teen, and
thinks he
will win. The
first torturer
tries his
hand

pilatus. Then shaH I wyn or aH men be war. 318

primus tortor. Truly lord, right so ye shaH;

Bot grefe you not^t greatly, the next shaH be nar

If I haue hap to my hand, haue here for aH! 321

(49)

[*He throws.*]

pilatus. And I haue sene as greatt a freke of his forward
falyd.

here ar bot Aght² turnyd vp at ones.

and throws
only eight,
at which he
curses the
dice.

primus tortor. Aght? a, his armes, that is yH! what so
me alyd,

I was falsly begylyd with thise byched bones;

Ther cursyd thay be! 326

Secundus tortor. WeH I wote this wede bees won in thise
wones,

I wold^t be fayn of this frog myght it faH vnto me. 328

¹ MS. xiiij.

² MS. viij.

(50)

pilatus. It bees in waght, in fayth, and thou wyn.The second
torturer
throws
seven.*Secundus tortor.* No, bot war you away! [*He throws.*]*Tercius tortor.* here is baddyst¹ aboue, by mahownes bonys!
seuen¹ is bot the seconde, the sothe for to say. 332

(51)

Secundus tortor. we, fy! that is shortt.The third
prepares to
cast*Tercius tortor.* Do shott at thi hud! now fallys me
the fyrst,

And I haue hap to this gowne, go now on gud;

The byched bones that ye be I byd you go bett; 336

(52)

[*He throws.*]and throws
fifteen.felowse, in forward here haue I fefteen²!

As ye wote I am worthi, won is this wede.

*Pilate is
furious.**pilatus.* what, whistyH ye in the wenyande! where haue
ye beyn?

Thou shaH abak, bewshere, that blast I forbede. 340

[Fol. 96, b.]

Tercius tortor. here ar men vs emang,

lele in oure lay, wiH ly for no leyd,

And I wytues at thaym if I wrought any wrang. 343

(53)

The first tor-
turer says
the third has
won the coat
fairly, but
*Pilate is still
discon-
tented.**primus tortor.* Thou wrought no dyssaytt, for sothe, that
we saw,ffor-thi thou art worthi, and won is this weyd At thyn
awne wyH.*pilatus.* yee, bot me pays not that playng to puf nor to
blaw;

If he haue right I ne rek or reson thertyH, 347

I refe it hym noght.

Tercius tortor. haue gud day, sir, and grefe you not yH,

ffor if it were duble fuH dere is it boght. 350

(54)

He asks for
the coat as a
favour, and
uses threats
when it is
refused.*pilatus.* Sir, sen thou has won this weyd, say wiH thou
vowche safe

Of thi great gudnes this garment on me?

Tercius tortor. Sir, I say you certan this shaH ye not haue.*pilatus.* Thou shaH forthynk it, in fayth;³

ffy, what thou art fre! 355

¹ MS. vij.² MS. xv.³ ? assonance to 'have.'

vnbychid, vnbayn !

Tercius tortor. ffor ye thrett me so throle,
were it sich thre

here I gif you this gud.

pilatus. Now, gramercy agayn !

360

(55)

MekiH thank and myn and this shalbe ment.

primus tortor. Bot I had not left it so lightly, had play
me it lent.

pilatus. No, bot he is faythfulH and fre, and that shaH be
ment ;

And more if I may,

364

If he myster to me,

amend hym I mon.

Tercius tortor. I vowche safe it be so, the sothe forto say.

(56)

primus tortor. Now thise dyse that ar vndughty / for los
of this good,

here I forswere hertely / by mahownes blood ;
ffor was I neuer so happy / by mayn nor by mode,

To wyn with sich sotelty / to my lyfys fode,

As ye ken ;

372

Thise dysars and thise hullars,

Thise cokers and thise bollars,

And aH purs-cuttars,

Bese weH war of thise men.

376

(57)

Secundus tortor. ffy, fy, on thise dyse / the deviH I theym
take !

vnwytty, vnwyse / With thaym that Wold lake ;

As fortune assyse / men wyH she make ;

hir maners ar nyse / she can downe and vptake ;

And ryche

381

She turnes vp-so-downe,

And vnder abone,

Most chefe of renowne

She castys in the dyche.

385

(58)

By hir meanes she makys / dysers to seH,

As thay sytt and lakys / thare corne and thare cateH ;

The third
torturer
gives up the
coat and is
thanked.

The first
would not
have given
it up so
lightly, but
Pilate pro-
mises to
make
amends for
it.

The first
torturer for-
swears the
use of dice,
and bids all
men beware
of dicers.

The second
commits the
dice to the

[Fol. 97, a.
Sig. P. 1.]

devil. For-
tune delights
to set men
up and cast
them down.

She makes
dicers sell
corn and
cattle.

Then they
cry out and
want to
fight.

Then cry thay and crakkys / bowne vnto bateH,
his hyppys then bakys / no symneH
ffor hote.

390

Bot fare weH, thryfte!

Is ther none other skyfte

Bot syfte, lady, syfte?

Thise dysars thay dote.

394

(59)

The third
torturer
traces loss
and oft-
times man-
slaughter to
dying. Let
them leave
such vanity
and serve
God.

Tercius tortor. what commys of dysyng / I pray you hark
after,

Bot los of good in lakyng / and oft tymes mens slaughter!

Thus sorow is at partyng / at metyng if ther be laghter;

I red leyf sich vayn thyng / and serue god hereafter,

ffor heuens blys;

399

That lord is most myghty,

And gentyllyst of Iury,

we helde to hym holy;

how thynk ye by this?

403

(60)

Pilate
praises the
torturers
and dis-
misses them
with a
French
blessing.

pilatus. weH worth you aH thre, most doughty in dede!

Of aH the clerkys that I knaw, most conyng ye be,

By soteltes of youre sawes, youre lawes forto lede;

I graunt you playn powere and frenship frele,

I say;

408

¹ Dew vows [garde], mon senyours!

Mahowne most myghty in castels and towres

he kepe you, lordyngys, and aH youres,

And haufs aH gud day.

412

Explicit processus talentorum.

¹ i. e. Dieu vous [garde], monseigneurs!

(XXV.)

Incipit extraccio animarum, &c.

[29 eight-line stanzas abababab; 1 six-line (no 18) aab aba; 40 four-line abab; 4 couplets.]

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Ihesus.</i>	<i>Simeon.</i>	<i>Ribald.</i>	<i>Sathanas.</i>
<i>Adam.</i>	<i>Iohannes Baptista.</i>	<i>Belzebub.</i>	<i>Ysaïas.]</i>
<i>Eua.</i>	<i>Moyses.</i>	<i>David.</i>	

Ihesus.

(1)

My fader me from blys has send
TiH erth for mankynde sake,
Adam mys forto amend,
My deth nede must I take.

Jesus re-
counts how
He has
been born,
ministered,
and died for
man's salva-
tion.

4

(2)

I dwellyd ther thyrty yeres and two,
And somdele more, the sothe to say;
In anger, pyne, and mekyH wo,
I dyde on cros this day.

8

(3)

Therfor tiH heH now WiH I go,
To chalange that is myne;
Adam, eue, and othere mo,
Thay shaH no longer dweH in pyne.

He must now
rescue His
own from
hell.

12

(4)

The feynde theym wan With trayn,
Thurgh fraude of earthly fode,
I haue theym boght agan
With shedyng of my blode.

16

(5)

And now I wiH that stede restore,
which the feynde feH fro for syn;
Som tokyn wiH I send before,
with myrth to gar thare gammes begyn.

He will send
thither a
light as a
token of His
coming.

20

(6)

A light I wiH thay haue
To know I wiH com sone;
My body shaH abyde in graue
TiH aH this dede be done.

24

(7)

Adam calls
his brethren
to listen: he
sees tokens
of solace.

Adam. My brether, herkyn vnto me here!

More hope of helth neuer we had;
Fower thowsand¹ and sex hundreth² yere
haue we bene here in darknes stad;

28

Now se I tokyns of solace sere,
A glorious gleme to make vs glad.

Wher through I hope that help is nere,
That sone shaH slake oure sorowes sad.

32

(8)

Eve, too,
takes the
light as a
good sign.

Eua. Adam, my husband heynd,

This menys solace certan;
Sich light can on vs leynd
In paradyse fuH playn.

36

(9)

Isaiah re-
calls Adam's
first sin,

Isaias. Adam, through thi syn

here were we put to dweH,
This wykyd place within;
The name of it is heH;

40

here paynes shaH neuer blyn,
That wykyd ar and feH.

loue that lord with wyn,
his lyfe for vs wold seH.

44

Et content omnes "saluator mundi," primum versum.

(10)

and his own
prophecy of
the light
that should
come to them
that walked
in darkness.

Adam, thou weH vnderstand

I am Isaias, so crist me kende.

I spake of folke in darknes walkand,
I saide a light shuld on theym lende;

48

This light is aH from crist commande

That he tiH vs has hedir sende,

Thus is my poynt proved in hand,
as I before to fold it kende.

52

(11)

Simeon. So may I tetH of farlys feyH,

ffor in the tempyH his freyndys me fande,

Me thought daynteth with hym to deyH,

I halsid hym homely with my hand;

56

¹ MS. iij M^l.

² MS. vi C.

I saide, lord, let thi seruandys leyH
 pas in peasse to lyf lastande ;
 Now that myn eeyn has sene thyn hele
 no longer lyst I lyf in lande.

60

Simone re-
 members
 Christ's pre-
 sentation in
 the Temple
 and his own
 "Nunc
 dimittis."

(12)

This light thou has purvayde
 ffor theym that lyf in lede ;
 That I before of the haue saide
 I se it is fulfilyd in dede.

64

He now sees
 the light
 which he
 then fore-
 told.

(13)

Iohannes baptista. As a voce cryand I kend
 The wayes of crist, as I weH can ;
 I baptisid hym with both myn hende
 in the water of flume Iordan ;
 The holy gost from heuen discende
 As a white dowfe downe on me than ;
 The fader voyce, oure myrthes to amende,
 Was made to me lyke as a man ;

68

John the
 Baptist re-
 calls the
 Baptism of
 Christ and
 the voice
 from
 Heaven.

72

X

(14)

"yond is my son," he saide,
 "and which me pleasses fuH weH,"
 his light is on vs layde,
 and commys oure karys to kele.

76

Christ's
 light comes
 to assuage
 their cares.

(15)

Moyes. Now this same nyght lernyng haue I,
 to me, moyses, he shewid his myght,
 And also to anothere oone, hely,
 where we stud on a hiH on hyght ;
 As whyte as snaw was his body,
 his face was like the son for bright,
 Noman on mold was so myghty
 grathly durst loke agans that light ;

80

Moses re-
 calls the
 Transfigura-
 tion and the
 wondrous
 light there
 shown.

84

(16)

And that same light here se I now
 shynyng on vs, certayn,
 where thurgh truly I trow
 that we shaH sone pas fro this payn.

88

That same
 light he sees
 now.

(17)

Rybald is
full of fore-
boding that
the souls
will escape.

Rybald. Sen fyrst that heH was mayde / And I was put
therin,

Sich sorow neuer ere I had / nor hard I sich a dyn;
My hart begynnys to brade / my wytt waxys thyn,
I drede we can not be glad / thise saules mon fro vs twyn.

(18)

He bids
Beelzebub
bind them.

how, belsabub! bynde thise boys,¹ / sich harow was neuer
hard in heH.

Belzabub. Out, rybald! thou rores, / what is betyd? can
thou oght teH?

Rybald. whi, herys thou not this vgly noyse?²
thise lurdans that in lymbo dweH²

Thay make menyng of many Ioyse,³
and Muster myrthes theym emeH.³ 98

(19)

Belzabub. Myrth? nay, nay! that poynt is past,
more hope of helth shaH thay neuer haue.

They are
crying on
Christ and
say He will
save them.

Rybald. They cry on crist fuH fast,
And says he shaH theym saue. 102

(20)

[Fol. 98, b.]

Beelzebub
bids him
call up
Astaroth
and other
devils,

Beelzabub. yee, though he do not, I shaH,
ffor they ar sparyd in speeyaH space;
whils I am prynee and pryncypaH
they shaH neuer pas out of this place. 106

CaH vp astarot and anabaH
To gyf vs counseH in this case;
BeH, berith, and bellyaH,
To mar theym that sich mastry mase. 110

(21)

and tell
Satan, and
bid him
bring
Lucifer.

Say to sir satan oure syre,
and byd hym bryng also
Sir lueyfer, luffy of lyre. 114

Rybald. AH redy lord I go.

Jesus calls
for the gates
to be raised.

Ihesus. Attollite portas, principes, vestras & eleuamini
porte eternelles, & introibit rex glorie.

¹ Originally "oure bowys" (and probably "bende").

² & ³ These and following lines are single lines with central
rymes.

(22)

Rybald. Out, harro, out ! what deviH is he

Rybald cries
to Beelzebub, who
bids him
lock the
gates and set
watches,

That callys hym kyng ouer vs aH ?

hark belzabub, com ne,

ffor hedusly I hard hym caH.

119

Belzabub. Go, spar the yates, yH mot thou the !

And set the wachies on the waH ;

If that brodeH com ne

With vs ay won he shaH ;

123

(23)

And if he more caH or cry,

To make vs more debate,

lay on hym hardely,

And make hym go his gate.

127

and to fall
upon Jesus
if He calls
again.

(24)

David. Nay, with hym may ye not fyght,

ffor he is king and conqueroure,

And of so mekiH myght,

And styf in euery stoure ;

Of hym commys aH this light

that shynys in this bowre ;

he is fuH fers in fight,

worthi to wyn honoure.

131

135

David warns
him that
they may
not fight
with Jesus,
Who is King
and Con-
queror.

(25)

Belzabub. honowre ! harsto, harlot, for what dede ?

Alle erthly men to me ar thraH ;

That lad that thou callys lord in lede

he had neuer harbor, house, ne haH.

139

Beelzebub
claims all
earthly men
as his thralls.

(26)

how, sir sathanas ! com nar

And hark this cursid rowte !

Sathanas. The deviH you aH to-har !

What ales the so to showte ?

143

And me, if I com nar,

thy brayn bot I bryst owte !

Belzabub. Thou must com help to spar,

we ar beseged abowte.

147

He calls
Satan, who
asks what is
the matter.

Beelzebub
says they are
besieged.

(27)

Satan bids
them see
that Jesus
does not
escape.

Sathanas. Besegyð aboute ! whi, who durst be so bold
for drede to make on vs a fray ?

Belzabube. It is the Iew that Iudas sold
ffor to be dede this othere day. 151

Sathanas. how ! in tyme that tale was told,
that trature trauesses vs aH-way ;
he shalbe here fuH hard in hold,
bot loke he pas not, I the pray. 155

(28)

Beelzebub
says Jesus
has far other
thoughts.

Belzabub. Pas ! nay, nay, he wiH not weynde
ffrom hens or it be war ;

he shapys hym for to sheyn
aH heH or he go far. 159

(29)

Satan defies
Jesus.

Sathanas. ffy, fatur ! therof shaH he fayH,
ffor aH his fare I hym defy ;

I know his trantes fro top to tayH,
he lyffys by gawdys and glory. 163

[Fol. 99, a.
Sig. P. 3.]
He coun-
selled the
Jews to kill
Him,

Therby he broght furth of oure bayH

The lath lazare of betany,
Bot to the Iues I gaf counsayH
That thay shuld cause hym dy ; 167

(30)

and per-
suaded
Judas to
carry out
the agree-
ment.

I enterd ther into Iudas,

that forward to fulfyH,

Therfor his hyere he has,

aH wayes to won here styH. 171

(31)

Rybald asks
Satan, as
this is his
doing, if he
hopes to
defeat
Jesus ?

Rybald. Sir sathan, sen we here the say
thou and the Iues were at assent,

And wote he wan the lazare away

that vnto vs was taken to tent, 175

hopys thou that thou mar hym may

to Muster the malyce that he has ment ?

ffor and he refe vs now oure pray

we wiH ye witt or he is went. 179

(32)

Sathanas. I byd the noght abaste,
bot boldly make you bowne,
With toyles that ye intraste,
And dyng that dastard downe.

Satan en-
courages
him.

183

Ihesus. Attollite portas, principes, *vestras*, &c.

Jesus calls
again.

(33)

Rybalde. Outt, harro! what harlot is he
that sayes his kyngdom shalbe cryde?

dauid. That may thou in sawter se,
for of this prynce thus ere I saide;

David re-
calls his pro-
phesy of

188

(34)

I saide that he shuld breke
yours barres and bandys by name,
And of yours warkys take wreke;
now shaft thou se the same.

Christ's
triumph.

192

(35)

Ihesus. ye prynces of heh open youre yate,
And let my folk furth gone;
A prynce of peasse shaft enter therat
wheder ye wiht or none.

Jesus sum-
mons them
to open the
gates.

196

(36)

Rybalde. What art thou that spekys so?

Ihesus. A kyng of blys that hight *iIhesus*.

Rybalde. yee, hens fast I red thou go,
And meht the not with vs.

Rybalde and
Beelzebub
defy Him.

200

(37)

Belzabub. Oure yates I trow wiht last,
they ar so strong I weyn;
Bot if oure barres brast,
ffor the they shaft not twyn.

204

(38)

Ihesus. This stede shaft stand no longer stokyn;
open vp, and let my pepiht pas.
Rybalde. Out, harro! oure bayht is brokyn,
and brusten ar aht oure bandys of bras!

Jesus bursts
the bars to
the dismay
of Rybalde.

208

(39)

**Beelzebub
laments.***Belzabub.* harro ! oure yates begyn to crak !In sonder, I trow, they go,
And heH, I trow, wiH aH to-shak ;

Alas, what I am wo !

212

(40)

Rybalde. lymbo is lorne, alas !

sir sathanas com vp ;

This wark is wars then it was.

Sathanas. yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke¹ !

216

(41)

**Satan re-
proaches the
devils for
not over-
throwing
Christ,**

Thefys, I bad ye shulde be bowne,

If he maide mastres more,

To dyng that dastard downe,

sett hym both sad and sore.

220

(42)

[Fol. 99, b.]

Belzabub. To sett hym sore, that is sone saide !

com thou thi self and serue hym so ;

we may not abyde his bytter brayde,

he wold vs mar and we were mo.

224

**and calls for
his own
armour.***Sathanas.* ffy, fature ! wherfor were ye flayd ?

haue ye no force to flyt hym fro ?

loke in haste my gere be grayd,

my self shaH to that gadlyng go.

228

(43)

**He chal-
lenges Jesus,**

how ! thou belamy, abyde,

with aH thi boste and beyr !

And teH me in this tyde

what mastres thou makys here.

232

(44)

**Who an-
nounces His
mission to
save the
prisoners.***Ihesus.* I make no mastry bot for myne ;

I wiH theym saue, that shaH the sow ;

Thou has no powere theym to pyne,

bot in my pryson for thare prow

236

here haue they soriornyde, noght as thyne,

bot in thi wayrd, thou wote as how.

Sathanas. why, where has thou bene ay syn,

that neuer wold negH theym nere or now ?

240

¹ assonance with 'up.'

(45)

Ihesus. Now is the tyme certan
My fader ordand her for,
That thay shuld pas fro payn,
In blys to dweH for euermore.

The ordained
time has
come.

244

(46)

Sathanas. Thy fader knew I weH by syght,
he was a wright, his meett to wyn;
Mary, me mynnys, thi moder hight,
the vtmost ende of all thy kyn;
Say who made the so mekiH of myght?

Satan asks
how the son
of Joseph
and Mary is
so mighty?

248

Ihesus. Thou wykyd feynde, lett be thi dy[n]!
my fader wonnes in heuen on hight,
In blys that neuer more shaH blyn;

Jesus re-
veals that
He is God's
Son.

252

(47)

I am his oonly son, / his forward to fulfyH.
Togeder wiH we won, / In sonder when we wyH.

254

(48)

Sathan. Goddys son! nay, then myght thou be glad,
for no cateH thurt the craue;
Bot thou has lyffyd ay lyke a lad,
In sorow, and as a sympiH knaue.

258

(49)

Ihesus. That was for the hartly luf I had
Vnto mans sauh, it forto saue,
And forto make the masyd and mad,
And for that reson rufully to rafe.

He has con-
cealed His
Godhead to
save men's
souls and
confound
the devil.

262

(50)

My godhede here I hyd
In mary, moder myne,
where it shaH neuer be kyd
to the ne none of thyne.

266

(51)

Sathan. how now? this wold I were tolt in towne;
thou says god is thi syre;
I shaH the prove by good reson
thou moyttys as man dos into myre.

270

Satan claims
the souls as
God's
enemies.

To breke thi bydding they were full bowne,
And soyn they wrought at my desyre ;
ffrom paradise thou putt theym downe,
In heH here to haue thare hyre ;

274

(52)

[Fol. 100, a.
Sig. P. 4.]

And thou thy self, by day and nyght,
taght euer aH men emang,
Euer to do reson and right,
And here thou wyrkys aH wrang.

278

(53)

Jesus re-
minds him
of the pro-
phesies of
His coming.

Ihesus. I wyrk no wrang, that shaH thou wytt,
if I my men fro wo wiH wyn ;
My prophetys playnly prechyd it,
aH the noytys that I begyn ;
They saide that I shuld be that ilke¹
In heH where I shuld intre in,
To saue my seruandys fro that pytt
where dampnyd saullys shaH syt for syn.

282

286

(54)

And ilke true prophete tayH
shalbe fulfillid in me ;
I haue thaym boght fro bayH,
in blis now shaH they be.

290

(55)

Satan quotes
Solomon
and Job to
show that
once in hell
there is no
release.

Sathanas. Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes,
thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,
ffor those that thou to witnes drawes
ffuH euen agans the shaH begyn ;
As salamon saide in his sawes.
who that ones commys heH within
he shaH neuer owte, as clerkys knawes,
therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn.

294

298

(56)

Iob thi seruande also
In his tyme can teH
That nawder freynde nor fo
shaH fynde relese in heH.

302

¹ assonance with 'it.'

(57)

Ihesus. he sayde fuH soyth, that shaH thou se,

In heH shalbe no relese,

Bot of that place then ment he

where synfuH care shaH euer encrese.

306

In that bayH ay shaH thou be,

where sorowes seyr shaH neuer sesse,

And my folke that were most fre

shaH pas vnto the place of peasse ;

310

(58)

ffor they were here with my wiH,

And so thay shaH furth weynde ;

Thou shaH thiself fulfyH

euer wo withoutten ende.

314

(59)

*Sathan*¹. Whi, and wiH thou take theym aH me fro ?

then thynk me thou art vnkynde ;

Nay, I pray the do not so ;

Vmthynke the better in thy mynde ;

318

Or els let me with the go,

I pray the leyffe me not behynde !

Ihesus. Nay, tratur, thou shaH won in wo,

and tiH a stake I shaH the bynde.

322

(60)

*Sathan*¹. Now here I how thou menyys emang,

with mesure and malyce forto meH ;

Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,

yit som let aH-wayses with vs dweH.

326

Ihesus. Yis, wytt thou weH, els were greatt wrang,

thou shaH haue caym that slo abeH,

And aH that hastys theym self to hang,

As dyd Iudas and architopheH ;

330

(61)

And daton and abaron / and aH of thare assent,

Cursyd tyrantys euer ilkon / that me and myn tormente.

(62)

And aH that wiH not lere my law,

That I haue left in lanck for new,

That makys my commyng know,

And aH my sacramentys persew ;

336

Jesus answers that there is no release from the eternal hell in which the devil shall be kept, but these souls shall depart to bliss.

Satan pleads that they may be left, or that he, too, may go.

Jesus says he shall keep some souls, such as Cain and Judas,

and all who will not learn His law.

[Fol. 100. b.] My deth, my rysyng, red by raw,

He will
judge these
worse than
the Jews.

Who trow thaym not thay ar vntrewe ;

vnto my dome I shaH theym draw,

And Iuge theym wars then any Iew.

340

(63)

And thay that lyst to lere / my law, and lyf therby,

ShaH neuer haue harmes here, / bot welth as is worthy.

342

(64)

Satan is
pleased with
the bargain.

Sathanas. Now here my hand, I hold^d me payde,

thise poyntys ar playnly for my prow ;

If this be trew that thou has saide,

we shaH haue mo then we haue now ;

346

Thies lawes that thou has late here laide,

I shaH theym lere not to alow ;

If thay myn take thay ar betraide,

and I shaH turne theym tytt I trow.

350

(65)

He will go
east and
west and
make men
sin. Jesus
tells him he
shall be fast
bound.

I shaH walk eest, I shaH walk west,

and gar theym wyrk weH war.

Ihesus. Nay feynde, thou shalbe feste,

that thou shaH flyt no far.

354

(66)

Sathan. ffeste? fy! that were a wykyd treson!

belamy, thou shalbe smytt.

Ihesus. DeviH, I commaunde the to go downe

into thi sete where thou shaH syt.

358

Satan sinks
into hell,
Rybald re-
viling him.

Sathan. Alas, for doyh and care!

I synk into heH pyt!

Rybald. Sir sathanas, so saide I are,

now shaH thou haue a fytt.

362

(67)

Jesus sum-
mons forth
His chil-
dren.

Ihesus. Com now furth, my childer aH,

I forgyf you youre mys ;

With me now go ye shaH

to Ioy and endles blys.

366

(68)

Adam gives
thanks.

Adam. lord, thou art fuH mekyH of myght,

that mekys thiself on this manere,

To help vs aH as thou had vs hight,

when both forfett I and my fere ;

370

here haue we dwelt withoutten light

Fower thousand¹ and sex² hundreth yere ;

Now se we by this solempne sight

how that thi mercy makys vs dere.

374

(69)

Eua. lord, we were worthy / more tornamentys to tast ;

Thou help vs lord with thy mercy / as thou of myght is mast.

(70)

Iohannes. lord, I loue the inwardly,

that me wold make thi messyngere,

Thi commyng in erth to cry,

and tech thi fayth to folk in fere ;

380

Sythen before the forto dy,

to bryng theym bodword that be here,

how thay shuld haue thi help in hy,

now se I all those poyntys appere.

384

(71)

Moyse. David, thi prophete trew,

oft tymes told vnto vs,

Of thi commyng he knew,

and saide it shuld be thus.

388

(72)

David. As I saide ere yit say I so,

"ne derelinquas, domine,

Animam meam in inferno ;"

"leyfe neuer my sauH, lord, after the,

392

In depe heH wheder dampned shaH go ;

suffre thou neuer thi sayntys to se

The sorow of thaym that won in wo,

ay fuH of fylth, and may not fle."

396

(73)

Moyse. Make myrth both more and les,

and loue oure lord we may,

That has broght vs fro bytternes

In blys to abyde for ay.

400

(74)

ysaias. Therfor now let vs syng

to loue oure lord ihesus ;

Vnto his blys he wiH vs bryng,

Te deum laudamus.

404

Explicit extraccio animarum ab inferno.

This sight
comes to
them after
4600 years of
darkness.

¹ MS. iiii M.
² MS. vj.

Eve con-
fesses they
deserved
more punish-
ment.

The Baptist
gives thanks
to Christ for
having made
him His
messenger.

Moses re-
calls the
prophecies
of David,

who repeats
his prayer
that his soul
be not left
in hell.

[Fol. 101, a.]
Moses and
Isaiah unite
in exhorta-
tion to love
God.

XXVI.

Resurreccio domini.

[*Dramatis Personae.*]

Pilatus.
Caiaphas.
Centurio.
Anna.
Primus Miles.

Secundus Miles.
Tercius Miles.
Quartus Miles.
Angeli, Primus &
Secundus.

Ihesus.
Maria Magdalene.
Maria Jacobi.
Maria Salomec.

[1 *eleven-line stanza*, no. 11, aaab ab acb cb ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 101 ab abbbe bc ; 4 *eight-line*, no. 7 aaab cccb, nos. 95, 99, 100 aab aab cc ; 93 *six-line stanzas*, nos. 51-3 aaab cb, no. 73 ababcc, no. 96 aab aab, the rest aaab ab ; 1 *three-line*, no. 97 aab ; 1 *couplet*, no. 24.]

pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls
 for silence

PEasse, I warne you, woldys in wytt!
 And standys on syde or els go sytt,
 ffor here ar men that go not yit,
 And lordys of me[kiH] myght ; 4
 We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt,
 I telh you euery wyght. 6

(2)

on pain of
 hanging.

Spare youre spech, ye brodels hold.
 And sesse youre cry til I haue told
 What that my worship wold,
 here in thise wonys ; 10
 whoso that wyghtly nold
 ffuH hy bese hanged his bonys. 12

(3)

He is Pilate,
 who has
 punished
 Jesus.

wote ye not that I am pilate,
 That satt apon the Iustyce late,
 At caluarie where I was att
 This day at morne ? 16
 I am he, that great state,
 That lad has aH to-torne. 18

(4)

Let watch
 be kept if
 any follow
 His words.

Now sen that lothly loseH is thus ded,
 I haue great ioy in my manhede,
 Therfor wold I in ilk sted
 It were tayne hede, 22
 If any felowse felow his red,
 Or more his law wold lede. 24

(5)

ffor and I knew it, cruelly	[Fol. 101, b.]
his lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,	If they do
that he were better hyng ful hy	Pilate will
	kill them,

On galow tre ;	28
----------------	----

Therfor ye prelatys shuld aspy	
If any sich be.	30

(6)

As I am man of myghtys most,	and the
If ther be any that blow sich bost,	devil harry
with tormentys keyn bese he indost	their ghost
	to hell.

ffor euermore ;	34
-----------------	----

The deviH to heH shaH harry hys goost,	
Bot I say nomore.	36

(7)

<i>Cuiphas.</i> Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,	
ffor centurio, I vnderstand,	
youre knyght is left abydand	
Right ther behynde ;	40

We left hym ther, for man most wyse,	
If any rybaldys wold oght ryse,	
To sesse theym to the next assyse,	
And then forto make ende.	44

Tunc veniet centurio velut miles equitans.

(8)

<i>Centurio.</i> A, blyssyd lord adonay, ¹	
what may this merueH sygnyfy	
That here was shewyd so openly	
vnto oure sight,	48
When the rightwys man can dy	
that ihesus hight?	50

(9)

heuen it shoke abone,	
Of shynyng blan both son and moyne,	
And dede men also rose vp sone,	
Outt of thare grafe ;	54
And stones in waH anone	
In sonder brast and clafe.	56

¹ This stanza is written as three lines in the MS, with central rhymes.

(10)

The princes
were wrong,
and Jesus
was indeed
the Son of
God.

Ther was seen many a fuH sodan sight,
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng right,
And so I saide to theym on hight,

As it is trew,

60

That he was most of myght,

The son of god, ihesu.

62

(11)

Birds in the
air and fish
in the sea
knew that
their Lord
was being
put to death.

ffowlys in the ayer and fish in floode,

That day changid thare mode,

when that he was rent on rode,

That lord veray ;

66

ffuH weH thay vnderstode

That he was slayn that day.

68

Therfor right as I meyn / to theym fast wiH I ryde,

To wyt withoutten weyn / what they wiH say this tyde

Of this enfray ;

71

I wiH no longer abyde

bot fast ride on my way.

73

(12)

[Fol. 102, a.]

He ex-
changes
greetings
with Pilate.

God saue you, syrs, on euery syde !

Worship and welth in world so wyde !

pilatus. Centurio, welcom this tyde,

Oure comly knyght !

77

Centurio. God graunt you grace weH forto gyde,

And rewH you right.

79

(13)

who asks his
news.

pilatus. Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand !

TeH vs som tythyngys here emang,

ffor ye haue gone throughtt oure land,

ye know ilk dele.

83

Centurio. Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang

And wonder yH.

85

The Cen-
turion says
they have
sinned in
slaying a
righteous
man.

(14)

Cayphas. wonder yH ? I pray the why ?

declare that to this company.

Centurio. So shaH I, sir, fuH securly,

with aH my mayn ;

89

The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by

that ye haue slayn.

91

(15)

<i>pilatus.</i> Centurio, sese of sich saw ;	Pilate re- bukes him.
ye ar a greatt man of oure law,	
And if we shuld any wytnes draw,	
To vs excuse,	95
To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,	
And noght refuse.	97

(16)

<i>Centurio.</i> To mayntene trowth is weH worthy ;	The Cen- turion main- tains it was God's Son they cruci- fied.
I saide when I sagH hym dy,	
That it was godys son almyghty,	
That hang thore ;	101
So say I yit and abydys therby,	
ffor euermore.	103

(17)

<i>Anna.</i> yee, sir, sich resons may ye rew,	Annas asks for a proof.
Thou shuld not neuen sich notes new,	
Bot thou couth any tokyns trew,	
vntiH vs tell.	107
<i>Centurio.</i> Sich wonderfuH case neuer ere ye knew	
As then befeH.	109

(18)

<i>Cypphas.</i> we pray the tell vs, of what thyng ?	The Cen- turion re- counts the mourning of the elements as for their king.
<i>Centurio.</i> Of elymentys, both oldt and ying,	
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng,	
In ilka stede ;	113
Thay knew by contenaunce that thare kyng	
was done to dede.	115

(19)

The son for wo it waxed aH wan,	
The moyn and starnes of shyynyng blan,	
And erth it tremlyd as a man	
Began to speke ;	119
The stone, that neuer was styrryd or than,	
In sonder brast and breke ;	121

(20)

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt and smaH.
pilatus, Centurio, bewar with aH !
 ye wote the clerkys the clyppys it caH

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Pilate says
that clerks
call such a
sight an
eclipse. Sich sodan sight ; 125
That son and moyne a seson shaH
lak of thare light. 127

(21)

[Fol. 102, b.] *Cayphas.* Sir, and if that dede men ryse vp bodely,
The dead
may arise
through
sorcery. That may be done through socery,
Therfor nothyng we sett therby,
that be thou bast. 131

Centurio. Sir, that I saw truly,
That shaH I euermore trast. 133

(22)

The Cen-
turion trusts
his eyes, and
asks an ex-
planation of
the rending
of the veil of
the Temple. Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,
Not oonly for the son wex myrke,
Bot how the vayH rofe in the kyrke,
ffayn wyt I wold. 137

pilatus. A, sich tayles fuH some wold make vs yrke,
if thay were told. 139

(23)

Pilate bids
him begone. harlot ! wherto commys thou vs emang
with sich lesyngys vs to fang ?
Weynd furth ! hy myght thou hang,
Vyle fatur ! 143

Cayphas. Weynd furth in the Wenyande,
And hold styH thy clattur. 145

(24)

He takes his
leave. *Centurio.* Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, / haues now
good day !

God lene you grace to knaw / the sothe aH way. 147

(25)

Anna. with draw the fast, sen thou the dredys,
ffor we shaH weH mayntene oure dedys.

pilatus. Sich wonderfuH resons as now redys
were neuer beforne, 151

Cayphas. To neuen this note nomore vs nedys,
nawder euen nor morne, 153

(26)

Bot forto be war of more were
That afterward myght do vs dere,
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here

vs aH emang,	157	They must consult together.
Avyse you of thise sawes sere		
how thay wiH stand.	159	
(27)		
ffor ihesus saide fuH openly		Jesus prophesied that he should rise again the third day.
Vnto the men that yode hym by,		
A thyng that grevys aH Iury,		
And right so may,	163	
That he shuld ^d ryse vp bodely		
within the thryde day.	165	
(28)		
If it be so, as myght I spede,		They must guard against this.
The latter dede is more to drede		
Then was the fyrst, if we take hede		
And tend therto ;	169	
Avyse you, sir, for it is nede,		
the best ^t to do.	171	
(29)		
<i>Anna.</i> Sir, neuer the les if he saide so,		[Fol. 103, a.]
he hase no myght to ryse and go,		Annas thinks the disciples will steal the body.
Bot his dyscypyls steyH his cors vs fro		
And bere away ;	175	
That were tiH vs, and othere mo,		
A fowH enfray.	177	
(30)		
Then wold the pepyH say euerilkon		The tomb, therefore, should be watched by knights.
That he were rysen hym self alon,		
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone		
with knyghtys heynd,	181	
To thise thre ¹ dayes be commen and gone		
And brought tiH ende.	183	
(31)		
<i>pilatus.</i> Now, certys, sir, fuH weH ye say,		
And for this ilk poynt to puruay		
I shaH, if that I may ;		
he shaH not ryse,	187	Pilate agrees.
Nor none shaH wyn hym thens away		
of nokyus wyse.	189	

¹ MS. iij.

(32)

Pilate bids
his knights
guard the
body of
Jesus,

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys dughty,
And chosen for chefe of cheualry,
As I may me in you affy,

By day and nyght, 193
ye go and kepe ihesu body

with aH youre myght; 195

(33)

that no
traitor steal
it.

And for thyng that be may,
kepe hym weH vnto the thryd day,
That no tratur steyH his cors you fray,

Out of that sted; 199

ffor if ther do, truly I say,
ye shaH be dede. 201

(34)

They express
their readi-
ness with
boasts,

primus Miles. yis, sir pilate, in certan,
we shaH hym kepe with aH oure mayn;
Ther shaH no tratur with no trayn

SteyH hym vs fro; 205

Sir knyghtys, take gere that best may gayn,
And let vs go. 207

(35)

and take up
their station
round the
tomb. still
boasting.

Secundus Miles. yis, certys, we are aH redy bowne,
we shaH hym kepe tiH youre renowne;

On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,
we aH in fere; 211

And I shaH fownde to crak his crowne
whoso commys here. 213

(36)

primus Miles. who shuld be where, fayn wold I wytt.

Secundus Miles. Euen on this syde wyH I sytt.

Tercius Miles. And I shaH fownde his feete to flytt.

iiijus miles. we ther shrew ther! 217

Now by mahowne, fayn wold I wytt
who durst com here 219

(37)

[Fol. 103, b.]

This cors with treson forto take,
ffor if it were the burnand drake
Of me styfly he gatt a strake,

- haue here my hand ; 223 They will warrant the safety of the body for these three days.
- To thise thre¹ dayes be past, [The soldiers sleep: Jesus rises.] 225
- This cors I dar warand. 225
- Tunc cantabunt angeli "Christus² resurgens," & postea dicet ihesus.*
- (38)
- ¶ Ihesus. Erthly man, that I haue wrought, 223 Jesus calls men to remember what He has done for them.
- wightly wake, and slepe thou noght !
- with bytter bay^H I haue the boght^t,
- To make the fre ; 229
- Into this dongeon depe I soght
- And a^H for luf of the. 231
- (39)
- Behold how dere I wold the by !
- My woundys ar wey^{tt} and a^H bloody ;
- ¶ The, synfu^H man, fu^H dere boght I
- Withth tray and teyn ; 235 Let them not defile themselves now
- Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,
- Now art thou cleyn. 237 He has cleansed them.
- (40)
- Clene haue I mayde the, synfu^H man, ¶
- Withth wo and wandreth I the wan,
- ffrom harte and syde the blood out^t ran,
- Sich was my pyne ; 241
- Thou must me luf that thus gaf than
- My lyfe for thyne. 243
- (41)
- ¶ Thou synfu^H man that by me gase,
- Tytt vnto me thou turne thi face ;
- Behold^t my body, in ilka place
- how it was dight^t ; 247 Let them look on His torn and wounded body.
- A^H to-rent and a^H to-shentt,
- Man, for thy plight. 249
- (42)
- With cordes enewe and ropys toghe
- The Iues fe^H my lymmes out-drogh^t,
- ffor that I was not mete enoghe
- vnto the bore ; 253
- with hard stowndys thise depe woundys
- Tholyd I thefore. 255

¹ MS. iij.

² MS. xps.

(43)

His pains
and shame
were all
borne for
man,

A crowne of thorne, that is so kene,
Thay set apon my hede for tene,
Two thefys hang thai me betwene,

AH for dyspyte;

259

This payn ilk dele thou shaH wyt wele,
May I the wyte.

261

(44)

Behald my shankes and my knees,
Myn armes and my thees;

[Fol. 104, a.] Behold me weH, looke what thou sees,

Bot sorow and pyne;

265

Thus was I spylt, man, for thi gylt,
And not for myne.

267

(45)

And yit more vnderstand thou shaH;
In stede of drynk thay gaf me gaf,
AseH thay menged it withaH,

The Iues feH;

271

to save his
soul from
hell.

The payn I haue, tholyd I to saue
Mans sauH from heH.

273

(46)

Behold^e my body how Iues it dang
with knottys of whyppys and scorges strang;
As stremes of weH the bloode out sprang

On euery syde;

277

knottes where thay hyt, weH may thou wyt,
Maide woundys wyde.

279

(47)

And therfor thou shaH vnderstand
In body, heed, feete, and hand,
ffour hundreth woundys and fyue¹ thowsand
here may thou se;

283

And therto neyn² were delt fuH euen
ffor luf of the.

285

(48)

Behold^e on me noght els is lefte,
And or that thou were fro me refte,
A^h thise paynes wold I thole efte

And for the dy ;	289	Man may see
here may thou se that I luf the,		how great is
Man, faythfully.	291	the love of
		Jesus for
		him.
(49)		
Sen I for luf, man, boght the dere,		
As thou thi self the sothe sees here,		
I pray the hartely, with good chere,		Let him then
luf me agane ;	295	love Jesus
That it lyked me that I for the		again,
tholyd aH this payn.	297	
(50)		
If thou thy lyfe in syn haue led,		and ask for
Mercy to ask be not adred ;		the mercy
The leste drope I for the bled		which can
Myght elens the soyn,	301	cleanse from
AH the syn the warld with in		all sin.
If thou had done.	303	
(51)		
I was weH wrother with Iudas		Jesus was
ffor that he wold not ask me no grace,		ready to
Then I was for his trespass		show mercy
That he me sold ;	307	even to
I was redy to shew mercy,		Judas,
Aske none he wold.	309	would he but
		have asked
		it.
(52)		
lo how I hold myn armes on brede,		
The to saue ay redy mayde ;		
That I great luf ay to the had,		
weH may thou know !	313	
Som luf agane I wold fuH fayn		
Thou wold me shaw. ¹	315	
(53)		
Bot luf noght els aske I of the,		[Fol. 104, b.]
And that thou fownde fast syn to fle ;		He only asks
pyne the to lyf in charyte		for man's
Both nyght and day ;	319	love.
Then in my blys that neuer shaH mys		
Thou shaH dweH ay.	321	

¹ MS. shew.

(54)

Those who will cease
from sin and
ask mercy
He will feed
on His own
body,

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may releasse,
And whoso wilH of synnes seasse
And mercy cry, 325
I grauntt theym here a measse
In brede, myn awne body. 327

(55)

the bread
which by five
words be-
comes His
flesh.

¹[That ilk veray brede of lyfe
Becommys my fleshe in wordys fyfe ;
who so it resaues in syn or stryfe
Bese dede for euer ; 331
And whoso it takys in rightwys lyfe
Dy shaH he neuer.¹] [*Jesus retires, and the three*

(56) *Maries advance.]*

Mary Mag-
dalen la-
ments the
death of
Jesus.

Maria Magdalene. Alas ! to dy with doyh am I dyght !
In world was neuer a wofuller wight,
I drope, I dare, for seying of sight
That I can se ; 337
My lord, that mekiH was of myght,
Is dedH fro me. 339

(57)

Alas ! that I shuld se hys pyne,
Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne,
ffor to ich sore he was medecyne
And boytte of aH ; 343
help and holdH to euer ilk hyne
To hym wold caH. 345

(58)

Mary Jacobi
faints to
think of His
wounds.

Maria Iacobi. Alas ! how stand I on my feete
when I thynk on his woundys wete !
Ihesus, that was on luf so swete,
And neuer dyd yH, 349
Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,
withoutten skyH. 351

(59)

Maria solomee. withoutten skyH thise Iues ilkon
That luffy lord thay haue hym slone,
And trespas dyd he neuer none,

¹ Crossed out with red ink (after the Reformation ?).

In nokyn steek;	355	Mary Salome
To whom shaft we now make oure mone?		asks to
Oure lord is ded.	357	whom may
(60)		they make
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Sen he is ded, my systers dere,		their moan
weynd we wiȝ with fuȝh good chere.		now Jesus is
with oure anoyntmentys fare and clere		dead?
That we haue broght,	361	The Mag-
fior to anoyntt his woundys sere,		dalene pro-
That Iues hym wroght.	363	poses that
		they go and
(61)		anoint His
<i>Maria Iacobi.</i> Go we then, my systers fre,		wounds.
fior sore me longis his cors to see,		[Fol. 105. a.
Bot I wote neuer how best may be;		Sig. Q. 1.]
help haue we none,	367	The others
And which shaft of vs systers thre		wonder how
remefe the stone?	369	they shall
(62)		move the
<i>Maria salomee.</i> That do we not bot we were mo,		heavy stone.
fior it is hogȝh and heuy also.		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Systers, we thar no farther go		The Mag-
Ne make mowrnyng;	373	dalene sees
I se two syt where we weynd to,		two sitting
In whyte clothyng.	375	by the tomb
(63)		in white
<i>Maria Iacobi.</i> Certys, the sothe is not to hyde,		clothing.
The graue stone is put besyde.		
<i>Maria salomee.</i> Certys, for thyng that may betyde,		
Now wiȝ we weynde	379	
To late the luf, and with hym byde,		
that was oure freynde.	381	
(64)		
<i>primus angelus.</i> ye mowrnyng women in youre thoght,		The angels
here in this place whome haue ye soght?		tell the
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Ihesu that vnto ded was broght,		women that
Oure lord so fre.	385	Jesus is not
<i>Secundus angelus.</i> Certys, women, here is he noght;		there.
Com nere and se.	387	"I am anathema"

(65)

Jesus is risen,	<i>primus angelus.</i> he is not here, the sothe to say, The place is voyde ther in he lay; The sudary here se ye may was on hym layde; he is rysen and gone his way, As he you sayde.	391 393
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(66)

and shall be found in Galilee.	<i>Secundus angelus.</i> Euen as he saide so done has he, he is rysen thurgh his pauste; he shalbe fon in galale, In fleshe and feH; To his dyseypyls now weynd ye, And thus thaym teH.	 397 399
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(67)

The Mag- dalene bids the others preach what they have heard.	<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> My systers fre, sen it is so, That he is resyn the deth thus fro, As saide tiH vs thise angels two, Oure lord and leche, As ye haue hard where that ye go Loke that ye preche.	 403 405
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(68)

<i>Maria Iacobi.</i> As we haue hard so shaH we say; Mare, oure syster, haue good day! <i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Now veray god, as he weH may, Man most of myght, he wysH you, systers, weH in youre way, And rewle you right.	 409 411
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(69)

[Fol. 105, b.] She again laments Christ's suf- ferings.	Alas, what shaH now worth on me? My catyf hart wyH breke in thre when that I thynk on that ilk bodye how it was spylt; Thurgh feete and handys nalyd was he Withoutten) gylt.	 415 417
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(70)

withoutten gylt then was he tayne, That luffly lord, thay haue hym slayn, And tryspas dyd he neuer nane,
--

Ne yit no mys ;	421	It was for
It was my gylt he was fortayn,		her guilt He
And nothing his.	423	suffered, for
		none of His
		own.

(71)

how myght I, bot I lufyd that swete
That for me suffred woundys wete,
Sythen to be grafen vnder the grete,

Sich kyndnes kythe ;	427
Ther is nothyng tiH that we mete	
may make me blythe.	[The women retire, and the

(72) *soldiers then wake.*]

primus Miles. Outt, alas ! what shaH I say ?
where is the cors that here in lay ?

The soldiers
discover the
disappear-
ance of the
body, and
cry harrow !

<i>Secundus Miles.</i> what alys the man ? he is away	
That we shuld tent !	433

primus Miles. Ryse vp and se.

<i>Secundus miles.</i> harrow ! thefe ! for ay	
I cownte vs shent !	435

(73)

Tercius miles. what devyH alys you two
sich nose and cry thus forto may ?

Secundus Miles. flor he is gone.¹

<i>Tercius Miles.</i> Alas, wha ?	439
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Secundus Miles. he that here lay.

<i>Tercius Miles.</i> harrow ! deviH ! how swa gat he away ?	441
--	-----

(74)

Quartus miles. what, is he thus-gatys from vs went,
The fals tratur that here was lentt,

That we truly to tent

had vndertane ?	445	They fear
Certainly I teH vs shent		they will be
		punished.

holly ilkane.

447

(75)

primus Miles. Alas, what shaH I do this day
Sen this tratur is won away ?

And safely, syrs, I dar weH say

he rose alon.	451
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<i>Secundus Miles.</i> wytt sir pilate of this enfray	
we mon be slone.	453

¹ "go" is needed to rhyme with "two."

(76)

The second
soldier him-
self saw
Jesus go.

Quartus Miles. wote ye weH he rose in dede?

Secundus Miles. I sagh myself when that he yede.

primus Miles. when that he styrryd out of the steed

None couth it ken.

457

Quartus Miles. Alas, hard hap was on my hede

emang aH men.

459

(77)

[Fol. 106, a.
Sig. Q. 2.]

Tercius Miles. ye, bot wyt sir pilate of this dede,

That we were slepand when he yede,

we mon forfett, withoutten drede,

AH that we haue.

463

They think
they must
invent some
lie,

Quartus Miles. we must make lees, for that is nede,

Oure self to saue.

465

(78)

primus Miles. That red I weH, so myght I go.

Secundus Miles. And I assent therto also.

as that a
thousand
armed men
stole the
body.

Tercius Miles. A thowsand shaH I assay, and mo,

weH armed ilkon,

469

Com and toke his cors vs fro,

had vs nere slone.

471

(79)

The fourth
soldier is
bold to tell
Pilate what
has really
happened.

Quartus miles. Nay, certys, I hold ther none so good

As say the sothe right as it stude,

how that he rose with mayn and mode,

And went his way ;

475

To sir pilate, if he be wode,

Thus dar I say.

477

(80)

primus Miles. why, and dar thou to sir pilate go

with thise tythyngys, and teH hym so?

Secundus Miles. So red I that we do also,

we dy bot oones.

481

Tercius Miles & omnes. Now he that wrought vs aH this wo

wo worth his bones!

483

(81)

Quartus Miles. Go we sam, sir knyghtys heynd,

Sen we shaH to sir pilate weynd,

I trow that we shaH parte no freynd,

Or that we pas. [They come to Pilate.] 487 The first
primus Miles. Now and I shaH teH ilka word tiH ende, soldier-greets
 right as it was. 489 Pilate and
 the priests.

(82)

Sir pilate, prynce withoutten peyr,
 Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,
 And aH the lordys aboute you there,
 To neuen by name; 493
 Mahowne you saue on sydys sere
 ffro syn and shame. 495

(83)

pilatus. ye ar welcom, oure knyghtys so keyn, Pilate asks
 A mekiH myrth now may we meyn, for news.
 Bot teH vs som talking vs betwene,
 How ye haue wrought. 499
primus Miles. Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,
 Is worth to noght. 501

(84)

Cayphas. To noght? alas, seasse of sich saw. They tell
Secundus Miles. The prophete ihesu, that ye weH knaw, him the
 Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw, prophet is
 with mayn and myght. 505 risen.
pilatus. Therfor the deviH the aH to-draw, He re-
 vyle recrayd knyght! 507 proaches
 them.

(85)

what! combred cowardys I you caH!
 lett ye hym pas fro you aH?
Tercius Miles. Sir, ther was none that durst do bot smaH They plead
 when that he yede. 511 fright.
Quartus Miles. we were so ferde we can drowne faH,
 Aud qwoke for drede. 513

(86)

[Fol. 106, b.]

primus miles. we were so rad, euerilkon,
 when that he put besyde the stone,
 we quoke for ferl, and durst styr none,
 And sore we were abast. 517
pilatus. whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone?
Secundus miles. ye, lord, that be ye trast, 519
 Jesus rose
 by Himself
 alone.

(87)

There was a
wondrous
melody when
He rose.

we hard neuer on euyn ne morne,

Nor yit oure faders vs beforne,

Sich melody, myd-day ne morne,

As was maide thore.

523

pilatus. Alas, then ar oure lawes forlorne

ffor euer more !

525

(88)

Pilate asks
the advice
of Caiaphas.

A, deviH ! what shaH now worth of this ?

This world farys with quantys ;

I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys

Of this enfray.

529

Caiphas. Sir, and I couth oght by my clergys,

ffayn wold I say.

531

(89)

Annas
counsels
him to re-
ward the
soldiers, and
make them
tell another
story.

Anna. To say the best for sothe I shaH ;

It shalbe profett for vs aH,

yond knyghtys behovys thare wordys agane caH,

how he is myst ;

535

we wold not, for thyng that myght befaH,

That no man wyst :

537

(90)

And therfor of youre curtessie

Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.

pilatus. Of this counseH weH paide am I,

It shalbe thus.

541

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys doghty,

Take tent tiH vs ;

543

(91)

Pilate bids
them say
10,000 men
in good
array stole
the body
from them.

herkyns now how ye shaH say,

where so ye go by nyght or day ;

Ten thowsand¹ men of good aray

Cam you vntiH,

547

And thefyschly toke his cors you fray

Agans youre wiH.

549

(92)

loke ye say thus in euery land,

And therto on this couande

Ten thowsand pounds² haue in youre hande

¹ MS. XM^l.² XM^l li.

To youre rewarde ;	553	He gives
And my frenship, I vnderstande,		them £10,000
Shall not be sparde ;	555	as their
		reward.

(93)

Bot loke ye say as we haue kende.		
<i>primus miles.</i> yis, sir, as mahowne me mende,		They pro-
In ilk contree where so we lende		mise com-
By nyght or day,	559	pliance, and
where so we go, where so we weynd,		are dis-
Thus shall we say.	561	missed.

(94)

pilatus. The blyssing of mahowne be with you nyght
and day !

[*Pilate and the soldiers retire. Mary and Jesus advance.*]

<i>Maria magdalene.</i> Say me, garthynere, I the pray,		[Fol. 107, a.
If thou bare oght my lord away ;		Sig. Q. 3.]
Tell me the sothe, say me not nay,		
where that he lyys,	566	Mary Mag-
And I shall remeue hym if I may,		dalene asks
On any kyn wyse.	568	the Gardener
		if He knows
		where her
		Lord's body
		is ?

(95)

<i>Ihesus.</i> woman, why wepys thou ? be styll !	
whome sekys thou ? say me thy wyll,	
And nyk me not with nay.	571

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> ffor my lord I lyke full yll ;	
The stede thou bare his body tyll	
Tell me I the pray ;	574
And I shall if I may / his body bere with me,	
Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I be.	576

(96)

<i>Ihesus.</i> woman, woman, turn thi thocht !	
wyt thou well I hyd hym noght,	
Then bare hym nawre with me ;	579
Go seke, loke if thou fynde hym oght.	

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> In fayth I haue hym sought,		She has
Bot nawre he will fond be.	582	sought but
		cannot find
		Him.

(97)

<i>Ihesus.</i> why, what was he to the / In sothfastnes to say ?		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> A ! he was to me / no longer dwell I may.		
<i>Ihesus.</i> Mary, thou sekys thy god, and that am I.	585	
		Jesus reveals
		Himself.

(98)

Mary wor-
ships Jesus.*Maria Magdalene.* Rabony, my lord so dere !

Now am I hole that thou art here,

Suffer me to negh the nere,

And kys thi feete ;

589

Myght I do so, so weH me were,

ffor thou art swete.

591

(99)

He bids her
not to touch
Him, but to
bear His
commands
to His dis-
ciples.*Ihesus.* Nay, mary, neghe thou not me,

ffor to my fader, teH I the,

yit steyynd I noght ;

594

TeH my brethere I shaH be

Before theym aH in trynnte

whose wiH that I haue wroght.

597

To peasse now ar thay boght / that prysond were in pyne,

wherfor thou thank in thocht / god, thi lord and myne

599

(100)

Mary thou shaH weynde me fro,

Myn erand shaH thou grathly go,

In no fowndyng thou faH ;

602

To my dyseypyls say thou so,

That wilsom ar and lappyd in wo,

That I thaym socoure shaH.

605

By name peter thou caH / and say that I shaH be

Before hym and theym aH / my self in galye.

607

(101)

Mary pro-
mises obedi-
ence, and
rejoices at
having seen
the Lord.*Maria Magdalene.* lord, I shaH make my vyage

to teH theym hastely ;

ffro thay here that message

thay wiH be aH mery.

611

[Fol. 107, b.]

This lord was slayn, alas for-thy,

ffalsly spylyt, noman wyst why,

whore he dyd mys ;

614

Bot with hym spake I bodely,

ffor-thi commen is my blys.

616

(102)

Mi blys is commen, my care is gone,

That lufly haue I mett alone ;

I am as blyth in bloode and bone

As euer was wight;	620	He is risen
Now is he resyn that ere was slone,		that was
Mi hart is light.	622	slain.

(103)

I am as light as leyfe on tre,	
ffor ioyfuH sight that I can se,	
ffor weH I wote that it was he	
My lord ihesu ;	626
he that betrayde that fre	
sore may he rew.	628

(104)

To galyle now wiH I fare,		She will go
And his dyseyples each from care ;		to Galilee
I wote that thay wiH mowrne no mare,		and release
Commyn is thare blys ;	632	the disciples
That worthi childe that mary bare		from care.
he amende youre mys.	634	

Explicit resurreccio domini.

XXVII.

*Peregrini.*¹

[2 nine-line stanzas, no 4 aaaab cccb, no. 30 ababe ddde ; 5 eight-line, abababab ; 6 seven-line, nos. 39, 59 abab cdc, the rest ababc bc ; 40 six-line, aaab ab ; 6 four-line, abab ; 1 couplet.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

Cleophas

Lucas

Jesus.]

Cleophas.

(1)

A	Imyghty god, ihesu ! ihesu	
	That borne was of a madyn fre,	
	Thou was a lord and prophete trew,	
	whyls thou had lyfe on lyfe to be	4
	Emangys thise men ;	
	yH was thou ded, so wo is me	
	that I it ken !	7

Cleophas
laments for
Jesus.

¹ "fysher pagent" is written underneath the title in a later hand.

(2)

Why was
man so
blind as to
slay his
Lord?

I ken it weH that thou was slayn

Oonly for me and aH mankynde ;

Therto thise Iues were fuH bayn.

Alas ! why was thou, man, so blynde

11

Thi lord to slo ?

On hym why wold thou haue no mynde,

bot bett hym blo ?

14

(3)

[Fol. 108, a.
Sig. Q. 4.]

Blo thou bett hym bare / his brest thou maide aH blak,

his woundes aH wete thay ware / Alas, withoutten lak !

16

(4)

Luke
laments the
death of
man's
physician.

Lucas. That lord, alas, that leche / that was so meke and
mylde,

So weH that couth vs preche / with syn was neuer fylde ;

he was fuH bayn to preche / vs aH from warkes wylde,

his ded it wiH me drech, / ffor thay hym so begylde

This day ;

21

Alas, why dyd thay so

To tug hym to and fro ?

ffrom hym wold thay not go

To his lyfe was away.

25

(5)

They recall
how Jesus
was tortured
by the Jews.

Cleophas. Thise cursyd Iues, euer worth thaym wo !

Oure lord, oure master, to ded gart go,

AH sakles thay gart hym slo

Apon the rode,

29

And forto bete his body blo

Thay thocht fuH good.

31

(6)

Lucas. Thou says fuH sothe, thay dyd hym payn,

And therto were thay euer fayn.

Thay wold no leyf or he was slayn

And done to ded ;

35

ffor-thi we mowrne with mode and mayn,

with rufuH red.

37

(7)

Cleophas. yee, rufully may we it rew,

ffor hym that was so good and trew,

That thugh the falshede of a Iew

- | | | |
|--|----|--|
| was thus betrayd ; | 41 | Their own
sorrow is
ever fresh. |
| Therfor oure sorow is euer new, | | |
| Oure ioy is layd. | 43 | |
| (8) | | |
| <i>Lucas</i> , Certys, it was a wonder thyng | | They marvel
at the un-
belief of the
Jews, |
| That thay wold for no tokynyng, | | |
| Ne yit for his techyng, | | |
| Trast in that trew ; | 47 | |
| Thay myght haue sene in his doying | | |
| ffuH great vertu. | 49 | |
| (9) | | |
| <i>Cleophas</i> . ffor aH that thay to hym can say | | and the
meekness of
Jesus. |
| he answard neuer with yee, ne nay, | | |
| Bot as a lam meke was he ay, | | |
| ffor aH thare threte ; | 53 | |
| he spake neuer, by nyght ne day, | | |
| No wordes greatte. | 55 | |
| (10) | | |
| <i>Lucas</i> . AH if he wor withoutten plight, | | |
| Vnto the ded yit thay hym dight ; | | |
| If he had neuer so mekiH myght | | |
| he suffred aH ; | 59 | He stood
still as stone
in wall. |
| he stud as stiH, that bright, | | |
| As stone in waH. | 61 | |
| (11) | | |
| <i>Cleophas</i> . Alas, for doyH ! what was thare skyH | | How could
the Jews
slay Him ? |
| That precyous lord so forto spiH ? | | |
| And he seruyd neuer none yH | | |
| In worde, ne dede ; | 65 | |
| Bot prayd for theym his fader tiH | | |
| To ded when that he yede. | 67 | |
| (12) | | |
| <i>Lucas</i> . When I thynk on his passyon, | | [Fol. 108, b.]
The remem-
brance of
his mother's
sorrow
makes them
ready to die. |
| And on his moder how she can swoyn, | | |
| To dy nere am I bowne, | | |
| ffor sorow I sagH hir make ; | 71 | |
| Vnder the crosse when she feH downe, | | |
| ffor hir son sake. | 73 | |

(13)

The blows of
the Jews
made His
body blue.

Cleophas. Me thynk my hart is full of wo
when I sagh hym to ded go ;

Th[e] wekyd Iues thay were so thro

To wyrk hym woghē,

77

his fare body thay maide full blo

with strokes enoghe.

79

(14)

When He
asked for
drink they
gave Him
vinegar and
gall.

Lucas. Me thynk my hart droppys aH in bloode
when I sagh hym hyng on the roode,

And askyd a drynk, with full mylde mode,

Right than in hy ;

83

Asch and gall, that was not good,

Thay brought hym then truly.

85

(15)

No man ever
suffered half
as much.

Cleophas. was neuer man in no-kyns steede

That suffred half so greatt mysdede

As he, to ded or that he yede,

Ne yit the care ;

89

ffor-thi full carefull is my red

where soeuer I fare.

91

(16)

Lucas. where so I fare he is my mynde,

Bot when I thynk on hym so kynde,

how sore gyltles that he was pynde

Apon a tre,

95

Vnethes may I holde my mynde,

So sore myslykys me.

97

hic renit ihesus in apparatu peregrini.

(17)

Jesus asks
why they
walk so sor-
rowfully?

Ihesus. Pylgrymes, whi make ye this mone,

And walk so rufully by the way ?

haue ye youre gates vngrathly gone ?

Or what you alys to me ye say.

101

(18)

what wordes ar you two emange,

That ye here so sadly gang ?

To here theym eft full sore I lang,

here of yow two ;	105	He desires to know what are they talking off
It semys ye ar in sorow strang,		
here as ye go.	107	

(19)

<i>Cleophas.</i> what way, for shame, man, has thou tayn		Cleophas asks how it is He has not heard of this affray?
That thou wote not of this affray ?		
Thow art a man by the alane,		
Thow may not please me to my pay.	111	

(20)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I pray you, if it be youre wiH,		
Those Wordys ye wold ^r rehearse me tyH ;		[Fol. 109, a.] Jesus asks them to tell Him.
ye ar aH heuy and lykys yH		
here in this way ;	115	
If ye wiH now shew me youre [wyll]		
I wold you pray.	117	

(21)

<i>Lucas.</i> Art thou a pilgreme thi self alone,		Luke cannot believe He has not heard.
walkand in contry bi thyn oone,		
And wote not what is comen and gone		
within few dayes ?	121	
Me thynk thou shuld make mone,		
And wepe here in thi wayes.	123	

(22)

<i>Ihesus.</i> whi, what is done can ye me say		Jesus again asks to be told.
In this land this ylk day ?		
Is ther fallen any affray		
In land awre whare ?	127	
If ye can, me teH I you pray,		
Or that I farthere fare.	129	

(23)

<i>Cleophas.</i> why, knowys thou not what thyng is done		They tell Him they are mourning the death of a prophet, Jesus of 'Nazarene'
here at Ierusalem thus sone,		
Thrug ^r wykyd Iues, withoutten hone,		
And noght lang syn ?	133	
flor the trewe prophete make we this mone,		
And for his pyne.	135	

(24)

Lucas. yee for ihesu of nazarene,
That was a prophete true and clene,
In word, in wark, fuH meke, I w^rne,

(30)

Thay saide a childe there shuld be borne

To by mankynde combryd in care ;

Thus saide dauid here beforne

And othere prophetys wyse of lare,

And danieH ;

177

Som saide he ded shuld be,

And ly in ertH by dayes thre,

And sithen, through his pauste,

Ryse vp in flesh and felt.

181

(31)

Cleophas. Now, sir, for sothe, as god me saue,

women has flayed vs in oure thoght ;

Thay saide that thay were at his graue,

And in that sted^t thay faunde hym noght,

Bot saide a light

185

Com downe with angels, and vp hym broght

Ther in thare sight^t.

188

(32)

we wold not trow theym for nothyng,

If thay were ther in the mornying,

we saide thay knew not his rysyng

when it shuld be ;

192

Bot som of vs, without dwellyng,

went^t theder to se.

194

(33)

Lucas. yee, som of vs, sir, haue beyn thare,

And faunde it as the women saide,¹

Out of that sted that cors was fare,

And also the graue stone put besyde,

we se with ee ;

198

The teres outt of myn ees can glyde,

ffor doyH I dre.

201

(34)

Ihesus. ye foyles, ye ar not stabyH !

where is youre witt, I say ?

wilsom of hart ye ar vnabyH

And outt of the right way,

205

It was fore-
told that He
should lie
three days in
earth and
rise by His
power.

The disciples
tell of the
report of
the women,

of how they
distrusted it,

but found it
was true.

Jesus re-
proaches
them.

¹ assonance to "besyde," "glyde."

Jesus knew
that Judas
should be-
tray Him.

fior to trow it is no fabyH
that at is fallen this same day.
he wyst, when he sat at his tabiH,
that Iudas shuld hym sone betray.

209

Did not the
prophets
foretell His
death and
resurrection?

Me think you aH vntrist to trow,
both in mode and mayn,
AH that the prophetys told to you
before, it is no trane.

213

[Fol. 110, a]

Told not thay what wyse and how
That cryst shuld suffre payn?
And so to his paske bow
To entre tiH his ioy agane.

217

(36)

Take tent to moyses and othere mo,
that were prophetys trew and good;
Thay saide ihesus to ded shuld go,
And pynde be on roode;
Thurgh the Iues be maide fuH blo,
his woundys rynyng on red blode;
Sithen shuld he ryse and furth go
before, right as he yode.

221

225

(37)

Christ must
needs suffer
thus, and
then enter
into bliss.

Crist behovid to suffre this,
fforsothe, right as I say,
And sithen enter into his blys
vnto his fader for ay,
Euer to won with hym and his,
where euer is gam and play;
Of that myrth shaH he neuer mys
ffro he weynde hens away.

229

233

(38)

Cleophas
thanks Jesus
for His
words

Cleophas. Now, sir, we thank it fuH oft sythes,
the commyng of you heder;
To vs so kyndly kythes
the prophecy aH to geder.

237

(39)

Ihesus. By leyff now, sirs, for I must weynde,
ffor I haue far of my iornay.
lucas. Now, sir, we pray you, as oure freynde,

AH nyght to abyde for charite,	241	Luke prays
And take youre r[est];		Him to stay
At morne more prest then may ye be		with them
to go fuH prest.	244	this night,

(40)

<i>Cleophas.</i> Sir, we you pray, for godys sake,	
This nyght penance with vs to take,	
With sich chere as we can make,	
And that we pray;	248
we may no farther walk ne wake,	
Gone is the day.	250

(41)

<i>Lucas.</i> DweH with vs, sir, if ye myght,	
ffor now it ¹ waxes to the nyght,	
The day is gone that was so bright,	
No far thou shaH;	254
Mete and drynk, sir, we you hight	
ffor thi good tale.	256

(42)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I thank you both, for sothe, in fere,		
At this tyme I ne may dweH here,		
I haue to walk in wayes sere,		
where I haue hight;	260	
I may not be, withoutten were,		
With you aH nyght.	262	

(43)

<i>Cleophas.</i> Now, as myght I lyf in qwarte,		
At this tyme wiH we not parte,		
Bot if that thou can more of arte		
Or yit of lare;	266	
Vnto this cyte, with good harte,		
Now let vs fare.	268	

(44)

<i>Lucas.</i> Thou art a pilgreme, as we ar,		
This nyght shaH thou fare as we fare,		
Be it les or be it mare		
Thou shaH assay;	272	
Then to-morne thou make the yare		
To weynde thi Way.	274	

[Fol. 110, b.]

¹ MS. is.

(45)

Jesus con-
sents to
abide awhile.*Ihesus.* ffreyndys, forto fulfih youre wiH

I wiH abyde with you awhyle.

Cleophas. Sir, ye ar welcom, as is skyH,

To sich as we haue, bi sant gyle.

278

(46)

Lucas. Now ar we here at this towne,

I red that we go syft vs downe,

And forto sowpe we make vs bowne,

Now of oure fode ;

282

we haue enogh, sir, bi my crowne,

Of godys goode.

284

Tunc parent mensam.

(47)

Cleophas. lo, here a borde and clothe laide,

And breed theron, aH redy graide ;

Sit we downe, we shalbe paide,

And make good chere ;

288

It is bot penaunce, as we saide,

That we haue here.

290

*Tunc recumbent & sedebit ihesus in medio eorum, tunc
benedicet ihesus panem & franget in tribus partibus,
& postea euanebit ab oculis eorum ; & dicet lucas,*

(48)

They are
amazed at
His sudden
disappear-
ance in
breaking
bread.*Lucas.* wemmow ! where is this man becom,

Right here that sat betwix vs two ?

he brake the breed and laide vs som ;

how myght he hens now fro vs go

294

At his awne lyst ?

It was oure lorde, I trow right so,

And we not wyst.

297

(49)

Cleophas. When went he hens, whedir, and how,

What I ne wote in warld so wyde,

ffor had I wyten, I make a vowe,

he shuld haue byden, what so betyde ;

301

(50)

Bot it were ihesus that with vs was,

Selcowth me thynke, the sothe to say,

Thus preuall from vs to pas,
I wist neuer when he went away.
we were full blynde, euer alas!
I tell vs now begylde for ay,
ffor spech and bewte that he has
Man myght hym know this day.

305

They hold
themselves
beguiled for
not having
recognised
Him.

309

(51)

Lucas. A, dere god, what may this be?
Right now was he here by me;
Now is this greatt vanyte,
he is away;
We ar begyld, by my lewte,
So may we say.

313

[Fol. 111, a.]

315

(52)

Cleophas. where was oure hart, where was oure thocht,
So far on gate as he vs broght,
knowlege of hym that we had noght
In all that tyme?
So was he lyke, bi hym me wroght,
Till oon pylgryme.

319

321

He was so
like to a
pilgrim.

(53)

Lucas. Dere god, why couth we hym not knawe?
so openly all on a raw
The tayles that he can till vs shaw,
By oone and oon;
And now from vs within a thraw
Thus sone is gone.

325

327

(54)

Cleophas. I had no knowlege it was he,
Bot for he brake this brede in thre,
And delt it here to the and me
With his awne hande;
When he passyde hence we myght not se,
here syttande.

331

333

(55)

Lucas. Wee ar to blame, yee, veramente,
That we toke no better tente
whils we bi the way wente

They blame
themselves
for not
taking more
heed.

With hym that stownd ; 337
 knowlege of hym we myght haue hentt,
 Syttyng on grownd. 339

(56)

They knew
 Him as soon
 as He took
 the bread
 and brake it.

Cleophas. ffro he toke breede fuH weH I wyst,
 And brake it here with his awne fyste,
 And laide it vs at his awne lyst,

As we it hent ; 343
 I knew hym then, and sone it kyst
 with goodl intende. 345

(57)

Lucas. That we hym knew wist he weH enogh,
 Therfor aH sone he hym with-drogh,
 ffro he saw that we hym knogh,
 with in this sted ; 349

I haue ferly what way and how
 Away that he shuld glyde.¹ 351

(58)

Cleophas. Alas, we war fuH myrk in thocht,
 bot we were both fuH wiH of red ;
 Man, for shame whi held thou noght
 when he on borde brake vs this breede ? 355

(59)

he soght the prophecy more and les
 And told it vs right in this sted,
 how that he hym self was
 With wykid Iues broght to ded. 359
 And more ;
 we wiH go seke that kyng
 That suffred woundes sore. 362

(60)

They will go
 to Jerusalem
 and tell the
 brethren.

lucas. Ryse, go we hence fro this place,
 To Ierusalem take we the pace,
 And teH oure brethere aH the case,
 I red right thus ; 366
 ffrom ded to lyfe when that he rase
 he apperyd tiH vs. 368

¹ assonance to "sted."

(61)

Cleophas. At Ierusalem I vnderstande, [Fol. 111, b.]
 Ther hope I that they be dwelland,
 In that countre and in that land
 We shaH theym mete. 372
 Weynd we furth, I dar warand,
 Right in the strete. 374

(62)

lucas. let vs not tary les ne mare, They will be
 Bot on oure feete fast lett vs fare ; sure to meet
 I hope we shaH be eachid fro care them there
 fluH sone, Iwys ; 378
 That blyssid childe that marie bare
 Grauntt you his blys. 380

Expliciunt peregrini.

XXVIII.

Thomas Indie.¹

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>	<i>Quartus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Octavus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Paulus.</i>	<i>Quintus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Novenus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Petrus.</i>	<i>Sextus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Decimus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Tercius Apostolus.</i>	<i>Septimus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Thomas Apostolus.</i>

[10 six-line stanzas, aab aab ; 72 four-line no. 5, abab, the rest (with central rymes), aaaa ; and 1 triplét, with central rymes, no. 14.]

Maria Magdalene. (1)

H AyH brether ! and god be here !
 I bryng to amende youre chere,
 Trist ye it and knawe ; 3
 he is rysen, the soth to say,
 I met hym goyng bi the way,
 he bad me tel it you. 6

(2)

petrus. Do way, woman, thou carpys wast !
 It is som spirite, or els som gast ;
 Othere was it noht ; 9

¹ This Play was originally entitled "Resurreccio domini," the title being written in large letters with red ink as usual ; the alteration to "Thomas Indie" is in small letters and black ink.

- Peter cannot believe a dead man has risen to life. we may trow on nokyns wyse
That ded man may to lyfe ryse ;
This then is oure thoght. 12
(3)
- Paul recalls Jesus' sufferings. *paulus.* It may be sothe for mans mede,
The Iues maide hym grymly blede
Thurgh feete, handys, and syde ; 15
With nayles on rode thay dyd hym hang,
wherfor, woman, thou says wrang,
As myght I blys abide. 18
(4)
- Mary must be wrong. *Maria Magdalene.* Do way youre threpyng ! ar ye wode ?
I sagh hym that dyed on roode,
And with hym spake with mowth ; 21
[Fol. 112, a.] Therfor you both, red I,
spake with Jesus. putt away your heresy,
Tryst it stedfast and cowth. 24
(5)
- Peter reproves her. *petrus.* Do way, woman ! let be thi fare,
fior shame and also syn !
If we make neuer sich care
his lyfe may we not wyn. 28
(6)
- Paul tells her 'there is no trust in womans saw.' *paulus.* And it is wretyn in oure law
' Ther is no trust in womans saw,
No trust faith to belefe ; 31
fior with thare quayntyse and thare gyle
Can thay laghe and wipe som while,
And yit nothyng theym grefe.' 34
(7)
- Women are like apples in hoard, fair to look on, rotten at the core. In oure bookes thus fynde we wretyn,
Aȝ manere of men weȝ it wyttyn,
Of women on this wyse ; 37
Tiȝ an appyȝ she is lyke—
Withoutten faiȝ ther is none slyke—
In horde ther it lyse, 40
(8)
- Bot if a man assay it wittely,
It is fuȝ roten inwardly
At the colke within ; 43

Wherfor in woman is no laghe,		They are irresponsible creatures.
ffor she is withoutten aghe,		
As crist me lowse of syn.	46	

(9)

Therfor trast we not trystely,		We will believe when we see, but not on a woman's word.
Bot if we saghe it witterly		
Then wold we trustly trow ;	49	
In womans saw affy we noght,		
ffor thay ar fekih in word and thoght,		
This make I myne avowe.	52	

(10)

<i>Maria magdalene.</i> As be I lowsid of my care,		Mary protests the truth of her story.
It is as trew as ye stand thare,		
By hym that is my brothere.	55	
<i>petrus.</i> I dar lay my heede to wel,		
Or that we go vntiH oure bed		
That we shaH here anothere.	58	

(11)

<i>paulus.</i> If it be sothe that we here say,	
Or this be <i>the</i> thrid day ¹	
The sothe then mon we se.	61
<i>Maria magdalene.</i> Bot it be sothe to trow,	
As ye mon here, els pray I you	
ffor fals that ye hold me.	64

(12)

<i>petrus.</i> Waloway ! my lefe deres / ² there I stand in this		Peter begins a lamentation for Jesus.
sted,		
sich sorow my hart sheres / for rewth I can no red ;		
sen that mawdleyne witnes beres / that ihesus rose from ded,		
Myn ees has letten salt teres / on erthe to se ym trede.	68	

(13)

Bot alas ! that euer I woke / that carefuH catyf nyght,		Alas that he denied Him.
When I for care and cold qwoke / by a fyre burnyng fuH		
bright,		
When I my lord ihesu forsoke / ffior drede of womansmyght ;	[Fol. 112, b.]	
A rightwys dome I wiH me loke / that I tyne not that		
semely sight,	72	

¹ The words "be the" have been inserted in the MS. at a later date.

² The bars at all the central rymes are not in the MS.

(14)

He had
vowed faith-
fulness, and
yet denied
knowledge
of his
Master.

Bot euer alas! what was I wode! / myght noman be
abarstir;
I saide if he nede be-stode / to hym shuld none be trastir;
I saide I knew not that good / creature my master. 75

(15)

Alas that
they all for-
sook Him.

Alas! that we fro the fled / that we ne had with the gane;¹
When thou with Iues was sted / with the was dwelland
nane.¹

Bot forsoke the that vs fed / for we wold not be tayn;
we were as prysoners sore adred / with Iues forto be
slayn. 79

(16)

Paul prays
that they
may see
Him.

paulus. Now ihesu, for thi lyfe swete / who hath thus
mastyrd the?

That in the breede that we eytt / thi self gyllen wold be;
And sythen thurgh handys and feytt / be nalyd on a tre;
Grauntt vs grace that we may yit / thi light in manhede
se. 83

*Tunc venit ihesus et cantat "pax vobis et non tardabit,
hec est dies quam fecit dominus."*

(17)

The third
and fourth
apostles give
thanks for
the appear-
ance of
Jesus.

Tercius apostolus. This is the day that god maide / aH be
we glad and blythe,

The holy gost before vs glad / fluh softly on his sithe;
Red cloth yng apen he had / and blys to vs can kith;
softly on the erthe he trade / flulle myldly [he did]²
lythe. 87

(18)

Quartus apostolus. This dede thurgh god is done / thus in
aH oure sighte.

Mighty god, true kyng in trone / Whose son in marye
light,

send vs, lord, thi blissid bone / As thou art god of myght,
Sothly to se hym sone / and haue of hym a sight. 91

Iterum venit ihesus, & cantat, "pax vobis & non tardabit."

¹ MS. gone, none.

² Originally "vs."

(19)

Quintus apostolus. Who so commys in goddis name / ay
blissid mot he be !

The fiftth
apostle
desires to
see Jesus in
the body in
which He
died.

MightfuH god shelde vs fro shame / In thi moder name
marie : 93

Thise wykid Iues wiH vs blame / Thou grauntt vs for to se
The self body and the same / the which that died on tre.

(20)

Jesus. peasse emangys you ener ichon ! / it is I, drede
you noght,

Jesus ap-
pears, and
bids them
grope and
feel His flesh
and bone.

That was wonte with you to gone / and dere with ded
you boght. 97

Grope and fele flesH and bone / and fourme of man weH
wroght ;

Sich thyng has goost none / loke wheder ye knawe me
oght. 99

(21)

My rysyng fro dede to lyfe / shaH no man agane moytt ;

[Fol. 113, a.
Sig. R. 1.]

Behold my woundes fyfe / thugh handys, syde, and foytt ;

Let them
behold His
wounds, by
which men
shall be
healed of
sin.

To ded can luf me dryfe / and styrryd my hart roytt.

Of syn who wiH hym shryfe / thyes woundys shalbe his
boytt. 103

(22)

ffor oon so swete a thyng / my self so lefe had wroght,

Man sawH, my dere derlyng / to bateH was I broght ;

ffor it thay can me dyng / to bryng out of my thoght,

On roode can thay me hyng / yit luf forgate I noght. 107

He did
battle for
man's soul,
and forgot
not love.

(23)

luf makys me, as ye may se / strenkyllid with blood so
red ;

luf gars me haue hart so fre / it opyns every sted ;

luf so fre so dampnyd me / it drofe me to the ded ;

luf rasid me thrug his pauste / it is swetter then med. 111

Love caused
His death
and resur-
rection. It
is sweeter
than mead.

(24)

wytterly, man, to the I cry / thou yeme my fader fere,

Thyn awne sawH kepe cleynly / whyls thou art warden
here ;

slo it not with thi body / synnyng in synnes sere, 114

On me and it thou haue mercy / for I haue boght it dere.

Let not men
slay their
souls, which
He has
bought so
dearly.

(25)

Jesus asks
the apostles
for some
meat.

Mi dere freyndys, now may ye se / for soth̄ that [it] is I
That dyed apou the roode tre / and sythen rose bodely ;
That it aH-gatys soth̄fast be / ye shaH se hastily ;
Of youre mett gif ye me / sich̄ as ye haue redy. 119

*paratur mensa, & offerat vi^{us} apostolus fauum mellis &
piscem, dicendo.*

(26)

The sixth
apostle gives
Him roasted
fish and
honeycomb.

sextus apostolus. lord, lo here a rostid fish / and a comb
of hony
laide fuH fare in a dish / and fuH honestly ;
here is none othere mett bot this / in aH oure company,
Bot weH is vs that we haue this / to thi lykyng only. 123

(27)

Jesus asks
His Father
to bless the
meat.

Ihesus. Mi dere fader of heuen / that maide me borne to be
Of a madyn withoutten steven / and sithen to die on tre,
ffrom ded to lif at set stevyn / rasid me through̄ thi
paustee,
with the wordys that I shaH neven / this mette thou blis
through me. 127

(28)

He blesses it
[Fol. 113, b.]
in the name
of the Trin-
ity,

In the fader name and the son / and the holy gast,
Thre persons to knaw and com / in oone godhede stedfast ;
I gif this mett my benyson / through̄ wordys of mygh̄tys
mast ; 130
Now wiH I ette, as I was won / my manhede eft to tast

(29)

and bids
the apostles
eat also.

My dere freyndys lay hand tiH / eyttys for charite ;
I ette at my fader wiH / at my wiH ette now ye.
That I ette is to fulfiH / that writen is of me
In moyses law, for it is skyH / ffulfillyd that it be. 135

(30)

He reminds
them how
He had fore-
told His own
death and
resurrection.

Myn ye noght that I you tolke / in certain tyme and stedk,
When I gaf myself to woldk / to you in fourme of brek,
That my body shuld be solke / my bloode be spylt so red ;
This [co]rs gravyn dedk and coldk / the thrid day ryse fro
ded ? 139

(31)

youre hartes was fulfyllid with drede / whyls I haue fro
you bene ;

Let them
believe what
they haue
seen with
their eyes.

The rysyng of my manhede / vnethes wold^t ye weyn ;
Of trouth now may ye spede / thorow stedfast wordys and
cleyn.

leyf freyndys, trow now the dede / that ye with ees haue
sene. 143

(32)

ye haue forthynkyng and shame / for youre dysseferance,
I forgif you the blame / in me now haue affyance ;
The folk that ar with syn lame / preche theym to repent-
ance,

He forgives
them and
bids them
preach re-
pentance to
sinners.

fforgif syn in my name / enioyne theym to penance. 147

(33)

The grace of the holy gost to wyn / resaue here at me ;

hic respirat in eos.

The which shaH neuer blyn. / I gif you here pauste ;
whom in ertH ye lowse of syn / in heuen lowsyd shaH be,
And whom in ertlie ye bynd ther-in / In heuen bonden be
he. 151

giving them
power to
bind and
loose.

hic discedet ab eis.

(34)

Septimus apostolus. Ihesu crist in trynyte / Ihesu to cry
and caH,

The seventh
apostle
cries on
Jesus to
save them
from vanity
and despair.

That borne was of a madyn fre / thou saue vs synfuH aH !
ffor vs hanged apon a tre / drank aseH and gaH,
Thi seruandys saue fro vanyte / In wanhope that we not
faH. 155

(35)

Octauus apostolus. Brethere, be we stabyH of thoght /
wanhope put we away,

The eighth
exhorts to
stability of
thought.

Of mysbelefe that we be noght / for we may saily say
he that mankynde on rood boght / fro dede rose the thryd
day ;

we se the woundys in hym was wroght / aH bloody yit
were thay. 159

(36)

The ninth
apostle re-
calls Christ's
prophecies
and their
fulfilment.
[Fol. 114, a.
Sig. R. 2.]

Nouenus apostolus. he told vs fyrst he shuld be tain /
And for mans syn shuld dy,
Be ded and beryd vnder a stayn / and after ryse vp bodely ;
Now is he quyk fro grafe gan ¹ / he cam and stode vs by,
And lete vs se ilkan ¹ / the Woundys of his body. 163

(37)

The tenth,
exults in
Christ's
triumph
ouer death.
Only
Thomas has
not seen
Him.

Decimus apostolus. Deth that is so kene / ihesu ouer
comen has,
As he vs told, yit may we mene / fro ded how he shuld
pas ;
Ihesu stode witnes betwene / that with hym dwelland
was,
Ah his dyscyples has hym sene / safe oonly thomas. 167

(38)

Thomas
comes on
lamenting
the suffer-
ings and
death of
Christ.

Thomas. If that I prowde as pacok go, / my hart is full of
care ;
If any sorow myght a man slo / my hart in sonder it
share ;
Mi life wykys me ah this wo / of blys I am full bare,
yit wold I nawthere freynde ne fo / wylt how wo me
ware. 171

(39)

Ihesu, my lyfe so good / ther none myght better be,
None wysere man then better food / nor none kyndere
then he ;
The Iues haue nalyd his cors on rood / nalyd with nales
thre,
And with a spere thay spylt his blood / great sorow it
was to se. 175

(40)

To se the stremes of blood ryn / weH more then doyh it
was,
sich great payn for mans syn / sich doyhfuH ded he has ;
I haue lyfid withoutten wyn / sen he to ded can pas,
for he was fare of cheke and chyn / for doyh of ded alas !

hic pergit ad discipulos.

¹ MS. gon, ilkon.

(41)

Myghty god for to dyscryfe / that neuer dyed, ne shaH,
wo and wandreth from you dryfe / that ye not therin faH.

petrus. he the saue with woundys fyfe / his son ihesu to
caH,

182

That rose from deth to lyfe / and shewyd hym tiH vs aH.

Thomas
greetes the
other dis-
ciples. Peter
tells him of
the Resur-
rection.

(42)

Thomas. whannow, peter! art thou mad? / on lyfe who
was hym lyke!

ffor his deth I am not glad / for sorow my hart wiH breke,
That with the Iues he was so stad / to ded they can hym
wreke;

Thou hym forsoke, so was thou rad / when they to the
can speke.

187

Thomas
thinks Peter
mad, and
reminds him
how he for-
sook Christ.

(43)

paulus. let be, leyf brothere thomas / and turne thi thought
belyfe,

ffor the thryd day ihesus rase / fleshly fro ded to lyfe;

TiH vs aH he cam a pase / and shewyd his woundys fyfe,

And lyfing man, and etten hase / hony takyn of a hyfe.

Paul tells of
Christ's
appearance
to them.

(44)

Thomas. Let be for shame! apartly / ffantom dyssauns
the!

ye sagH hym not bodely / his gost it myght weH be,
fforto glad youre hartes sory / in youre aduersyte;

he luffyd vs weH and faythfully / therfor sloes sorow me.

194

[Fol. 114, b.]

Thomas
thinks them
deceived.

(45)

Tercius apostolus. Thou wote, thomas / and sothe it was,
and oft has thou hard say,

how a fyszH swalod ionas / thre dayes therin he lay;

yit gaf god hym myght to pas / whyk man to wyn away;

Myght not god that sicH myght has / rase his son upon
the thryd day?

199

A third
apostle
recalls the
miracle of
Jonah.

(46)

Thomas. Man, if thou can vnderstand / cryst saide his self,
mynnys me,

That aH lokyn was in his hande / aH oone was god and
he!

The fourth,
fifth, and
sixth
apostles try
to convince
Thomas of
the reality of
Christ's
appearance.

The son wax marke, aH men seand / when he died on the
tre,
Therfor am I full sore dredand / that who myght his
boote be. 203

(47)

Quartus apostolus. The holy gost in marye light / and in
hir madynhede

Godd's son she held and dight / and cled hym in manhede ;
ffor luf he wentt as he had hight / to fight withoutten
drede ;

When He
had finished
the fight He
skipped out
of the body
which
clothed
Him,

when he had termynd that fight / he skypt outt of his
wede. 207

(48)

Thomas. If he skypt outt of his clethyng / yit thou
grauntys his cors was ded ;

It was his cors that maide shewyng / vnto you in his sted ;
fforto trow in youre carpyng / my hart is hevy as led ;
his dede me bryngys in great mowrneyng / and I with-
outten red. 211

(49)

rescued the
souls in
hell, and
rose again
in His body.

Quintus apostolus. The gost went to heH a pase / whils
the cors lay slayn,

And broght the sawles from sathanas / for which he
suffred payn ;

The thryd day right he gase / right vnto the cors agayn,
Mighty god and man he rase¹ / and therfor ar we fayn. 215

(50)

Thomas. AH sam to me ye flyte / youre resons fast ye
shawe,

Bot teH me a skyH perfyte / any of you on raw ; 217
when cryst cam you to vysyte / as ye teH me with saw,
A whyk man from a spyryte / wherby couH ye hym know ?

(51)

Sextus apostolus. Thomas, vnto the anone / herto answere
I wiH ;

Man has both flesh and bone / hu, hyde, and hore thertiH ;
sieH thyng has goost none / thomas, lo, here thi skyH ;
Godd's son toke of mary flesh and bone / what nede were
els thertiH ? 223

¹ MS. rose.

(52)

Thomas. Thou has answerd me ffluH Wele / and fuH skylfully,
 Bot my hart is harde as stele / to trow in sieh mastery ;
 Say, bad he any of you fele / the woundys of his body,
 fflesh or bone or ilka dele / to assay his body? 227

[Fol. 115, a.
 Sig. R. 3.]
Thomas asks
 if Christ
 bade any of
 the apostles
 feel His
 body.

(53)

septimus apostolus. yis, thomas, he bad vs se / and handiH hym with hande,
 To loke wheder it were he / ihesu, man lyfand,
 That dyed apou a tre / flesh and bone we fand, 230
 his woundes had bene pyte / to towen that were bledand.

They tell
 him yes.

(54)

Thomas. Waloway! ye can no good / youre resons ar defaced,
 ye ar as women rad for blood / and lightly oft solaced ;
 It was a goost before you stod / lyke hym in blood
 betraced, 234
 his cors that dyed on rood / for euer hath deth embraced.

He still
 thinks a
 ghost
 appeared to
 them.

(55)

Octauus apostolus. Certys, thomas, gretter care / myght no synfuH wight haue
 Then she had, that wepyd so sare / the mawdleyne at his
 graue ;
 ffior sorow and doyh hir awne hare / of hir hede she rent
 and rafe, 238
 Ihesu shewid hym tiH hir thare / hir sorow of syn to safe.

The eighth
 apostle tells
 him of
 Christ's
 appearance
 to the Mag-
 dalene.

(56)

Thomas. lo, sieh foly with you is / wysemen that shuld be,
 That thus a womans witnes trowys / better than that ye se !
 In aH youre skylles more and les / for mysfowndyng fayth
 ye ; 242
 Might I se ihesu gost and flesh / gropyng shuld not gab me.

Thomas still
 scoffs.

(57)

Nouenus apostolus. Iefe thomas, flyte no more / bot trow
 and turne thi red,
 Or els say vs when and whore / crist gabbyd in any sted ;
 ffior he saide vs when thou was thore / when he hym gaf
 in brek, 246
 That he shuld salfe aH oure sore / quyk rysand fro ded.

The tenth
 apostle re-
 minds him
 how Christ
 foretold His
 own resur-
 rection.

(58)

Thomas
owns
Christ's
truthfulness,
but will not
believe He
lives.

Thomas. he was fuH sothfast in his sawes / that dar I
hertly say,

And rightwys in aH his lawes / whils that he lyfyd ay ;
Bot sen he shuld thole hard thrawes / on tre whils that
he lay, 250

Dede has determyd his dayes / his lyfe noght trow I may.

(59)

Decimus apostolus. Thyne hard hart thi sauH wiH dwyrd /
Thomas, bot if thou blyn ;

he has ded conquerd / and weshen vs aH fro syn.
May nawder knyfe ne swerde / hym eft to ded wyn ; 254
Goddys myght in hym apperdt / that neuer more shaH blyn.

(60)

[Fol. 115. b.]

He appeared
to them in
spirit not in
the body.

Thomas. That god I trow fuH Wele / goostly to you light,
Bot bodely neuer a dele / ihesu that woundid wyght.

My hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich a myght,
Bot if I that wounde myght fele / that hym gaf longens
the knyght. 259

(61)

Peter tells
him of
Christ's
appearance
at Emmaus,

petrus. That wounde haue we sene, thomas / and so has
mo then we ;

With lucas and with cleophas / he welke a day Iurnee ;
Thare hartes that for hym sory was / with prophecy com-
forted he, 262

To Emaus casteH can thai pas / ther hostyld thai aH thre.

(62)

where He
brake bread
as though
He had cut
it with a
knife.

Ihesu, goddis son of heuen / at sopere satt betweyn ;
Ther bred he brake as euen / as it cutt had beyn.

Thomas. Nothyng that ye may neuen / his rysyng gars
me weyn, 266

If ye me toldt sich seuen / the more ye myght me teyn.

(63)

paulus. Thomas, brothere, turne thi thoght / and trust
that I say the ;

Ihesu so dere has boght / oure synnes apou a tree,
which rysyng hath broglt / adam and his meneyee. 270

Thomas. lett be youre fayr ! shew it noght / that he este
quyk shuld be.

(64)

Tercius apostolus. That must^t thou nedelyngys trow / if
thou thi sauH wiH saue,

Thomas still
thinks the
other
apostles
mistaken.

ffor that we sa we dar avowe / ihesū rose quyk from graue.

Thomas. I haue you saide, and yit dos now / thise wordes
to wast ye haue ;

he shewid hym not to you / for mysfoundyng ye rafe. 275

(65)

Qaurtus apostolus. ffor we say that we haue sene / thou
holdys vs wars then woode ;

Ihesu lyfyng stod vs betwene / oure lord that with vs
yode.

Thomas. I say ye wote neuer what ye mene / a goost
before you stode ; 278^a

ye wenyd that it had bene / the cors that died on roode.

(66)

Quintus apostolus. The cors that dyed on tre / was berid
in a stone,¹

They tell
him of the
empty
grave.

The thurgh beside fande we / and in that graue cors was
none ;

his sudary ther myght we se / and he thenis whik was gone.

Thomas. Noght, bot stolne is he / with Iues that hym
haue slone. 283

(67)

Sextus apostolus. Certys, thomas, thou sais not right /
thay wold^t hym not stele,

The Jews
would not
have stolen
the body, for
they guarded
the tomb.

ffor thay gart kepe hym day and nyght / with knyghtys
that they held lele ; 285

he rose has we haue sene in sight / fro aH the Iues fele.

Thomas. I lefe not bot if I myght / myself with hym dele.

(68)

septimus apostolus. He told vs tythyngys, thomas / yit
mynnys me,

[Fol. 116, a.
Sig. R 4.]
Christ had
prophesied
His rising,
using Jonah
as a type.

That as Ionas thre dayes was / In a fysH in the see,
so shuld he be, and bene has / in erth by dayes thre,
pas fro ded, ryse, and rase / as he saide done has he. 291

¹ The rymes of this stanza should be in *anc* : stane, name, gane.
slane.

(69)

Thomas asks
who could
raise Christ
from the
dead.

Thomas. Certys, that worde I harde hym say / and so
harde ye hym aH,
Bot for nothyng trow I may / that it so shuld befaH,
That he shuld ryse the thrid day / that dranke aseH and
gaH :
sen he was god and ded lay / from ded who myght hym
caH ? 295

(70)

The Father
that sent
Him raised
Him.

Octavius apostolus. The fader that hym sent / rasid hym
that was ded,
he comforth vs in mowrnyng lent / and counseld vs in red ;
he bad vs trow with good intent / his rysyng in euery sted ;
Thyne absens gars thi sauH be shent / and makys the heuy
as led. 299

(71)

But Thomas
still dis-
believes a
bodily
rising.

Thomas. Thou says soth, harde and heuy / am I to traw
that ye me say ;
Mi hardnes I trow skilfully / for he told vs thus ay,
That his fader was euer hym by / for aH bot oon were thay ;
That he rose bodely / for nothyng trow I may. 303

(72)

Nouenus apostolus. May thou not trow withoutten mo /
for sothe, that it was he ?
Thomas wherto shuld we say so ? / then wenys thou fals
we be.
Thomas. I wote youre hartes was fuH wo / and fownd
with vanyte ; 306
If ye swere aH and ye were mo / I trow it not or that I se.

(73)

Nothing
will con-
vince him
but to feel
Christ's
wounds.

Decimus apostolus. Thomas, of errowre thou blyn / and
tiH vs turne thi mode ;
Trow his rysyng by dayes threyn / sen he died on the rode.
Thomas. Noght bot I myght my fynger wyn / in sted as
nayle stode,
And his syde my hande put in / ther he shed his hart
bloode. 311

(74)

Ihesus. Brethere aH, be with you peasse ! / leaffe stryfe
that now is here ! Jesus ap-
pears and
bids Thomas
feel His side.

Thomas, of thyn errowre seasse / of sothe Witnes thou bere ;
putt thi hande in my syde, no fres / ther longeus put his
spere ;

loke my rysyng be no les / let no wan-hope the dere. 315

(75)

Thomas. Mercy, ihesu, rew on me / my hande is blody of
thi blode ! Thomas
cries for
mercy.

Mercy, ihesu, for I se / thi myght that I not vnderstode !
Mercy, ihesu, I pray the / that for aH synfuH died on
roode !

Mercy, ihesu, of mercy fre / for thi goodnes that is so
goode ! 319

(76)

kest away my staf wiH I / and wiH no wepyn gang ; [Fol. 116, b.]
Mercy wiH I caH and cry / ihesu that on roode hang ; He flings
away his
staff,
Rew on me, kyng of mercy / let me not cry thus lang !
Mercy, for the velany / thou tholyd on Iues wiH wrang.

(77)

Mi hat wiH I kest away / my mantiH sone onone, hat, and
mantle,
vnto the poore help it may / for richere knawe I none.
Mercy wiH I abyde, and pray / to the ihesu, alone ;
My synfuH dede I rew ay / to the make I my mone. 327

(78)

Mercy, ihesu, lorde swete / for thi fyfe woundys so sare,¹
Thou suffred thugh handys and feete / thi semely side
a spere it share ;

Mercy, ihesu, lord, yit / for thi moder that the bare ! 330

Mercy, for the teres thou grett / when thou rasid lazare !

(79)

Mi gyrdiH gay and purs of sylk / and cote away thou shaH ; gay girdle,
silk purse,
and coat,
that he may
sooner come
to Christ's
mercy.
whils I am werere of swylke / the longere mercy may I caH.
Ihesu, that soke the madyns mylk / ware nought bot clothes
of paH,

Thi close so can thai fro the pyke / on roode thay left the
smaH. 335

¹ MS. sore.

(80)

Thomas
cries for
forgiveness.

Mercy, ihesu, honoure of man / mercy, ihesu, mans socoure !
 Mercy, ihesu, rew thi leman / mans sauH, thou boght fuH
 souré !
 Mercy, ihesu, that may and can / forgif syn and be socoure !
 Mercy, ihesu, as thou vs wan / forgif and gif thi man
 honoure. 339

(81)

Jesus fore-
tells the
general
resurrec-
tion.

Ihesus. None myght bryng the in that wytt / for oght
 that thay myght say,
 To trow that I myght flytt / fro ded to lyfe to wyn away ;
 My sauH and my cors haue knytt / a knott that last
 shaH ay ; 342
 Thus shaH I rase, weH thou wytt / ilk man on domesday.

(82)

when the
faithless
shall be
damned, and
the faithful
and alms-
givers have
heaven as
their reward.

Who so hath not trowid right / to heH I shaH theym lede,
 Ther euer more is dark as nyght / and greatt paynes to
 drede ;
 Those that trow in my myght / and luf weH almus dede,
 Thai shaH shyne as son bright / and heuen haue to thare
 mede. 347

(83)

He promises
Thomas
heaven for
his tears and
repentance.

That blys, thomas, I the hete / that is in heuen cytee,
 ffor I se the sore grete / of the I haue pytee ;
 Thomas, for thi teres wete / thi syn forgiffen be,
 Thus shaH synfuH thare synnes bete / that sore haue
 grefyd me. 351

(84)

But blessed
are they who
have not
seyn and yet
believe.

Thomas, for thou felys me / and my woundes bare,
 Mi risyng is trowed in the / and so was it not are ;
 AH that it trowes and not se / and dos after my lare,
 Euer blissid mot thay be / and heuen be theym yare! 355

Explicit Thomas Indie.

XXIX.

Ascencio Domini, et cetera.

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, no. 57, ababb, ebed, eed : 6 *twelve-line*, no. 1 abab ebeb dede, nos. 6-10 ababb, ebeb, ded ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 58, aaaab, cceb ; 16 *eight-line*, nos. 17-20, aaab cceb, 45-48 aaab aaab, no. 49, abab caca, nos. 50 and 64 abab, acac, nos. 61, 65-8 abab abab ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 16 aab cceb ; 5 *six-line*, nos. 11-13, 15, aa, bb, cc, no. 14, aaaa, bb ; 37 *four-line*, no. 32 aa bb, the rest ab ab.]

[*Dramatis Personae* :

Thomas.
Iohannes Apostolus.
Symon.
Petrus.

Ihesus.
Andreas.
Jacobus.
Philippus.

Mario.
Mathews.
Angeli 1 & 2 etc.]

Thomas.

(1)

B Rethere aH, that now here bene,
fforgett my lorde yit may I noght ;
I wote not what it may mene,
Bot more I Weyn ther wiH be wroght. 4
Iohannes apostolus. My lord ihesus wiH wyrk
his wiH,

Thomas,
John, Simon
and Peter,
express their
faith and ex-
pectation.

pleatt we neuer agans his thocht,
ffor vs ne wyrkes, as it is skyH,
his hand-warke that he has wroght. 8
symon. Apon his wordes wiH I ryst
that he his self saide vs vntilH,
As stedfastly on hym to tryst,
Mystrust we neuer for goode ne iH. 12

(2)

petrus. In heuen and erthe his myght may be,
his wytt and his wiH also ;
The holy gost, brethere, ment he,
thus wiH he neuer fro vs go. 16

(3)

ffourty dayes now drawes nere
sen his resurreccyon complete ;
Afore that wiH he appere,
thus sodanly not lefe vs yett. 20

(4)

They will
abide in
Bethany to
await what
may befall.

In bethany here let vs abyde,
We knaw not yit what may befall;
peraventur' it may betyde,
he shaH fuH weH comfortH vs aH.

24

(5)

[Fol. 117, b.]

Jesus ap-
pears and
gives them
peace.

*I*hesus. peasse now, my dere freyndys!
peasse be with you euer and ay!
ffor it aH wrangys amendys;
peasse brethere, sam I say!

28

(6)

He bids
them be of
good cheer.
He must go
from them,
but will send
the Holy
Spirit to
comfort
them.

Brethere, in hartes be nothyng heuy
what tyme that I from you am gone,
I must go from you sone, in hy,
bot neuer the les make ye no mone;
ffor I shaH send to you anone
the holy gost, to comfortH you,
you to wysH in euery wone
I shaH you teH what-wyse and how.
It shalbe for youre prow
that I thus-gatys shaH do;
It has been saide or now
My fader must I to.

32

36

40

(7)

Let them
abide His re-
turn on this
hill.

with hym must I abide and dweH,
ffor so it is his wiH;
ffor youre comfortH thus I you teH,
be ye stedfast for good or iH.
Abide me here right on this hiH
to that I com to you agane,
this forwarde must I nedys fulfiH,
I wiH no longer fro you lane;
And therfor loke that ye be bayn,
and also trew and stedfast,
ffor who soeuer you oght frayn
when that I am past.

44

48

52

hic recedit.

(8)

<i>petrus.</i> fuH heuy in hart now may we be		
that we oure master saH forgo,		
Bot neuer the les yit saide he		
he wold not dweH fuH lang vs fro.	56	Peter, Andrew, and Thomas think on the words of Jesus, but cannot help mourning His departure.
What wonder is if we be wo,		
thus sodanly shaH oure master mys,		
And masters on lyfe haue we no mo		
that in this warld shuld vs wys.	60	
he wiH pas furth to blys,		
and leyfe vs here behynde,		
No merueH now it is		
if we mowrne now in oure mynde.	64	

(9)

<i>Andreas.</i> In oure mynde mowrne we may,	
as men that masyd ar and maH,	
And yit also, it is no nay,	
we may be blythe and glad,	68
Because of tythyngys that we haH,	
that his self can vs say ;	
he bad be blythe and noght adrad,	
ffor he wold not be long away.	72
Bot yit both nyght and day	
oure hartes may be fuH sore,	
As me thynk, by my fay,	
ffor wordes he saide lang ore.	76

(10)

<i>Thomas.</i> lang ore he saide, fuH openly,	
that he must nedys fro vs twyn,	
And to his fader go in hy,	
to Ioy of heuen that neuer shaH blyn ;	80
Therfor we mowrne, both more and myn,	
And mery also yit may we be ;	
he bad vs aH, both outt and in,	
be glad and blythe in ich degre,	84
And saide that com shuld he	
to comfortH vs kyndly ;	
Bot yit heuy ar we	
to we hym se truly.	88

(11)

[Fol. 118, a.] *Iacobus.* With ee wold we hym se oure saveoure crist,
 James and goddys son,
 Philip That dyed apon a tre / yit trewe I that we mon¹: 90
 mourne also, though they remember
 Now god grauntt vs that boyn / that with his bloode vs
 Jesus' promises. boghit,

To se hym in his throne / as he maide aH of noght;¹
 his wiH now has he wrought / and gone from vs away,
 As he noght of vs roght / and therfor mowrne we may. 94

(12)

philippus. We may mowrne, no merueH why / for we
 oure master thus shaH mys,
 That shaH go fro vs sodanly / and we ne wote what
 cause is,¹ 96
 Neuer the les the sothe is this / he saide that he shuld
 com agane

To bryng vs aH to blys / therof may we be fane.¹
 That commyng wiH vs mych gane / and oure saules aH saue,
 And put vs fro that payn / that we were lyke to hane. 100

(13)

Jesus ap-
 pears and
 comforts
 them.

Ihesus. herkyns to me now, euer ichon / and here what I
 wiH say,

ffor I must nedys fro you gone / for thus my fader wiH
 allway,¹ 102

And therfor peasse be with you ay / where so ye dwelh in
 wone,

And to saue you fro aH fray / my peasse be with you blood
 and bone.¹

I lefe it you bi oon and oone / noght as the warld here dos,
 It shalbe true as any stone / to defende you fro youre foos.

(14)

If they love
 Him, they
 will be glad
 that He is
 going to His
 Father.

let not youre hartes be heuy / drede not for any kyns thyng,
 ye haue harde me say fuH playnly / I go, and to you am
 I commyng. 108

If ye luf me, for-thi / ye shuld be glad of this doying,
 ffor I go fuH securly / to my fader, heuyns kyng;¹
 The which, without lesyng / is mekiH more then I,
 Therfor be ye thus trowyng / when aH is endid fully. 112

¹ The end-ryme of this couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

(15)

ye haue bene of mysbilefe / hard of harte and also of wiH ;	He re- proaches them for their un- belief,
To theym that my rysyng can prefe / no credence wold ye	
gif theym tiH ; ¹	114
Mary mawllayn saide you tiH / that I was rysyn, bot ye	
ne wold	
hir trow for good or iH / the trouth aH if she told. ¹	
sich harmes in hartes ye hold / and vnstedfast ye ar,	
ye trowid no man of mold / witnes of my rysyng that bare;	

(16)

Therfor ye shaH go tech / in aH this world so wyde,	and bids them
And to aH the people preche / Who baptym wiH abyde,	[Fol. 118, b.]
And trowe truly	121
Mi dethe and rysyng,	preach throughout the world,
and also myn vpstevynyng,	Those that believe shall be saved,
And also myn agane-commynyng,	
thay shalbe saue suerly.	125

(17)

And Who trowys not this	and those that believe not, damned.
That now rehersyk is,	
he shalbe dampned, I wys,	
ffor veniance and for wreke.	129
Tokyns, for sothe, shaH bene	The faithful shall cast out devils, speak with new tongues,
Of those that trow, withoutten weyn ;	
Devyls shaH thay kest out cleyn,	
And with new tongys speke.	133

(18)

Serpentes shaH thay put away,	be proof against serpents and poison, and heal the sick.
And venymus drynk, bi nyght and day,	
ShaH not noy theym, as I say ;	
And where thay lay on handys	137
Of seke men far and nere,	
Thay shalbe hole, withoutten dere,	
Of aH sekenes and sorowes sere,	
Euer in alkyn landys.	141

¹ The end-rhyme of this quartlet or couplet is the centre-rhyme of the next couplet.

(19)

Jesus bids
the Apostles
abide in
Jerusalem
for His
Father's
promise.

And therfor now I byd that ye
Go not from ierosolyme,
Bot abide the behest of my fader fre

In land ay whore, 145

That ye haue hard here of me ;
ffor Iohn baptist, dere in degre,
In water forsoth baptysid me

Now here before; 149

(20)

They are to
baptize men
in every
land, in the
Holy Spirit.

And ye certan in euery coste
shaH baptise in the holy goost,
Thrug vertue of hym that is the moost

lord god of myght, 153

within few dayes now folowyng ;

And herof merueH ye nothyng,
ffor this shalbe his awne wyrkyng.

shewyd in youre sight. 157

& *recedit ab eis.*

(21)

Peter,
Andrew, and
James renew
their mourn-
ing. They
are in fear of
the Jews.

petrus. ffarlee may we fownde and fare
for myssyng of oure master *ihesus* ;
Oure hartys may sygh and be fuH sare,
thise Iues with wreke thay waten vs.

161

(22)

Vs to tray and teyn

ar thay abowte bi nyght and day ;

ffor ihesu that is so seldom sene,

as masid men mowrne we may. 165

(23)

[Fol. 119, a.]

Andreas. Mowrnyng makys vs masid and maek,
as men that lyff in drede ;

ffuH comforthles ar we staek

for myssyng of hym that vs shuld lede. 169

(24)

Iacobus. Thise Iues that folow thare faythles wiH,
and demed oure master to be ded,

With mayn and mode they wold hym spiH,
if thay wist how, in towne or sted.

173

(25)

Iohannes. let keep vs fro thare carpyng kene,
and com bot lytyH in thare sight ;
Oure master wiH com when we leest weyn,
he wiH vs rewle and red̄ fuH right.

John has
faith in
Jesus'
coming.

177

(26)

Thomas. Of this carpyng now no more,
It drawes nygh̄ the tyme of day ;
At oure mette I wold we wore,
he sende vs socowre that best may.

181

(27)

Maria. socowre sone he wiH you sende,
If ye truly in hym wiH traw ;
yours mone mekely wiH he amende,
My brethere dere, this may ye knawe.

Mary speaks
of the faith-
fulness of
her Son.

185

(28)

The hestys hyghly that he me hight
he has fulfillid in worde and dede ;
he gabbyd neuer bi day nor nyght,
ffor-thi, dere brethere, haue no drede.

189

(29)

Matheus. Certys, lady, thou says fuH wele ;
he wiH vs amende, for so he may ;
we haue fon sothe euerilka dele
AH that euer we hard hym say.

193

(30)

Ihesus. peter, and ye my derlyngys dere,
As masid men me thynk ye ar ;
holly to you I haue shewyd here
To bryng youre hartys from care ;

Jesus ap-
pears and
exhorts
them again.

197

(31)

In care youre hartys ar cast,
And in youre trowth not trew ;
In hardnes youre hartys ar fast,
As men that no wytt knew.

201

(32)

sende was I for youre sake / fro my fader dere,
flesh and blode to take / of a madyn so clere :
sythen to me ye sought / and holly felowid me,
Of wonders that I haue wrought / som haue I letten you se.

[Fol. 119, b.]

(33)

He recalls
His mighty
works,

The dombe, the blynde as any stone,
I helyd ther I cam by,
The dede I rasid anone,
Thurgh my myght truly;

209

(34)

And othere warkys, that wonderfuH wore,
I wroght wisely befor you aH;
My payn, my passion, I told before,
holly thrug outt as it shuld faH;

213

(35)

contrasts
Mary's faith
with their
doubts,

Mi rysyng on the thryd day,
As ye bi tokyns many oone haue sene;
youre trouth truly had bene away
had not my blissid moder bene.

217

(36)

In hir it restyd aH this tyde,
youre dedys ye ow greatly to shame;
here may ye se my woundys wyde,
how that I boght you out of blame.

221

(37)

and reminds
John that
she is en-
trusted to
his care.

Bot, Iohn, thynk when I hang on rud
That I betoke the mary mylde;
kepe hir yit with stabuH mode,
she is thi moder and thou hir childe.

225

(38)

loke thou hir luf, and be hir freynde,
and abide with hir in weH and wo,
ffor to my fader now wiH I weynde,
thar none of you ask wheder I go.

229

(39)

Philip asks
to be shown
the Father.

philippus. lord, if it be thi wiH,
shew vs thi fader we the pray;
we have bene with the in good and iH,
and sagH hym neuer nyght ne day.

233

(40)

Jesus
answers. He
who sees Me,
sees the
Father.

Ihesus. philipp̃, that man that may se me
he seys my fader fuH of myght;
Trowys thou not he dwellys in me
and I in hym if thou trow right?

237

(41)

In his howse ar dyuerse place,
I go to ordan for you now ;
ye shaH aH be fulfyllid with grace,
the holy goost I shaH sende you.

He pro-
mises them
the Holy
Spirit,

241

(42)

he shaH you in youre hartys wyse
In worde and dede, as I you say ;
With aH my hart I you blys—
My moder, my brethere, haue aH good day !

[Fol. 120, a.]

245

Tunc vadit ad ascendendum.

(43)

fader of heuen, with good intent,
I pray the here me specyally ;
ffrom heuen tiH ertH thou me sent
Thi name to preche and claryfy.

prays to the
Father,

249

(44)

thi wiH haue I done, aH and som,
In erthe wiH I no longere be ;
Opyn the clowdes, for now I com
In ioy and blys to dweH wiH the.

253

and bids the
clouds open
to receive
Him.

& sic ascendit, cantantibus angelis "*Ascendo ad patrem
meum.*"

(45)

primus angelus. ye men of galylee,
wherfor merueH ye ?
hevyn behold and se

Angels pro-
claim His
ascension,

257

how iHesus vp can weynde
vnto his fader fre,
where he syttys in maieste,
With hym ay for to be
In blys withoutten ende.

261

(46)

And as ye sagH hym sty
Into heuen on hy,
In flesh and feH in his body
ffrom erthe now here,

and foretell
His return to
judge the
world.

265

Right so shaH he, securly,
 Com downe agane truly,
 with his woundys bloody,
 To deme you aH in fere. 269

(47)

He is God Almighty, *secundus angelus*, MerueH haue no wight,
 No wonder of this sight,
 ffor it is thurgh his myght,
 That aH thyng may. 273
 What so he wiH by day or nyght,
 In heH, medyH-erth, and on hight,
 Or yit in derknes or in light,
 withoutten any nay ; 277

(48)

ffor he is god aH-welldand,
 heuen and heH, both se and sand,
 wod and water, fowH, fysh and land,
 AH is at his wiH ; 281
 he haldys aH thyng in his hand
 that in this warld is lyfand,
 Then nedys ye noght be meruelland.
primus angelus. And for this skyH, 285

(49)

[Fol. 120, b.] Ryght as he from you dyd weynde
 and shall come again in judgment. so com agane he shaH,
 In the same manere at last ende,
 To deme both greatt and smaH. 289
secundus angelus. Who so his byddyng wiH obey,
 And thare mys amende,
 With hym shaH haue blys on hy,
 And won ther withoutten ende. 293

(50)

And who that wyrk amys,
 And theym amende wiH neuer,
 shaH neuer com in heuen blys,
 Bot to heH banyshed for euer. 297

- Maria.* A selcouth sight yonder now is,
Behold now, I you pray!
A clowde has borne my chylde to blys,
Mi blyssyng bere he euer and ay!
301
(51)
- Bot, son, thynk on thi moder dere,
That thou has laft emangys thi foes!
swete son, lett me not dwell here,
let me go with the where thou goes.
305
(52)
- Bot, Iohn, on the is aH my trast,
I pray the forsake me nocht.
Iohannes. lefe marye, be nocht abast,
ffor thi wiH shaH ay be wroght.
309
(53)
- here may we se and fuH weH know
That he is god most of myght;
In hym is good, we trawe,
holly to serue hym day and nyght.
313
(54)
- petrus.* A meruellous sight is yone,
That he thus sone is taken vs fro;
fro his fomen is he gone
with outten help of othere mo.
317
(55)
- Mathews.* Where is ihesus, oure master dere,
that here with vs spake right now?
Iacobus. A wonderfuH sight, men may se here,
my brethere dere, how thynk you?
321
(56)
- Thomas.* we thynk it wonder aH,
that oure master shuld thus go;
After his help I red we caH,
That we may haue som tokyn hym fro.
325
(57)
- Bartholomeus.* A more merueH men neuer saw
then now is sene vs here emang;
ffrom erth tiH heuen a man be draw
With myrth of angeH sung.
329

Mary calls
on her as-
cended Son.

She bids
John not to
forsake her.
He comforts
her.

The disciples
marvel at the
ascension of
Jesus.

[Fol. 121, a.
Sig. 8. 1.]

ffrom vs, me thynk, he is fuH lang,¹
 and yit longere I trow he wiH;
 Alas! my hart it is so strang¹
 that I ne may now wepe my fiH

Alone and
 suddenly
 Jesus as-
 cended from
 them.

Anone.
 A wonder sight it was to se
 When he steryd vp so sodanly
 To his fader in maieste,
 By his self alone.

334

338

(58)

Matheus. Alon, for sothe, vp he went / into heuen tiH
 his fader,
 And noman wyst what he ment / nor how he dyd of no
 manere,
 so sodanly he was vp hent / in flesH and feH fro erth vp
 here ;
 he saide his fader for hym sent / that maide vs aH to be
 in dwere

This nyght ;

343

Neuer the les fuH weH wote we
 As that he wiH so must it be,
 ffor aH thyng is in his pauste,
 And that is right.

347

(59)

Mary blesses
 her Child.

Maria. AH myghty god, how may this be?
 a clowde has borne my childe to blys ;
 Now bot that I wote wheder is he,
 my hart wold breke, weH wote I this.

351

(60)

May He save
 her from the
 Jews.

his sterynyng vp to blys in hy,
 it is the soure of aH my Loyes ;
 Mi blyssyng, barne, light on thi body !
 let neuer thi moder be spylt with Iues.

355

(61)

For His sake
 John must
 help her.

Take me to the, my son so heynd,
 and let me neuer with Iues be lorne ;
 help, for my son luf, IoHn, son kynde,
 for ferde that I with Iues be torne.

359

¹ MS. long, strong.

Mi flesh it quakys as lefe on lynde,
 to shontt the showres sharper then thorne;
 help me, Ioĥn, if thou be kynde,
 my son myssyng makys me to mowrne. 363

She is
 trembling
 like a leafe.

(62)

Iohannes. youre seruande, lady, he me maide,
 and bad me kepe you ay to qweme;
 Blythe were I, lady, myght I the glad,
 and with my myght I shaĥ the yeme. 367

John com-
 forts her.

(63)

Therfor be ferd for nokyn thyng
 for oght that Iues wold do you to;
 I shaĥ be bayn at youre byddyng,
 as my lorde bad, your seruande lo! 371

He will be
 at her bid-
 ding.

(64)

Maria. Glad am I, Ioĥn, Whils I haue the;
 more comforth bot my son can I none craue;
 so covers thou my care, and carpys vnto me,
 whils I the se, euer am I safe. 375

Was none, safe my son, more trusty to me,
 therfor his grace saĥ neuer fro the go;
 he shaĥ the qwyte, that died on a tre,
 weĥ mendys thou my mode, when I am in wo. 379

[Fol. 121, b.]

Mary feels
 safe with
 him.

Her Son will
 requite him.

(65)

simon. let hy vs fro this hiĥ, and to the towne weynde,
 for fere of the Iues, that spitus ar & prowde;
 With oure dere lady, I red that we weynd,
 and pray tiĥ hir dere son, here apon lowde. 383

To hir buxumly I red that we bende,
 syn hir dere son fro vs is gone in a clowde,
 And hertely in hast haylse we that heynde,
 To oure master is she moder, semely in shrowde. 387

Simon pro-
 poses to go
 to the town
 for fear of
 the Jews.
 They must
 show rever-
 ence to Mary
 as their
 Master's
 mother.

(66)

A, marie so mylde, the myssid we haue;
 Was neuer madyn so menskfuĥ here apon molde
 As thou art, and moder cleyne, bot this wold we craue,
 If this were ihesu, thi son, that Iudas has sold, 391

He asks if
He who as-
cended was
her Son
Jesus, whom
Judas sold.

Shew vs the sothe, vs aH may it saue ;
we pray the, dere lady, layn that thou nold,
Bot speH vs oure spyryng, or els mon we rafe,
Bot thou witterly vs wysH, so fayn wyt we wold. 395

(67)

Mary pro-
claims that
He who was
born of her
bosom, was
God and
Man, and
bids them
teach this.

Maria. peter, andrew, Iohn, and Iamys the gent,
Symon, Iude, and bartilmew the bold,
And aH my brethere dere, that ar on this bent,
Take tent to my tayH, tiH that I haue told 399
Of my dere son, what I haue mentt,
That hens is hevyd to his awne hold ;
he taght you the trouthe, or he to heuen went ;
he was borne of my bosom as his self wold. 403

(68)

he is god and man that stevynd into heuen ;
preche thus to the pepyH that most ar in price.
Sekys to thare savyng, ye apostilles eleven,
To the Iues of Ierusalem as youre way lyse, 407
say to the cyte as I can here neuen,
teH the warkys of my son warly and wyse ;
Byd theym be stedfast & lysten your steuen,
or els be thay dampned as men fuH of vyce. 411

* * * * *

Here is a gap of 12 leaves, in the MS., from Sig. s. 1. to sig. t. 6.

XXX.

[Iudicium.]

[42 nine-line stanzas; aaaab, cccb; 23 eight-line, ab, ab, ab, ab;
2 six-line, no. 63, ababab, no. 2 aab, ccb; 9 four-line, aaaa,¹
no. 65, ab ab; 5 couplets and 2 lines of Latin.]

[Incomplete.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Primus Malus.
Secundus Malus.
Tercius Malus.
Quartus Malus.
Primus Angelus.

Primus Demon.
Secundus Demon.
Tutivillus.
Jesus.

Primus Bonus.
Secundus Bonus.
Tercius Bonus.
Quartus Bonus.]

[*Secundus Malus.*] (1)

[Fol. 122, a.]

ffuH darfe has bene oure deede / for thi commen is oure
care;

*Secundus
Malus la-
ments. The
horn has
sounded that
calls to
Judgment.*

This day to take oure mede / for nothyng may we spare.

Alas, I harde that horne / that eallys vs to the dome,

AH that euer were borne / thider behofys theym com. 4

May nathere lande ne se / vs fro this dome hide,

ffor ferde fayn wold I fle / bot I must nedys abide;

Alas, I stande great aghe / to loke on that Iustyce,

Ther may no man of laghe / help with no quantyce. 8

No lawyer
nor advocate
may save
men by
quibbles.
Each must
answer for
himself.

vokettys ten or twelfe / may none help at this nede,
Bot ilk man for his self / shaH answeere for his dede. 10

(2)

Alas, that I was borne!

I se now me beforne,

That lord with Woundys fyfe; 13

how may I on hym loke,

That falsly hym forsoke,

When I led synfuH lyfe? 16

(3)

Tercius malus. Alas, carefuH catyfys may we ryse,

sore may we wryng oure handys and wepe;

ffor cursid and sore covytyse

dampnyd be we in heH fuH depe. 20

¹ The aaaa lines have central rymes markt here by bars / not in the MS.

Tercius Ma-
lus bemoans
his wicked
works.

Roght we neuer of godys seruyce,
his commaundementys wold we not kepe,
Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice
to sathanas when othere can slepe. 24

(4)

Alas! now wakyns aH oure were,
oure wykyd Warkys can we not hide,
Bot on oure bakys we must theym here,
that wiH vs soroo on ilka syde. 28

Oure dedys this day wiH do vs dere,
Oure domysman here we must abide,
And feyndys, that wiH vs felly fere,
thare pray to haue vs for thare pride. 32

(5)

All that ear
has heard
or heart
thought,
mouth
spoken or
eye seen, is
now brought
before them.

Brymly before vs be thai broght,
oure dedys that shaH dam vs bidene;
That eyre has harde, or harte thoght,
that mowthe has spokyn, or ee sene, 36

That foote has gone, or hande wroght,
in any tyme that we may mene:
ffuH dere this day now bees it boght.
alas! vnborne then had I bene! 40

(6)

Quartus Ma-
lus has heard
the horn.
Would he
were un-
born!

Quartus malus. Alas, I am forlorne! / a spytus blast here
blawes!
I harde weH bi yonde horne / I wote wherto it drawes;
I wold I were vnborne / alas! that this day dawes!
Now mon be dampnyd this morne / my warkys, my dedys,
my sawes. 44

(7)

His wicked-
ness is
known, and
may not be
hid.

Now bees my curstnes kyd / alas! I may not layn
aH that euer I dyd / it bees put vp fuH playn.
That I wold fayn were hyd / my synfuH wordys and vayn,
ffuH new now mon be rekynyd / vp to me agayn. 48

(8)

[Fol. 122, b.]
He would
fain flee.

Alas! fayn wold I fle / for dedys that I haue done,
Bot that may now not be / I must abyde my boyn;
I trowed neuer to haue sene this dredfuH day thus soyn;
Alas! what shaH I say When he sittys in his trone? 52

(9)

To se his Woundys bledande / this is a dulfuH case ;
 Alas ! how shaH I stand / or loke hym in the face ?
 So curtes I hym fand / that gaf me life so lang a space ;
 Mi care is aH command / alas ! where was my grace ? 56

How shall
 he look on
 Christ's
 face ?

(10)

Alas ! catyffys vnkynde / where on was oure thocht ?
 Alas ! where on was oure mynde / so wykyd warkys we
 Wroght ? 58

To se how he Was pynde / how dere oure luf he boght,
 Alas ! we were fuH blynde / now ar we wars then noght.

(11)

Alas ! my couetyse / myn yH wiH, and myn Ire !
 Mi neghbur to dispise / most was my desyre ; 62
 I demyd euer at my deuyse / me thocht I had no peyre,
 With my self sore may I grise / now am quyt my hyre.

Alas for his
 covetous-
 ness, and all
 his sins.

(12)

Where I was wonte to go / and haue my Wordys at wiH,
 Now am I set fuH thro / and fayn to hold me stiH ;
 I went both to and fro / me thocht I did neuer iH,
 Mi neghburs for to slo / or hurt withoutten skiH. 68

(13)

Wo worth euer the fader / that gate me to be borne !
 That euer he lete me stir / bot that I had bene forlorne ;
 Warid be my moder / and warid be the morne
 That I was borne of hir / alas, for shame and skorne ! 72

Cursed be
 father and
 mother, and
 the day he
 was born !

(14)

primus angelus, cum gladio.

stand not togeder, parte in two !
 aH sam shaH ye not be in blys ;
 Oure lorde of heuen wiH it be so,
 for many of you has done amys ; 76
 On his right hand ye good shaH go,
 the way tiH heuen he shaH you wys ;
 ye wykid saules ye weynd hym fro,
 on his left hande as none of his. 80

The first
 angel parts
 the good
 from the
 bad.

(15)

Ihesus. The tyme is commen, I wiH make ende,
 my fader of heuen wiH it so be,
 Therfor tiH ertHe now wiH I weynde,
 my self to sytt in maieste. 84

Jesus takes
 His way to
 earth.

He comes,
in His body,
to deal judg-
ment.

To dele my dome I wiH discende,
this body wiH I bere with me,
how it was dight mans mys to amende
aH mans kynde ther shaH it se. 88
(16)

[Fol. 123, a.] *primus demon*. Oute, haro, out, out! / harkyn to this
horne,

The first
demon has
heard the
horn:

I was neuer in dowte / or now at this mornie;
So sturdy a showte / sen that I was borne
hard I neuer here abowte / in ernyst ne in skorne,
A wonder! 93
I was bonde fuH fast

at the sound
of it his
bonds broke
asunder.

In yrens for to last,
Bot my bandys thai brast
And shoke aH in sonder. 97
(17)

The second
demon shook
for dread;

secundus demon. I shoterd and shoke / I herd sich a rerð,
When I harde it I qwote / for aH that I lerd,
Bot to swere on a boke / I durst not aperð;
I durst not loke / for aH meditt-erd,
ffuH payH; 102

but all his
grinning
helped no-
thing.

Bot gyrned and gnast,
my force did I frast,
Bot I wroght aH wast,
It myght not auayH. 106
(18)

They tell
each other
of their
fright.

primus demon. It was like to a trumpe / it had sich a
sownde;

I feH on a lumpe / for ferd that I swonde.

secundus demon. There I stode on my stumpe / I stakerd
that stownde,

There chachid I the crumpe / yit held I my grounde
halfe nome. 111

Their gear
must be got
ready, for
they are like
to have war.
Doomsday is
come, and
the souls
have fled
from hell.

primus demon. Make redy oure gere,
we ar like to haue were,
ffor now dar I swere

That domysday is comme; 115
(19)

ffor aH oure saules ar wente / and none ar in heH.

secundus demon. Bot we go we ar shente / let vs not
dweH,

It sittys you to tente / in this mater to meH,		
As a pere in a parlamente / what case so befeH ;		
It is nedefuH	120	The second demon tells the first that he must get to the Court, like a peer to Parliament.
That ye tente to youre awne,		
What draght so be drawne,		
If the courte be knawen		
the Iuge is right dredfuH.	124	

(20)

<i>primus demon.</i> ffor to stand thus tome / thou gars me grete,		Up Watling Street will be the way, but they would rather make three pilgrimages to Rome.
<i>secundus demon.</i> let vs go to this dome / vp watlyn strete.		
<i>primus demon.</i> I had leuer go to rome / yei thryse, on my fete,		
Then forto grefe yonde grome / or with hym forto mete ;		
ffor wysely	129	
he spekys on trete,		
his paustee is grete,		
bot begyn he to threte		
he lokys fuH grisly.	133	

(21)

Bot fast take oure rentals / hy, let vs go hence !		They must take their books with
ffor as this fals / the great sentence.		
<i>secundus demon.</i> Thai ar here in my dals / fast stand We		[Fol. 123, b.]
to fence,		them, to give evidence against the damned souls.
Agains thise dampnyd sauls / Without repentence,		
And Iust.	138	
<i>primus demon.</i> how so the gam crokys,		
Examyn oure bokys.		
<i>secundus demon.</i> here is a bag fuH, lokys,		
of <u>pride</u> and of <u>lust</u> ,	142	

(22)

Of Wraggers and wrears / a bag fuH of brefes,		They have bags full of all kinds of sinners.
Of carpars and cryars / of mychers and thefes,		
Of lurdans and lyars / that no man lefys,		
Of flytars, of flyars / and renderars of reffys ;		
This can I,	147	
Of alkyn astates		
that go bi the gatys,		
Of poore pride, that god hatys,		
Twenty so many.	151	

(23)

The first
demon asks
if there is
anger in
their bill; if
so, his fellow
shall have a
drink.

primus demon. peasse, I pray the, be stiH / I laghe that I
kynke,
Is oght Ire in thi biH / and then shaH thou drynke.
secundus demon. sir, so mekiH iH wiH / that thai wold
synke

There is
anger and
treachery
too.

Thare foes in a fyere stiH / bot not aH that I thynke
dar I say,
Bot before hym he prase hym,
behynde he mys-sase hym,
Thus dowbiH he mase hym,
thus do thai today. 156 160

(24)

Is there
anything
recorded
against the
feminine
gender?

primus demon. has thou oght Writen there / of the
femynyn gendere?
secundus demon. yei, mo then I may bere / of rolles forto
render ;

More rolls
full than he
can carry.

Thai ar sharp as a spere / if thai seme bot slender ;
Thai ar euer in were / if thai be tender,
yH fetyld ;
she that is most meke,
When she semys full seke,
she can rase vp a reke
if she be weH nettyld. 165 169

(25)

The second
demon is
praised as a
good ser-
vant, and
bids his
master
hurry.

primus demon. Thou art the best hyne / that euer cam
beside vs.
secundus demon. yei, bot go we, master myne / yit wold I
we hyde vs ;
Thai haue blowen lang syne / thai wiH not abide vs ;
We may lightly tyne / and then wiH ye chide vs
Togeder. 174

primus demon. Make redy oure tollys.

fior we dele with no folys.

secundus demon. sir, aH clerkys of oure scolys /
ar bowne furth theder ; 178

(26)

Had Dooms-
day been de-
layed, they
must have
built hell
bigger.

Bot, sir, I telH you before / had domysday oght tarid
We must haue biggid heH more / the warld is so warid.

primus demon. Now gett we dowbiH store / of bodys
myscariH^k The first demon
thinks of the
bodies and
souls to be
harrid.

To the soules where thai wore / both sam to be harrid.

secundus demon. Thise rolles 183

Ar of bakbytars,

And fals quest-dytars,

I had no help of writars

bot thise two dalles.¹ 187

(27)

ffaithe and trowth, maffay / has no fete to scande ; ✓

The poore pepyH must pay / if oght be in hande, ✓

The drede of god is away / and lawe out of lande. ✓

primus demon. By that wist I that domysday / was nere
hande

In seson. 192

secundus demon. Sir, it is saide in old sawes—

the longere that day dawes—

‘ Wars pepiH wars lawes.’ ✓

primus demon. I lagH at thi reson ; 196

Faith and
truth are
weak, and
the fear of
God per-
ished.

The proverb
tells us that
people and
laws ever
grow worse.

(28)

Alle this was token / domysday to drede ;

ffuH oft was it spokyn / fuH few take hede ;

Bot now shaH we be wrokyn / of thare falshede,

ffor now bese vnlokyn / many dern dede

In Ire ; 201

AH thare synnes shaH be knawen,²

Othere mens, then thare awne.

Secundus demon. Bot if this draught be weH drawn

don is in the myre. 205

All this was
a sign of
judgment.

If their
draught be
not well
drawn,
“Dun is in
the mire.”

(29)

Tutivillus. Whi spir ye not, sir / no questyons ?

I am oone of youre ordir / and oone of youre sons ;

I stande at my tristur / when othere men shenes.

primus demon. Now thou art myn awne queresur / I wote
where thou wonnes ;

Tutivillus
accosts
them, and
is greeted as
the first
devil's own
officer.

¹ The ryme needs “dolles.”

² MS. knownen.

- Tutivillus
has been
tollman and
registrar for
the devil,
and is now
master
lollar.
do teH me. 210
- Tutiwillus.* I was youre chefe tollare,
And sithen courte rollar,
Now am I master lollar,
And of sich men I meH me. 214
- (30)
- He has
sometimes
brought in
more than
ten thousand
souls in an
hour.
I haue broght to youre hande / of saules, dar I say,
Mo than ten thowsand ¹ / in an howre of a day ;
som at ayH-howse I fande / and som of ferray,
som cursid, som bande / som yei, som nay ;
so many 219
- Thus broght I on blure,
thus did I my cure.
primus demon. Thou art the best sawgeoure
that euer had I any. 223
- (31)
- He has
hunted them
till he is
tired.
Tutiwillus. here a roH of ragman / of the rownde tabiH,
Of breffes in my bag, man / of synnes dampnabiH ;
vnethes may I wag, man / for wery in youre stabiH
Whils I set my stag, man. /
secundus demon. abide, ye ar abiH
To take wage ; 228
- [Fol. 124, b.] Thou can of cowrte thew,
The demons
compliment
him.
Bot lay downe the dewe
ffor thou wiH be a shrew,
be thou com at age. 232
- (32)
- He tells of
the fools who
dress finely,
and leave
their chil-
dren bread-
less.
Tutiwillus. here I be gesse / of many nyce hoket,
Of care and of curstnes / hethyng and hoket,
Gay gere and witles / his hode set on koket,
As prowde as pennyles / his slefe has no poket,
ffuH redles ; 237
- With thare hemmyd shoyne,
AH this must be done,
Bot syre is out at hye noyn
And his barnes bredeles. 241
- (33)
- A horne and a duch ax / his slefe must be flekyt,
A syde hede and a fare fax / his gowne must be spekytt,

Thus toke I youre tax / thus ar my bookys blekyt.
primus demon. Thou art best on thi wax / that euer was
 clekyt,
 or knowen;¹

He tells the
 demons his
 name, Tuti-
 villus, and
 talks gibber-
 ish in Latin.

246

with wordes wiH thou fiH vs,
 bot teH thi name tiH vs.

Tutiullus. Mi name is tutiuillus,
 my horne is blawen;

250

ffragmina verborum / tutiuillus colligit horum,
 Belzabub alorum / belial belium doliorum.

(34)

secundus demon. What, I se thou can of gramory / and
 som what of arte;

had I bot a penny / on the wold I warte.

Tutiullus. Of femellys a quantite / here fynde I parte.

He finds
 plenty of
 women here.

*primus demon*¹. Tutiullus, let se / goddys forbot thousparte!

Tutiullus. so Ioly

255

Ilka las in a lande

like a lady nerehande,

So fresh and so plesande,

makys men to foly¹

259

(35)

If she be neuer so fowH a dowde / with hir keHes and hir
 pynnes,

They can
 disguise
 their ugliness,

The shrew hir self can shrowde / both hir chekys and hir
 chynnes;

she can make it fuH prowde / with iapes and with gynnes,
 hir hede as hy as a clowde / bot no shame of hir synnes

Thai fele;

264

When she is thus paynt,

she makys it so quaynte,

She lookys like a saynt,

And wars then the deyle.

268

and make
 themselves
 up to look
 like saints,
 though
 worse than
 the devil.

(36)

she is hornyd like a kowe / fon syn,

The coker hyngys so side now / furrid with a cat skyn,

AH thise ar for you / thai ar commen of youre kyn.

*Secundus demon*¹. Now, the best body art thou / that euer
 cam here in.

[Fol. 125, a.
 Sig. V. l.]

¹ MS. knowen.

It is fashion-
able for
them to
break their
wedlock. *Tutiullus.* An vsage, 273
swilk dar I vndertake,
makys theym breke thare wedlake,
And lif in syn for hir sake,
And breke thare awne spowsage. 277

(37)

More than a
thousand
false swear-
ers shall
come to hell, yit a poynt haue I fon / I teH vou before,
That fals swerars shaH hider com / mo then a thowsand¹
skore ;

/In sweryng thai grefe godys sou / and pyne hym more
and more,

Therfor mon thai with vs won / in heH for euer more.

I say thus, 282

raisers of
false taxes
and gather-
ers of green
wax. That rasers of the fals tax.
And gederars of greyn wax,
Diabolus est mendax

Et pater eius. 286

(38)

He must not
forget the
new fashion
of padding
the shoul-
ders with
moss and
flock. yit a poynte of the new gett / to teH wiH I not blyn,
Of prankyd gownes & shulders vp set / mos & flokkys
sewyd wyth in ;

To vse sich gise thai wiH not let / thai say it is no syn,
Bot on sich pilus I me set / and clap thaym cheke and
chyn,

no nay. 291

dauid in his sawtere says thus,

That to heH shaH thai trus,

Cum suis adinuencionibus,

for onys and for ay. 295

(39)

"Kirk-
chaterers"
and lovers of
simony he
drags to hell
out of the
churches. / yit of thise kyrkehaterars / here ar a menee,
Of barganars and okerars / and lufars of symonee,
Of runkers and rowners / god castys thaym out, trulee,
ffrom his temple aH sich mysdoers / I each thaym then to me
ffuH soyn ; 300

ffor writen I wote it is

In the gospeH, withoutten mys,

Et eam fecistis

Speluncam latronum. 304

(40)

yt of the synnes seven¹ / som thyng speciaH
now nately to neven / that renys ouer aH ;
Thise laddys thai leuen / as lordys riaH,
At ee to be even / picturde in paH

Something
special must
be said too
of the seven
deadly sins.

As kyngys ; 309
May he dug hym a doket,
A kodpese like a pokett,
hym thynke it no hoket
his tayH when he Wryngys. 313

(41)

his luddokkys thai lowke / like walk-mylne cloggys,
his hede is like a stowke / hurlyd as hoggys,
A woH blawen bowke / thise fryggys as froggys,
This Ielian lowke / dryfys he no doggys
To felter ; 318
Bot with youre yelow lokkys,
ffor aH youre many morkkys,
ye shaH clym on heH crokkys
With a halpeny heltere. 322

(42)

And neH With hir nyfys / of crisp and of sylke, [Fol. 125, b.]
Tent weH youre twyfys / youre nek abowte as mylke ;
With youre bendys and youre bridyls / of sathan, the
whilke
sir satlanas Idyls / you for tha ilke
This giH knaue ; 327
It is open behynde,
before is it pynde,
Bewar of the West wynde
youre smok lest it wafe. 331

(43)

Of Ire and of enuy / fynde I herto,
Of couetyse and glotony / and many other mo ;
Thai caH and thai cry / go we now, go !
I dy nere for dry / and ther syt thai so

Anger, envyy,
covetous-
ness,
gluttony.

¹ MS. vij.

AH nyght ; 336
 With hawveh and Iawveh,
 syngyng of lawveh,
 Thise ar howndys of heH,
 That is thare right. 340

(44)

Sloth that
 makes the
 sluggard
 wish the
 clerk hanged
 when the
 bells ring to
 church.

In slewthe then thai syn / goddys warkys thai not Wyrke ;
 To belke thai begyn / and spew that is irke ;
 his hede must be holdyn / ther in the myrke,
 Then deffys hym with dyn / the bellys of the kyrke,

When thai clatter ; 345

he wishys the clerke hanged¹

ffor that he rang it,

Bot thar hym not lang it,

What commys ther after. 349

(45)

Harlots,
 whores, and
 bawds,

And ye Ianettys of the stewys / and lychoures on lofte,
 youre baiH now brewys / avowtrees fuH ofte,
 youre gam now grewys / I shaH you set softe,
 youre sorow enewes / com to my crofte

AH ye ; 354

AH harlottys and horres,

And bawdys that procures,

To bryng thaym to lures,

Welcom to my see ! 358

(46)

liars, scolds,
 extortioners,
 usurers,
 backbiters,
 are all wel-
 come to hell.

ye lurdans and lyars / mychers and thefes,

flytars and flyars / that aH men reprefes,

Spolars, extoreyonars / Welcom, my lefes !

ffals Iurars and vsurars / to symony that clevys,

To teH ; 363

hasardars and dysars,

ffals dedys forgars,

Slanderars, bakbytars,

AH vnto heH. 367

(47)

[Fol. 126. n.
 Sig. V. 2.]

The increase
 of the wicked
 made the
 first demon
 think the
 end was
 nigh.

primus demon. When I harde many swilke / many
 spytus and feH,

And few good of ilke / I had merueH,

I trowd it drew nere the prik. /

¹ The ryme needs "hangit."

Secundus demon. sir, a worde of counseH ;
saules cam so thyk / now late vnto heH

Of late soules
have so
crowded to
hell, that the
porter has
been hard
worked.

As euer ;

372

Oure porter at heH yate

Is haldyn so strate,

vp erly and downe late,

he rystys neuer.

376

(48)

primus demon. Thou art pereles of tho / that euer yit
knew I,

The two
demons
make their
way to the
Judgment
Hall, with
their rolls

when I WiH may I go / if thou be by ;

Go we now, We two. /

Secundus demon. syr, I am redy.

primus demon. Take oure rolles also, / ye knawe the
cause Why ;

do com

381

And tent weH this day.

Secundus demon. sir, as weH as I may.

Primus Demon. Qui vero mala

In ignem eternum.

385

(49)

Ihesus. Ilka creatoure take tente

What bodworde I shaH you bryng,

This wykyd world away is wente,

and I am commyn as crownyd kyng ;

389

Mi fader of heuen has me downe sente,

to deme youre dedys and make endyng ;

Commen is the day of Iugemente,

of sorrow may euery synfuH syng.

393

(50)

The day is *commen* of catyfnes,

aH those to care that ar vncleyn,

The day of bateH and bitternes,

ffuH long abiden has it beyn ;

397

The day of drede to more and les,

of Ioy, of tremlyng, and of teyn,

Ilka wight that wikyd is

may say, alas this day is seyn !

401

The day is
come, a day
of dread and
joy.

Tunc expandit manus suas & ostendit eis Wlnera sua.

(51)

He shows
the wounds
by which He
bought bliss
for men.

here may ye se my Woundys wide
that I suffred for youre mysdede,
Thurgh harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,
not for my gilte bot for youre nede. 405
Behald both bak, body, and syde,
how dere I boght youre broder-hede,
Thise bitter paynes I wold abide,
to by you blys thus wold I blede. 409

(52)

He recalls
the scourg-
ing, the
cross, the
crown of
thorns, the
spear that
pierced
Him,

Mi body was skowrgid withoutten skiH,
also ther fuH throly was I thrett ;
On crosse thai hang me on a hiH,
blo and blody thus was I bett ; 413
With crowne of thorne thrastyn fuH iH,
A spere vnto my harte thai sett ;
Mi harte blode sparid thai not to spiH.
man, for thi luf wold I not lett. 417

(53)

the con-
tumely of
the Jews
and His own
patience.

The Iues spytt on me spitusly,
thai sparid me no more then a thefe ;
When thai me smote I stod stilly,
agans thaym did I nokyns grefe. 421
Beholde, mankynde, this ilk am I,
that for the suffred sich myschefe,
Thus was I dight for thi foly,
man, loke thi luf was me fuH lefe. 425

(54)

[Fol. 126, b.]
All this He
suffered for
man ; what
has man
suffered for
Him ?

Thus was I dight thi sorow to slake ;
man, thus behovid the borud to be ;
In aH my wo toke I no wrake,
my wiH it was for luf of the. 429
Man, for sorow aght the to qwake,
this dredfuH day this sight to se ;
AH this suffred I for thi sake.
say, man, What suffred thou for me ? 433

Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis.

(55)

Mi blissid barnes on my right hande,
 youre dome this day thar ye not drede,
 ffor aH youre ioy is now commande,
 youre life in likyng shaH ye lede.
 Commes to the kyngdom ay lastand,
 That you is dight for youre good dede,
 fuH blithe may ye be there ye stand,
 ffor mekiH in heuen bees youre mede.

The good
 are sum-
 moned to
 bliss.

437

441

(56)

When I was hungre ye me fed,
 To slek my thirst ye war fuH fre ;
 When I was clothles ye me cled,
 ye Wold no sorowe on me se ;
 In hard prison When I was sted
 On my penance ye had pyte ;
 fuH seke when I was brought in bed,
 kyndly ye cam to comforth me.

They have
 fed Him
 when He
 was hungry
 slaked His
 thirst,
 clothed
 Him, visited
 Him in
 prison and
 sickness,

445

449

(57)

When I was wiH and weriest
 ye harberd me fuH esely,
 fuH glad then were ye of youre gest,
 Ye plenyd my pouerte fuH pitusly ;
 Belife ye broght me of the best,
 And maide my bed there I shuld ly,
 Therfor in heuen shaH be youre rest,
 In ioy and blys to beld me by.

given Him
 shelter and
 sympathy ;

453

457

therefore
 they shall
 rest with
 Him in
 heaven.

(58)

primus bonus. lord, When had thou so mekiH nede ?
 hungre or thrusty, how myght it be ?
Secundus bonus. When was oure harte fre the to
 feede ?
 In prison When myght We the se ?
Tercius bonus. When was thou seke, or wantyd wede ?
 To harbowre the when helpid we ?
Quartus bonus. When had thou nede of oure fordede ?
 when did we aH this dede to the ?

When did
 they thus
 succour
 Him ? the
 good ask.

461

[Fol. 127, a.
 Sig. V. 3.]

465

(59)

Jesus tells
them they
succoured
Him in help-
ing the
needy.

*I*hesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shaH you say

what tyme this dede was to me done ;

When any that nede had nyght or day,

Askyd you help and had it sone ;

469

youre fre harte saide theym neuer nay,

Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn,

As ofte-sithes as thai wold pray,

Thai thurte bot aske and haue thare boyn.

473

Tunc dicet malis.

(60)

He casts
forth the
wicked to
dwell for
ever in dole.

ye cursid catyfs of kames kyn,

That neuer me comforthid in my care,

Now I and ye for euer shaH twyn,

In doyn to dweH for euer mare ;

477

youre bitter bayles shaH neuer blyn

That ye shaH thole when ye com thare,

Thus haue ye seruyd for youre syn,

ffor derfe dedys ye haue doyn are.

481

(61)

They chased
Him from
their gate
when He had
need of food ;

When I had myster of mete and drynke,

Catyfs, ye chaste me from youre yate ;

when ye were set as syres on bynke

I stode ther oute wery and Wate,

485

yit none of you Wold on me thynke,

To haue pite on my poore astate ;

Therfor to heH I shaH you synke,

WeH ar ye worthy to go that gate.

489

(62)

When I was seke and soryest

ye viset me noght, for I was poore ;

would not
look how He
fared in
prison ;
drove Him
with blows
from their
doors.

In prison fast when I was fest

wold none of you loke how I foore ;

493

When I wist neuer where to rest

With dyntys ye drofe me from youre doore.

Bot euer to pride then were ye prest,

Mi flesh, my bloode, ye oft for-swore.

497

(63)

[Fol. 127, b.]

Clothles, When that I was colde,
That nerehande for you yode I nakyd,
Mi myschefe sagh ye many folde,

As they for-
sook Him, so
shall they
now be for-
saken.

Was none of you my sorowe slakyd ; 501

Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,
Therfor shaH ye now be forsakyd. 503

(64)

primus malus. lorde, when had thou, that aH has,
hunger or thriste, sen thou god is ¹ ?

When, they
ask, have
they shown
Him this un-
kindness ?

When was that thou in prison was ?
When was thou nakyd or harberles ? 507

Secundus malus. When myght we se the seke, alas !
and kyd the aH this vnkyndnes ?

iiijus malus. When was we let the helples pas ?
When dyd ye the this wikydnes ? 511

(65)

iiijus malus. Alas, for doyH this day !
alas, that euer I it abode !

(One begins
his lament,
ere he hears
the answer.)

Now am I dampned for ay,
this dome may I not avoyde. 515

(66)

Ihesus. Catyfs, alas, ofte as it betyde
that nedefuH oght askyd in my name,
ye harde thaym noght, youre eeres was hid,

Jesus tells
them the
unkindness
they showed
to the needy
was shown
to Him.

your help to thaym was not at hame ; 519

To me was that vnkyndnes kyd,
therfor ye bere this bitter blame,
To the lest of myne when ye oghit dyd,
to me ye dyd the self and same. 523

Tunc dicet bonis.

(67)

Mi chosyn childer, commes to me !
With me to dweH now shaH ye weynde,
Ther ioy and blys euer shaH be,
your life in lykyng for to leynde. 527

He sum-
mons the
good to
dwell with
Him in bliss.

Tunc dicet malis.

¹ Originally 'es,' no doubt.

The wicked
are doomed
to hell.

ye warid Wightys, from me ye fle,
In heH to dweH withoutten ende !
Ther shaH ye noght bot sorow se,
And sit bi sathanas the feynde.

531

(68)

The devils
begin to
drive them.

primus demon. Do now furthe go,¹ / trus, go we hyne !
vnto endles wo / ay-lastand pyne ;
Nay, tary not so / we get ado syne.

secundus demon. hyte hyder warde, ho / harry ruskyne !

War oute !

536

The meyn shaH ye nebyH,
And I shaH syng the trebiH,
A revant the deviH

TiH aH this hole rowte.

540

(69)

They may
curse the day
they were

Tutiwillus. youre lyfes ar lorne / and commen is youre
care ;

[Fol. 128, a.
Sig. V. 4.]

ye may ban ye were borne / the bodes you bare,
And youre faders beforen / so cursid ye ar.

born.

*primus demon*¹. ye may wary the morne / and day that
ye ware

Of youre moder

545

ffirst borne forto be,
flor the wo ye mon dre.

*Secundus demon*¹. Ilkone of you mon se
sorow of oder.

549

(70)

Where now
are their
gold, their
retinue, and
their finery ?

Where is the gold and the good / that ye gederd togedir ?
The mery menee that yode / hider and thedir ?

Tutiwillus. Gay gyrdyls, iaggid hode / prankyng gownes,
whedir ?

haue ye wit or ye wode / ye broght not hider

Bot sorowe,

554

And youre synnes in youre nekkys.

primus demon. I beshrew thaym that rekkys !
he comes to late that bekkys

your bodies to borow.

558

¹ MS. go furthe.

(71)

Secundus demon. Sir, I Wold cut thaym a skawte / They were sturdy and proud, find-
and make theym be knowne ; ing faults in
Thay were sturdy and hawte / great boste haue thai others and
blawne ; forgetting
their own.

youre pride and youre pransawte / What wiH it gawne ?
ye tolde ilk mans defawte / and forgate youre awne.

Tutiullus. moreouer 563

Thare neighbors thai demyd,

Thaym self as it semyd,

Bot now ar thai flemyd

ffrom sayntys to recouer. 567

(72)

primus demon. Thar neighbors thai towchid / With They up-
wordys fuh ih, braided their
neighbours,
were

The warst ay thai sowchid / and had no skiH.

secundus demon. The pennys thai powchid / and held The pouchers of
thaym stiH ; pence,
gluttonous
and greedy

The negons thai mowchid / and had no wiH

ffor hart fare ; 572

Bot riche and ih-dedy,

Gederand and gredy,

sore napand and neddy

youre godys forto spare. 576

(73)

Tutiullus. ffor aH that ye spard / and dyd extorcyon, The wealta
ffor youre childer ye card / youre heyre and youre son, they laid up
for their
children is
now in the
devil's keep-
ing.

It is commen in vowgard / youre dame malison, 581

To bynde it ;

ye set bi no cursyng,

Ne no sich smaH thyng.

primus demon. No, bot prase at the partyng, 585

ffor now mon ye fynde it.

(74)

youre leyfys and youre females / ye brake youre wedlake ; [Fol. 128. b.]

TeH me now what it vales / aH that mery lake ?

se so falsly it falyys. /

secundus demon. syr, I dar vndertake

Thai wiH teH no tales / bot se so thai quake

They broke
their wed-
lock. What
avails their
merriment
now ?

Now they
are quaking
and dumb.

for moton ; 590
he that to that gam gose,
Now namely on oldt tose.
Tutiullus. Thou heldt vp the lose,
That had I forgotten. 594

(75)

They shall
dwell in
pitch and
tar. with no
respite.

primus demon. sir, I trow thai be dom / somtyme were
fuH melland ;
WiH ye se how thai glom. /
secundus demon. thou art ay telland ;
Now shaH thai haue rom / in pyk aud tar euer dwelland,
Of thare sorow no some / bot ay to be yelland
In oure fostre. 599
Tutiullus. By youre lefe may We mefe you ?
primus demon. showe furth, I shrew you !
Secundus demon. yit to-nyght shaH I shew you
A mese of iH ostre. 603

(76)

The devils
carry them
off, with
threats.

Tutiullus. Of thise cursid forsworne / and aH that
here leyndys,
Blaw, wolfys-hele and oute-horne / now namely my
freyndys.
primus demon. Illa haiH were ye borne / youre awne
shame you sheyndys,
That shaH ye fynde or to morne. /
secundus demon. com now with feyndys
To youre angre ; 608
youre dedys you dam ;
Com, go we now sam,
It is comen youre gam,
Com, tary no langer. 612

(77)

primus bonus. We loue the, lorde, in alkyn thyng,
That for thyne awne has ordand thus,
That we may haue now oure dwellyng
In heuen blis giffen vnto vs. 616

Therfor fuH boldly may we syng

On oure way as we trus ;

Make we aH myrth and louyng

With te deum laudamus.

The right-
eous give
thanks to
God.

620

Explicit Iudicium.

XXXI.

Incipit Lazarus.

[47 couplets ; 4 ten-line stanzas, *aaaa*¹ *bbbc bc* ; 1 nine-line (no. 11), *aaaa bbc bc* ; 7 eight-line, four *ab ab ab ab*, two *abab bebc*, one *ab ab ba ba* ; 3 six-line, *aaab ab* ; 1 five-line, *aab ab*.] [Fol. 129. a.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Jesus.</i>		<i>Johannes.</i>		<i>Martha.</i>		<i>Lazarus.</i>]
<i>Petrus.</i>		<i>Thomas.</i>		<i>Maria.</i>		

(1)

Ihesus. Commes now, brethere, and go With me ;

We Will pas furth vntiH Iude,

To betany wiH we Weynde,²

To vyset lazare that is oure freynde.²

Gladly I wold we with hym speke,

I telH you sothely he is seke.

petrus. I red not that ye thider go,

The Iues halden you for thare fo ;

I red ye com not in that stede,

ffor if ye do then be ye dede.

Iohannes. Master, trist thou [not] on the Iue,

ffor many day sen thou thaym knewe,

And last tyme that we were thore

We wenyd tiH haue bene ded therfor.

Thomas. When we were last in that contre,

This othere day, both thou and we,

Jesus pro-
poses to go
to Bethany
to visit
Lazarus, who
is ill.

4

Peter, John,
and Thomas
dissuade
him for fear
of the Jews.

8

12

16

¹ The *aaaa* lines have central rymes markt here with bars (not in the MS).

² These lines are transposed in the MS., and the letters *a* and *b* are placed opposite them in the margin to indicate their proper order.

	We wenyd that thou ther shuld haue bene slayn ; WiH thou now go thider agane ?	
Jesus tells them Lazar- us is fallen asleep ; they must go to make that knight awake. If he sleep he will mend, Peter thinks.	<i>Ihesus.</i> herkyn, breder, and takys kepe ; lazare oure freynde is fallyn on slepe ; The way tiH hym now wiH we take, To styr that knyght and gar hym wake. <i>petrus.</i> Sir, me thynke it were the best To let hym slepe and take his rest ; And kepe that no man com hym hend, ffor if he slepe then mon he mend. <i>Ihesus.</i> I say to you, With outten fayH. No keypyng may tiH hym avaiH,	20 24
[Fol. 129, b.]	Ne slepe may stand hym in no stede, I say you sekerly he is dede ; Therfor I say you now at last leyfe this speche and go we fast.	28 32
Thomas says the disciples will share Jesus' peril and go with Him.	<i>Thomas.</i> Sir, What so euer ye bid vs do We assent vs weH ther to ; I hope to god ye shaH not fynde None of vs shaH lefe behynde : ffor any pareH that may befaH Weynde we With oure master aH.	36
Martha tells Jesus Lazar- us is dead.	<i>Martha.</i> help me, lorde, and gif me red ! lazare my broder now is dede, That was to the both lefe and dere ; he had not dyed had thou bene here.	40
He shall rise and live again. Jesus says.	<i>Ihesus.</i> Martha, martha, thou may be fayn, Thi brothere shaH rise and lif agayn. <i>Martha.</i> lorde, I wote that he shaH ryse And com before the good iustyce ; ffor at the dredfuH day of dome	44
Yes, at Doomsday, Martha answers.	There mon ye kepe hym at his come, To loke What dome ye WiH hym gif : Then mon he rise, then mon he lyf.	48
Jesus says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."	<i>Ihesus.</i> I Warne you, both man and wyfe, That I am rysyng, and I am life ; And Whoso truly trowys in me, That I was euer and ay shaH be, Oone thyng I shaH hym gif, Though he be dede yit shaH he lif.	52 56

say thou, Woman, trowys thou this ?

Martha. yee, for sothe, my lorde of blys,

Ellys were I greatly to mysprase,

ffor aH is sothe-fast that thou says.

60

Ihesus. Go teH thi sister mawdlayn

That I com, ye may be fayn.

[*Martha goes to Mary.*]

Martha. Sister, lefe this sorowful bande,

Oure lorde commys here at hand,

64

And his apostyls with hym also.

Maria. A, for godys luf let me go !

Blissid be he that sende me grace,

That I may se the in this place.

68

lorde, mekiH sorow may men se

Of my sister here and me ;

We ar heuy as any lede,

ffor our broder that thus is dede.

72

had thou bene here and on hym sene,

dede for sothe had he not bene.

Ihesus. hider to you commen we ar

To make you comforth of youre care,

76

Bot loke no fayntyse ne no slawth

Bryng you oute of stedfast trawthe,

Then shaH I hold you that I saide.

lo, where haue ye his body laide ?

80

Maria. lorde, if it be thi WiH,

I hope be this he sauers iH,

ffor it is now the ferth¹ day gone

sen he Was laide vnder yonde stone.

84

Ihesus. I tok the right now ther thou stode

that thi trawth shuld ay be goode,

And if thou may that fulfiH

AH bees done right at thi wiH.

88

Et lacrimatus est ihesus, dicens.

(2)

ffader, I pray the that thou rase

lazare that was thi hyne,

And bryng hym oute of his mysese

And oute of heH pyne.

92

Martha
believes,

and is
bidden to
fetch her
sister
Magdalene.

[Fol. 120, a.]

Mary tells
Jesus of
their sorrow.

Jesus is
come to
comfort
them.

He asks
where the
body is laid.

Jesus prays
to the Father
for Lazarus.

Let his days
be in-
creased.

When I the pray thou says aH wayse
Mi wiH is sich as thyne,
Therfor WiH we now eke his dayse.
To me thou wiH inclyne.

96

(3)

He bids
Lazarus
come forth,
and be
stripped of
his grave-
clothes.

Com furth, lazare, and stand vs by,
In ertH shaH thou no langere ly ;
Take and lawse hym foote and hande,
And from his throte take the bande,
And the sudary take hym fro,
And aH that gere, and let hym go.

100

102

(4)

Lazarus
gives
thanks to
Jesus, for
raising him
from hell.

lazarus. lorde, that aH thyng maide of noght,
louyng be to thee,
That sich Wonder here has Wroght,
Gretter may none be.
When I was dede to heH I soght,
And thou, through thi pauste,
Rasid me vp and thens me broght,
Behold and ye may se.

106

110

(5)

Not the
mightiest on
earth, king
or knight,
can escape
death.

Ther is none so styf on stede,
Ne none so prowde in prese,
Ne none so dughty in his dede,
Ne none so dere on deese,
No kyng, no knyght, no Wight in wede,
ffrom dede haue maide hym seese,
Ne flesh he was wonte to fede,
It shaH be Wormes mese.

114

118

(6)

youre dede is Wormes coke,
youre myrroure here ye loke,
And let me be youre boke,
youre sampiH take by me ;
ffro dede you cleke in cloke,
sich shaH ye aH be.

122

124

(7)

[Fol. 130, b.]

Ilkon in sich aray / With dede thai shaH be dight,
And closid colde in clay / Wheder he be kyng or knyght

ffor aH his garmentes gay / that semely were in sight,	For all their
his flesh shaH frete away / With many a wofuH wight.	gay clothes,
Then wofully sich wightys	their flesh
ShaH gnawe thise gay knyghtys,	shall be
Thare lunges and thare lightys,	eaten away.
Thare harte shaH frete in sonder ;	
Thise masters most of myghtys	
Thus shaH thai be broght vnder.	

(8)

Vnder the ertlie ye shaH / thus carefully then cowche ;	They shall
The roye of youre haH / youre nakyd nose shaH towche ;	have such a
Nawther great ne smaH / To you wiH knele ne crowche ;	hall that
A shete shaH be youre paH / sich todys shaH be youre	their naked
nowche ;	nose shall
Todys shaH you dere,	touch the
ffeyndys wiH you fere,	roof, for
youre flesh that fare was here	covering a
Thus rufully shaH rote ;	sheet and
In stede of fare colore	tods for
sich bandys shaH bynde youre throte.	jewels.

(9)

youre rud that was so red / youre lyre the lylly lyke,	They shall
Then shaH be wan as led / and stynke as dog in dyke ;	stink like
Wormes shaH in you brede / as bees dos in the byke,	dead dogs,
And ees out of youre hede / Thus-gate shaH paddokys	worms shall
pyke ;	breed in
To pike you ar preste	them, toads
Many vncomly beast,	pick out
Thus thai shaH make a feste	their eyes.
Of youre flesh and of youre blode.	
ffor you then sorows leste	
The moste has of youre goode.	

(10)

youre goodys ye shaH forsake / If ye be neuer so lothe,	They may
And nothing With you take / Bot sich a wyndyng clothe ;	take nothing
youre Wife sorow shaH slake / youre chylder also both,	with them
vnnes youre mynnyng make / If ye be neuer so wrothe ;	but their
Thai myn you with nothyng	winding
That may be youre helpyng,	sheet.

Wife and
children will
forget them
and pay for
no masses
for their
souls.

Nawther in mes syngyng,

Ne yit with almus dede ;

Therfor in youre leuyng

Be wise and take good hede.

164

(11)

Take hede for you to dele / Whils ye ar on life,

Trust neuer freyndys frele¹ / Nawthere of childe then wife ;

[Fol. 131, a.]

ffor sectures ar not lele / Then for youre good WiH stryfe ;

Trust not
friend, wife,
or child ;
executors
are always
unfaithful.

To by youre saules hele / There may no man thaym

shrife.

168

To shrife no man thaym may,

After youre endyng day,

your sauh for to glad ;

your sectures wiH swere nay,

And say ye aght more then ye had.

173

(12)

Amende the, man, Whils thou may,

let neuer no myrthe fordo thi mynde ;

Let them
amend while
they may.

Thynke thou on the dredefuH day

When god shaH deme aH mankynde.

177

Thynke thou farys as dothe the wynde ;

This warlde is wast & wiH away ;

Man, haue this in thi mynde,

And amende the Whils that thou may.

181

(13)

Amende the, man, whils thou art here,

Agane thou go an othere gate ;

When they
are dead it
will be too
late ; no
wealth may
save them
then.

When thou art dede and laide on bere,

Wyt thou weH thou bees to late ;

185

ffor if aH the goode that euer thou gate

Were delt for the after thi day,

In heuen it wolde not mende thi state,

fforthi amende the Whils thou may.

189

(14)

If thou be right ryaH in rente,

As is the stede standyng in staH,

The rich
man's
wealth be-
longs to
God.

In thi harte knowe and thynke²

That thai ar goddys goodys aH.

193

¹ These words, "Trust neuer freyndys frele," are hardly legible.

² The assonance wants "thenke."

he myght haue maide the poore and smaH
As he that beggys fro day to day ;

and must be
accounted
for.

Wit thou weH acountys gif thou shaH,
Therefore amende the whils thou may.

197

(15)

And if I myght with you dweH

To teH you aH my tyme,

ffuH mekiH cowthe I teH

Lazarus has
heard and
seen many a
marvel.

That I haue harde and sene,

201

Of many a great merueH,

sich as ye wolde not wene,

In the paynes of heH

There as I haue bene.

205

(16)

Bene I haue in wo,

Therfor kepe you ther fro ;

Whilst ye lif do so

Let them be
warned by
his suffer-
ings,

If ye wiH dweH with hym

That can gar you thus go,

And hele you lith and lym.

211

(17)

he is a lorde of grace,

Vmthynke you in this case,

And pray hym, fuH of myght,

he kepe you in this place

And haue you in his sight.

216

and pray to
the gracious
Lord for
protection.

Amen.

Explicit Lazarus.

(XXXII.)

Suspensio Iude.¹

[Incomplete ; 16 six-line stanzas, *aaab ab.*]

[Fol. 131, b.]

(1)

[*Judas.*] Alas, alas, & walaway !

waryd & cursyd I haue beyn ay ;

Judas
laments.

¹ This poem is added in a more modern hand than the others, apparently about the commencement of the sixteenth century.

I slew my father, & syn by-lay
 My moder der ;
 And falsly, aftur, I can betray
 Myn awn mayster.

6

(2)

His father's
 name was
 Reuben, his
 mother's
 Sibaria.

My fathers name was ruben, right ;
 Sibaria my moder hight ;
 Als he her knew apon a nyght

AH fleshle,

When he
 was be-
 gotten his
 mother
 dreamed
 that there
 lay in her
 side a lump
 of sin which
 should
 destroy all
 Jewry.

In her sleyp she se a sighte,
 A great ferle.

12

(3)

her thoght ther lay her syd with-in
 A lothly lumpe of fleshly syn,
 Of the which distruccion schuld begyn
 Of aH Iury ;

That Cursyd Clott of Camys kyn,
 fforsoth, was I.

18

(4)

Dreyd of that sight mad her awake,
 & aH hir body did tremyH & qwake ;
 her thoght hir hert did all to-brake—

No wonder was—

the first[e] word my moder spake
 was alas, alas !

24

(5)

She told his
 father her
 dream,

Alas, alas ! sche cryed faste,
 with that, on weping owt sche braste :
 My father wakyd at the laste,
 & her afranyd ;
 Sche told hym how she was agaste,
 & nothyng laynyd.

30

(6)

and he re-
 solved that
 if a child
 were born
 he should be
 destroyed.

my father bad, “ let be thy woo !
 my Cowncel is, if hit be soo,
 A child be gettyn betwixt hus too,
 Doghter or son,
 lett hit neuer on erth[e] go,
 Bot be fordon.

36

(7)

bettur hit is fordon to be
 then hit fordo both the & me ;
 ffor in a while then schaH we se,
 & fuH weH know,
 wheder *that* swevyns be vanite
 or on to traw."

They would
 soon know
 if dreams
 were vain or
 true.

42

(8)

The tyme was comyn *that* I was borne,
 os my moder sayd beforn ;
 Alas, *that* I had beyn forlorn
 With-In hir syd !
 for ther then spronge a schrewid thorn
 That spred fuH wyd.

Judas was
 born.

48

(9)

for I was born with owtyng grace,
 Thay me namyd & Callyd Iudas ;
 The ffather of the child ay hays
 Great petye ;
 He myght not thoyle afor his face
 My deth to se.

His father
 would not
 have him
 killed in his
 sight,

54

(10)

My ded to se then myght he nocht ;
 A lytyH lep he gart be wroght,
 & ther I was in bed [i-]broght
 & bondon faste ;
 To the salt se then thay soght,
 & In me Caste.

but had him
 cast into the
 sea.

60

(11)

The wawes rosse, the wynd[e] blew ;
 That I was Cursyd fuH well *thai* knew ;
 The storme vnto the yle me threw,
 That lytill botte ;
 And of that land my to-name drew,
 Iudas skariott.

The waves
 and wind
 rose, and
 the storm
 threw him
 on the isle
 whence he
 was call'd
 Iscariot.

66

(12)

Thor os wreкке in sand I lay,
 The qweyn Com passyng *ther* away,
 With hir madyns to sport & play ;

v

The queen
found him
there as she
came to play
with her
maidens,

And prevaly
A child she fond in slyk aray,
& had ferly.

72

(13)

Neuer-the-lesse sche was weH payd,
And on hir lap[pe] sche me layd ;
Sche me kissid & with me playd,
ffor I was fayre ;
“ A child god hays me send,” sche sayd,
“ to be myn ayre.”

78

(14)

and passed
him off on
the king as
her own son.

Sche mad me be to norice done,
And fosterd as her awn[e] sone,
And told the kyng that sche had gone
AH *the yer with child* ;
And *with* fayr wordys, as *wemen* Con,
sche hym begild.

84

(15)

The king
made a
feast.

Then the kyng gart mak a fest
To aH the land [right] of the best,
ffor that he had getty[n] a gest,
A swetly thyng,
When he wer ded & broght to rest,
that myght be kyng.

90

(16)

Two years
afterwards
the queen
bore a fair
son.

Sone aftur *with* in yer[e]s too,
In the land hit befeH soo,
The qweyn hir self *with* child Can goo ;
A son sche bayr ;
A fayrer child from tope to too
Man neuer se ayre.

96

* " * * * *

FINIS HUIUS [*in a later hand.*]

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 Aby, 125/272, pay for: *see* Abite.
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 Bedeyn, 15/222, at once, at the same time.
 Beete, 57/23, amend, heal.
 Behete, 36/430, promised.
 Belamy, 84/188, fair friend.
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 Belke, 378/342, belch.
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 Bent, 120/142, field.
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 Blo, 35/413, blue-black, livid.
 Blome, 60/130, bloom, flower.
 Blowre, 74/307, blisters (?)
 Blowys, 81/94, talk, proclaim, publish.
 Blure, 374/220, destruction (?), damnation.
 Blyn, 18/324, stop, cease: *see* Blan.
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 Bondon, 59/102, disposition, discretion.
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 Bragance, 117/34, bragging, boasting.
 Brall, 167/31, brawl, cry out.
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 Brast, 31/264, burst.
 Brayde, 225/664, stratagem, deceit; Brayde, of, 105/153, are like, resemble.
 Brede, 2/20, breadth.
 Brefe, 151/342, letter, official document.
 Breme, 237/290, fierce, furious.
 Bren, 14/180, burn.
 Brend, 11/73, Brent; burnt.
 Brere, 282/91; Brerys, 15/202, briars, thorns.
 Bressed, 256/371, bruised.
 Brestyn, 276/589, burst, *p.p.*
 Brith, 166/3, birth.
 Brodell, 150/315, wretch.
 Browes, 21/417, broth, stew.
 Browke, 14/186, use.
 Brude, 124/237, offspring, children (?)
 Bruet, 50/24, broth.
 Brynly, 368/33, fiercely.
 Bryssyng, 204/9, bruising, breaking: *see* Bressed, Bursyd.
 Bryst, 136/629, burst.
 Bun, 4/66, bound.
 Bursyd, 161/34, bruised.
 Busk, 167/31, prepare; 167/35, set out, depart.
 Bustus, 235/213, rough, hoisterous, clumsy.
 Buxom, 96/336, obedient.
 By, 126/330, pay for: *see* Aby, Abite.
 Byched, 289/325, cursed.
 Bydeyn, 22/157, at once: *see* Bedeyr.
 Byg, 22/182, build.
 Bygyng, 19/91, building.
 Byke, 31/147, hive.
 Byll-hagers, 102/57, men who hack with bills.
 Bynke, 30/484, bench.
 Byr, 3/371, rush.
 Byrdyng, 96/345, playing, jesting (*see* 95/302), supposed adultery; or is it 'little bird, child (?)'.

- Byrkyn, 168/63, break.
- Can, 2/338, know.
- Carls, 70/205, rustics.
- Carpe, 4/115, talk.
- Casbald, 255/351, a term of reproach.
- Catyfdam, 184/101, catifdom, the devil, hell.
- Catyfnes, 266/271, wickedness.
- Cautelys, 208/144, tricks.
- Cele, 134/558, happiness: *see* Ceyll.
- Cely, 214/323, good, innocent.
- Certis, 46/191, certainly.
- Ceyll, 133/523, bliss, happiness.
- Charge, 8/404, load, prepare.
- Charys, 126/304, pieces of work, jobs.
- Chase, 59/85, chose.
- Chefe, 123/398, succeed.
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- Chepe, lyght, 16/236; 121/170, easy, cheap bargain.
- Chere, 40/18, countenance.
- Ches, 31/281; Chese, 27/129, rows (*see* Chess in Dict.).
- Chese, 253/315, chose.
- Chevich, 274/514, bargain, deal.
- Chuffer, 259/31 (?), boaster (Jesus).
- Claryfy, 361/249, proclaim, make famous: *see* Cleryfy.
- Cleke, 390/123, seize (?).
- Clekyt, 375/245, hatched (?).
- Clerge, 112/389; Clerge[te], 107/240, book-learning.
- Cleryfy, 80/65, proclaim, preach, tell.
- Cloke, 390/123, claw (?).
- Cloute, 33/353, patch, mend.
- Cloyse, 247/125, clothes.
- Clyfe, 95/308, cliff (?).
- Clynke, 262/135, clench.
- Clyppys, 390/124, eclipse.
- Cod, 101/22, bag, pillow.
- Coke, 390/119, cook.
- Cokkers, 291/374, fighters.
- Cokys, 239/355, cocks.
- Colke, 338/43, core.
- Colknyfys, 102/57, cabbage-knives.
- Combred, 285/189. 321/508, encumbered, entangled (?).
- Conandly, 189/104, wisely, suitably.
- Condyth, 155/482, conduct.
- Copyn, Kyng, 233/166, King Empty-skein (?).
- C'oth, 35/417, disease.
- Couandys (better Conandys), 222/586, covenants, agreements.
- Couth, 269/373, known, familiar.
- Couth, 66/68; Cowth, 37/473, could.
- Cowche, 115/478, lie down.
- Cowll, 241/405, swelling, weal.
- Cowrs, 286/225, course, way.
- Coyle, 21/425; Coyll, 34/389, pottage (should be cayll); 5/136 coal.
- Crate, 242/427, decrepit man (?).
- Craw, 18/311, crow.
- Croft, 239/355, field.
- Cronyng, 281/67, crooning, moaning.
- Crop, 115/470, top, head.
- Crumpe, 370/110, cramp.
- Cryb, 107/208, put in a crib (?).
- Cuker, 375/270, coker, kind of half-boot or gaiter.
- Cutt, 273/508, lot (draw lots).
- Dall, 139/733, hand; Dalles, 373/187; Dals, 371/136, hands.
- Dam, 249/186; 236/248, condemn.
- Dampnabill, 234/198, deserving of condemnation.
- Dang, 314/274, beat.
- Dangere, 71/225, control, dominion.
- Dare, 163/83, lie hid.
- Darfe, 367/1, hard, heavy.
- Dase, 32/314, am dazed, stupefied, bewildered.
- Daunche, 181/509, fastidious (?).
- Daw, 30/247, (?) melancholy, sluggard.
- Dawes, 196/55; Dayes, 55/108, dawns.
- Dayde, 234/185, brought to trial (at an appointed day) (?).
- Daynteth, 294/55, dignity, importance.
- Dede, 7/203, death.
- Dedir, 32/314 (Yorkshire 'dither'), shiver, tremble.
- Deese, 390/114, daïs.
- Des, 5/121; Desse, 286/231; Deese, 390/114; Dese, 245/64; daïs, throne.
- Defend, 86/6, forbid.
- Defly, 119/109, dealy.
- Deill, 16/247, bit, morsel.
- Dele, 13/137, share, divide.
- Delf, 66/79, delve, dig.
- Delfe, 276/575, grave.
- Deme, 4/113, judge.
- Dere, 32/317, harm, injury.
- Derfe, 382/481, hard, cruel.
- Derly, 117/389, grievously.
- Dern, 373/200, secret, hidden.
- Dernly, 168/69, secretly, quietly.

- Determyd, 348/251, ended.
 Devere, 32/319, duty.
 Dewe, 374/230, list (of fools).
 Deyde, 66/80, deeds, work.
 Deyle, 15/213; Deyll, 15/205, share, give : *see* Dele and Deill.
 Deyle, 375/268, devil.
 Distance, 24/57, disagreement, dispute.
 Dit, 17/280; Dytt, 233/178, shut, stopped.
 Ditizance dountance, 171/171.
 Doket, 377/310, (?) rag, clout, or (?) little tail.
 Dold, 31/266, dulled, grown dull.
 Dom, 207/109, doom, sentence.
 Done, 92/228, place, put.
 Donnyng, 10/32, dun mare(?), cp. 'Dun is in the myre.'
 Dos, 19/360, dost, puttest.
 Dote, 31/265, foolish person, dotard.
 Dotty-pols, 173/231, crazy-heads.
 Dowde, 375/260, slut.
 Dowse, 124/246, harlot.
 Doyll, 34/390, dole, portion; 74/302, grief, mourning.
 Doyn, 382/481, done.
 Doyse, 4/110, dost.
 Drake, 312/221, dragon.
 Dray, 57/14, draw, withdraw.
 Dre, 118/65, endure.
 Drech, 326/20, harass, afflict.
 Drelly, 108/245, long, deeply.
 Dres, 30/238, direct one's course, go; 245/65, prepare, order, direct.
 Drogh, 6/155, drew, betook himself.
 Duch ax, 374/242, Dutch axe.
 Dug, 377/310 cut (?)
 Dughtyest, 175/294, doughtiest.
 Dulfull, 7/203, dolefull.
 Dustardys, 285/10, dastards, stupid persons.
 Dwere, 364/342, perplexity.
 Dwill, 12/89, devil.
 Dwillis, 11/63, devil's.
 Dwyrd, 348/252, destroy (?)
 Dyght, 39/543, prepared, disposed.
 Dyke, 66/79, ditch.
 Dyll, 163/80, render dull, assuage.
 Dyllydowne, 135/609, pet, darling.
 Dyng, 77/410, beat, strike.
 Dyntand, 280/54, riding.
 Dysars, 291/373, dicers.
 Dyscry, 243/8; Dyscryfe, 345/180, describe.
 Dysseferance, 343/144, separation, dissension.
 Dytt, 233/178, stopt.
 Edder, 86/25, serpent.
 Eft, 30/241, afterwards, again.
 Eld, 62/189, age.
 Eme, 51/59, uncle.
 Emell, 65/34, among.
 Encense, *v.t.* 172/198, incense.
 Encheson, 44/133, occasion, cause.
 Endoost, 196/48, protected.
 Endorde, 107/234, glazed, gilded.
 Enfray, 308/71, affray.
 Enys, 225/661, once.
 Ernes, 150/303, earnest.
 Eschele, 55/115, troop.
 Ethre, 232/141, easily.
 Everychon, 41/43, each or every one.
 Examynyng, *sb.* 235/235, examination.
 Excusyng, *sb.* 94/294.
 Faed, 269/363, withered.
 Fageyng, 247/252, flattery.
 Fames, 92/213, makes known.
 Fand, 69/164, found.
 Fang, 30/245, take hold of, take.
 Fare, 10/32, on, pull.
 Farenes, 235/217, fairness, justice.
 Farly, 56/3, wonderfully.
 Farlys, 294/53, wonders.
 Farne, 149/271, fared, got on: *see* Fowre.
 Farne, 133/533, laboured, borne a child.
 Fature, 71/226, traitor, deceiver, impostor.
 Faund, 47/219, found.
 Fawchon, 288/274, falchion.
 Fawte, 229/55, default, want.
 Fax, 374/243, hair.
 Fayn, 45/175, joyful.
 Fayntyse, 389/77, cowardice, languor.
 Fayre, 18/308, go, fare.
 Featte, 287/252, doings.
 Fee, 11/76, property, 'corn or cattle'; 66/62, cattle.
 Feere, 7/209, companion.
 Feft, 136/620, endowed.
 Feld, 13/122, field.
 Fele, Felle, 65/43, many; 141/24, knock down; 156/515, mountain; 170/142, cruel, fierce.
 Fell, 331/181, skin.

- Felly, 368/31, terribly.
 Felter, 377/318, join together (?)
 Fend, 10/38, forbid.
 Fenyng, 250/224, feigning.
 Fenys, 205/22, feign.
 Ferd, 13/145, afraid; 18/338, fear.
 Fere (in), 20/383, in company, together.
 Fere, 368/31, terrify.
 Ferly, 14/156, wonder, marvel.
 Ferray, 374/217, plundering.
 Fersly, 77/405, fiercely (?)
 Ferys, 250/64, companions: *see* Fere.
 Fest, 109/280, settle, fix.
 Feste, 251/244, fastened.
 Feyld, 372/165, made ready.
 Feyll, 294/53, many.
 Feyr, 191/161, companion: *see* Fere.
 Ffarlee, 358/158, wonderfully: *see* Farly.
 Felterd, 102/65, joined together, interwoven.
 Fermes, 101/30, rents due to landlord.
 Fill (half my till), 21/427.
 Flay, 34/380, put to flight, frighten.
 Flekyt, 374/242, spotted.
 Fleme, 84/188, banish, put to flight.
 Flemyd, 235/234, banisht, condemned: *see* Fleme.
 Flett, 29/223, flat, floor; 36/436, floated.
 Flone, 110/324, dart: *see* Thoner-flone, lightning.
 Floo, 26/115, flow.
 Flume, 197/72, river.
 Flyt, 17/303; 29/223, flee, shift; 73/284, flee from, avoid.
 Flyte, 17/293, quarrel.
 Flyx, 182/30, flux, diarrhoea.
 Foche, 71/221, fetch.
 Fode, 96/365; 268/343, offspring: *see* Foode.
 Foine, 268/343, product, treasure.
 Fon, 274/526, am bewildered.
 Fon, 47/218, found; 96/353, fool.
 Fon, 239/360, seize, take.
 Fone, 26/99, few.
 Foode, 91/178, offspring, child; 196/39, young man.
 Foore, 122/196, fared.
 For, 19/354, because.
 Forbot, 102/38, forbidding.
 Force, 19/374, power, strength; 'no force,' no matter.
 Fordo, 26/114, ruin, destroy.
- For-fare, 234/317, destroy.
 Forfett, 230/62, transgressed; 242/425, offence, penalty (?)
 Forgangere, 195/28, foregoer.
 Forgeyn, 49/285, forgiven.
 For-rakyd, 124/256, overdone with walking.
 Fors, 65/32, might, power.
 Forshapyn, 136/619, transformed.
 Forspokyn, 136/613, enchanted.
 Forth, 52/24, carry out, execute.
 For-thi, 10/45, For-thy, 270/405, therefore.
 Forthynk, 94/299; 24/354, repent, be sorry.
 Forthynkyng, 343/144, repentance.
 Forwakyd, 124/253, exhausted with watching.
 Forward, 289/322, agreement, promise.
 Foryeldys, 121/171, requites.
 Fostre, 386/599, care, protection.
 Fott, 20/392, fetch.
 Found, 41/53; Fownde, 358/158, prove, try, seek.
 Fow[n]dyng, 219/497, temptation.
 Fowre, 74/305, fared.
 Foyde, 139/720, child, offspring: *see* Foode.
 Foyll, 225/678, fool; 5/137, foal.
 Foyn, 177/381, thrust.
 Foyne, 125/281, few: *see* Fone.
 Foyte, 263/182, foot, 12 inches.
 Frast, 28/183; 41/53, inquire of, try.
 Fray, 175/317, attack, alarm, fright; 312/198, from.
 Frayes, 65/42, affrays, rows.
 Frayn, 91/185, question, ask.
 Fre, *sb.* 32/310, free, noble, liberal being, God.
 Freke, 289/322, warrior, man.
 Frele, 392/166, frail.
 Frely, 49/277; 139/720; 196/39, noble.
 Fres, 351/314; Frese, 34/391, fear.
 Fresh: as fresh as an eel, 127/356.
 Frog, 289/311, frock, Christ's gown.
 Froskis, 73/284, frogs.
 Fry, 25/66, children, descendants.
 Fryggys, 377/316, animals, beings (?)
 Fun, 65/43, found
 Fyld, 90/159, defiled, copulated with.
 Fynd, 94/272, put, clothe.
 Fyrth, 156/515, forest.
 Fytt, 59/104, song, stanza.

- Gab, 347/243, deceive.
 Gad, 13/149, go quickly to and fro.
 Gadlyng, 80/84, fellow.
 Gam, 3/84, pleasure, sport.
 Ganstand, 44/128, withstand, oppose.
 Garn, 32/298, yarn.
 Garray, 76/377, armed force; 134/564, commotion, row.
 Gars, 10/44, causes.
 Gart, 43/104, made.
 Garthynere, 323/563, gardener.
 Gate, 52/29, going, path.
 Gawdis, 65/41, tricks, habits.
 Gaytt-door, 126/328, street door.
 Gedlyngis, 10/14, fellows: *see* Gadlyng.
 Geld, 89/134, barren.
 Gent, 366/396, gentle, well-born.
 Gere, 30/245, gear, tools.
 Ges, *sb.* 15/231, guess.
 Gessen, 74/315, Goshen.
 Get, 46/188, offspring, progeny.
 Gett, 376/287, mode, fashion.
 Geyn, 203/270, given.
 Glase, 241/418, gloss, polishing.
 Glase, 126/316, chance, risk.
 Glom, 386/596, frown, are gloomy.
 Glope, 174/264, surprise.
 Glose, 129/413, falsehood.
 Gnast, 170/157, gnash, be troubled.
 Goderhayll! 107/226, good luck!
 Gog, 10/44, God.
 Gome, 203/269, man.
 Goonys, 183/47, yawn.
 Grade, 257/404; Graide, 234/286, prepared.
 Grafen, 316/350, buried.
 Grales, 172/205, gradual, part of the Mass.
 Grame, 25/89, anger.
 Gramercy, 98/20, many thanks.
 Gramery, 108/242, grammar, learning.
 Grankys, 183/45, groan.
 Granser, 204/12, grandsire.
 Grath, 37/482, (?) favour, readiness.
 Grauyng, 157/557, burial.
 Grayd, 300/227, prepared: *see* Grade.
 Grayth, 55/103, prepare.
 Graythly, 207/95, readily.
 Grefyd, 217/432, grieved.
 Greme, 54/73, anger, harm: *see* Grame.
 Gresys, 8/238, herbs, plants.
 Grete, 50/38, weeping, to weep; 316/350, grit, stone.
 Grew, 274/531, Greek.
 Grewys, 378/352, turns to horror (?)
 Grith, 166/4, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.
 Grofen, 74/326, grown (?)
 Groflyngis, 46/203, groveling, face downwards.
 Grome, 371/128, groom, boy.
 Gropyng, 347/243, feeling, handling.
 Groved, 15/199, grew.
 Grownne, 114/432, snout (?)
 Groyf, 196/54, grow (?)
 Gruch, 198/104, grudge, murmur.
 Grufe, 37/463, grow (?)
 Gryle, 163/99, shrilly, keenly.
 Grymly, 338/14, cruelly, terribly.
 Gryse, 48/254, feel horror, shudder.
 Gryssed, 106/189, grassed, covered with grass.
 Gryth, 226/707, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.
 Gyll, 243/11, guile.
 Gyn, 26/128, contrivance, engine.
 Gyrd, 136/622, strike, cut.
 Gyrth, 80/54, peace, security: *see* Gryth.
 Gyse, 127/341, plan (?)
 Had I wyst, 119/93, had I known, before I played the fool.
 Hailes, 180/484, unhurt (?)
 Haft, 187/52, affairs, business.
 Hafyng, 191/175, possessions, property.
 Hagh, 330/144, consideration.
 Hak, 131/476, go on, behave, make uproar (?)
 Halsid, 294/56, embraced, fondled.
 Hamyd, 117/15, crippled, lamed.
 Handband, 50/33, covenanted portion.
 Hap, 130/434, wrap up.
 Har (to-har), 297/142, harry, drag.
 Har, 234/210, hinge.
 Harbar, 124/245; Harbor, 297/139, lodging, dwelling.
 Hardely, 19/463, boldly, certainly.
 Haril, 256/358, drag.
 Harlottis, 10/22, rascals.
 Harnes, 128/392, brains.
 Harnes, 43/118, equipment.
 Haro! 17/275, help!
 Harrer, 11/55, quicker.
 Harsto, 297/136; Harstow, 20/386, hearest thou.
 Hast, 238/318, asked, ordered: *see* Ast.
 Hat, 10/15, is called.
 Hathennes, 79/26, heathendom.

- Hatters, 133/543, confound it!
 Hawvell, 378/337, noise, jabber (?).
 Apparently mere gibberish, like the
 rune-word *lawvell*.
 Haylse, 365/386, salute.
 Haytt, 123/227, hot.
 He, 37/469, high.
 Hek, 126/305, hatch, wicket-gate.
 Hekis, 10/47, hay-racks (?).
 Held, 181/6, eld, old age.
 Helme, 35/420, rudder.
 Hend, 388/25, near.
 Hend, 9/262, hand.
 Hent, 35/420, take, seize.
 Here, 12/100, here is.
 Heris, 7/198, bear thou.
 Het, 46/190, promised; Hetis, 51/52,
 promises; Hete, 352/348, promise.
 Hething, 281/86, scorn, contempt.
 Hevyd, 366/401, lifted.
 Heyle, 87/45, healing, salvation.
 Heynd, 62/174, gracious.
 Heytt, 73/298, promised: *see* Het.
 Hien, 193/216, hence.
 Hight, 3/71, (be) called; 24/46, pro-
 mised.
 Ho, 35/411, cry ho! stop.
 Hogh, 317/371, high, (?) read 'hegh.'
 Hoill, 9/7, hole.
 Hoket, 374/233, 234; 377/312, ridi-
 cule (?), or (?) difficulty, obstacle.
 Holard, 177/358, debauchee.
 Holgh, 18/310, empty, hollow.
 Homely, 294/56, familiarly.
 Hone, 13/133, delay.
 Hore, 104/132, hair (?), sheep.
 Hostyld, 348/263, lodged.
 Hote, 53/46, promise, vow.
 Houer, 75/363, tarry.
 Hoyle, 34/388, whole, contented.
 Hoyne, 32/80, delay: *see* Hone.
 Hoyse, 21/436, hose.
 Hu, 346/221, hue (?).
 Hud, 288/283, hood.
 Hufe, 37/461, delay.
 Hullars, 291/373, lechers.
 Hurlyd, 244/30, driven forcibly; 377/
 316, covered with bristles.
 Hy, 10/43, hasten; *in hy*, in haste.
 Hyght, 81/107, promise.
 Hyghtynd, 90/68, set high, lifted up,
 exalted.
 Hyne, 53/54, servant; 184/90, hence (?).
 Hydis, 66/62, shepherds.
 Hyte! 11/55, gee up! go on!
 Ich, Icha, 4/106, each, every.
 Ich, I, who be, 122/207.
 Ichon, 26/112, each one.
 Ilk, 62/183, same.
 Ilka, 63/211, each, every.
 Indoost, 242/421, flogged, loaded on
 the back.
 Indytars, 205/24, inditers, writers.
 Infude, 100/89, pour into, endow.
 Ingroost, 202/250, engrossed, included,
 comprehended.
 Innocent, *sb.* 177/388.
 Inqueryd, 195/21, inquired of, asked.
 Intraste (in traste), 299/182, trust in.
 Irk, 182/43, weary, disinclined for
 exertion.
 Irregulere, 237/306, out of rule,
 unjust.
 Ist, 201/212, is it.
 Janglis, 9/6; chatters; Jangyls,
 13/134, chatterest.
 Jape, 123/221, jest.
 Jawvell, 378/337, wrangling = javel,
 chavel, jaw.
 Jelian Jowke, 377/317, Gillian
 Clown (?).
 Jourmontyng, 166/11, governor (?).
 Jues, 65/35, Jews.
 Keill, 32/300; Keyle, 26/118, cool,
 allay.
 Kelles, 375/260, canls, nets.
 Kend, 11/72, taught; 62/193, known.
 Kepe, 253/304, await, meet (?); 388/
 19, heed.
 Kest, 266/255, cast, reckon up.
 Knafe, 20/382; Knave, 134/554, boy,
 servant.
 Knakt, 137/659, hit it off, sang.
 Knap, 238/337, knock, strike.
 Knop, 241/408, stud with knobs.
 Knyt, 36/451, knit, closed.
 Koket, 374/235, cock, aside.
 Kon, 4/91, know.
 Kun thank, 65/30, give thanks.
 Kyd, 2/45; 266/272, made known,
 shown.
 Kynd, 50/42, kindred, family.
 Kynke, 372/152, double up, tie myself
 in a knot.
 Kypys, 134/557, seizes, snatches.
 Kyth, 54/67, kith, kindred, native
 country.
 Kythe, 54/95; 266/266, show.

- Laft, 261/105, have left, relinquished.
 Laghe, 339/44, law.
 Lak, 68/118; Lake, 115/465; 385/
 587, play, game.
 Lakan, 124/242, plaything.
 Lake, sb. 206/85, lack.
 Lane, 334/48, hide; *see* Layn.
 Langett, 29/224, strap, thour.
 Langyd, 117/42, longed, wished.
 Lap, 287/265, rag.
 Lappyd, 116/4; Lapt, 128/368,
 wrapped up, involved.
 Lare, 70/194, lore, learning.
 Larre, in, 189/90, at large, fully.
 Late, 90/137, seek, inquire.
 Lath, 298/165, hateful, hideous; *see*
 Layth.
 Law, 67/81, low.
 Lawd, 61/143, lay, unlearned.
 Lawdys, 121/180, praises, part of the
 Matins Service.
 Lawvell, 378/338, blasphemy (?)
 Lay, Layse, 65/48, law, laws.
 Layn, 45/169, hide, deny.
 Layt, 192/180, seek, look for.
 Layth, 87/63, hateful, hideous.
 Laytt, 286/238, search (?)
 Leasse, 6/158, falsehood.
 Leche, 12/83, physician.
 Led-, 287/265, man.
 Leder, 31/289; Ledyr, 121/147, evil,
 bad.
 Lefe, 11/65; Leif, 11/68, dear.
 Lege, 192/181, alleges, quotes.
 Leghe, 33/38, lie, falsehood.
 Leif, 15/195, remain.
 Leke, 5/129, leek.
 Lele, 36/446, loyal.
 Lely, 192/180, loyally.
 Lelyst, 288/296, most loyal, fairest.
 Lemman, 87/65, dear one (V. Mary).
 Lemyd, 110/316, shone.
 Lent, 96/352, remained.
 Lenys, 13/118, lends.
 Lep, 395/56, basket.
 Lerd, 233/169, taught.
 Lere, 45/159, teach.
 Leryd, 72/239, learnt.
 Les, 5/120; Lese, 7/194, falsehood:
see Leasse.
 Lese, 209/163, lose.
 Lesyns, 206/67, lyings, falsehoods.
 Letherly, 121/171, badly (cheap and
 nasty).
 Letht, 232/142; lithe, mitigation.
- Lett, 189/89, Linder, desist, stop;
 259/33, thought, esteemed.
 Letys, 260/56, toinks.
 Leuer, 47/217, rather: *see* Leyffer.
 Leuerd, 287/265, delivered, given.
 Leueryng, 107/217, dish of liver (?):
see Levyr.
 Levyn, 33/346, lightning.
 Levyr, 35/399, liver.
 Lewde, 139/707, unlearned, lay.
 Lewte, 41/50, loyalty.
 Leyde, 24/48, people, nation; 4/82,
 lead.
 Leyf, 5/126, dear: *see* Leif.
 Leyfe, 4/111, leave, abandon; 85/234,
 pleased, willing.
 Leyffer, were I, 42/84, I had rather.
 Leyfys, 385/586, darlings, loves.
 Leyn, 12/112, lean.
 Leyn, 12/115, lend.
 Leynd, 68/140, remain, linger.
 Leynyd, 53/37, leaned, inclined.
 Lig, 18/326, lie.
 Lightness, 195/5, light.
 Ligs, 15/220, lies: *see* Lig.
 List, 11/59, pleases.
 Lith, 2/26, light; 393/211, joint.
 Lofe, 3/75, praise.
 Lofyne, 12/103, praising, praise: *see*
 Loyng.
 Loghe, 281/86, laughed.
 Lone, 203/271, loan.
 Long, 35/399, lungs.
 Longys, 3/81, belongs.
 Lony, 107/230, loins.
 Looke, 123/219, look favourably on,
 save.
 Loppys, 74/306, insects, fleas.
 Lorne, 66/76, lost.
 Lose, 250/202, praise, repute.
 Losell, 72/242, scamp, worthless
 man.
 Lote, 129/409, noise.
 Loth, 208/126, loathsome, hateful,
 hideous: *see* Lath.
 Lothes, 166/9, injuries.
 Lottyn, 232/123, looking: *see* Sowre-
 loten.
 Louf, 42/56, love: *see* Luf.
 Loutt, 280/49, bow the head: *see*
 Lowt.
 Loyng, 3/62, praise.
 Lowde, and styll, 190/122, in all con-
 ditions.
 Lowfes, 211/239, valuest.

- Lowfyd, 248/169, praised.
 Lowked, 229/58, locked, closed.
 Lowt, 21/434, bow the head.
 Luddokys, 377/314, buttocks.
 Luf, 21/434, love.
 Lufe, 37/462, hand, palm.
 Luffy, 3/72, lovely.
 Lullay, syng, 130/442.
 Lurdan, 72/239, lowt, lazy person.
 Luskand, 227/750, hiding, sneaking.
 Lyere, 269/362; face, countenance :
 see Lyre.
 Lyght, 60/115, descend; 127/337,
 delivered (in childbirth); ehepe, 16/
 236, 121/170, light, cheap bargain.
 Lykance, 281/56, liking, pleasure.
 Lykandly, 265/234, pleasantly.
 Lykyng, 74/316, pleasure.
 Lynage, 69/143, lineage.
 Lynde, 97/368, lime-tree.
 Lyre, 65/24, face, countenance : *see*
 Lyere.
 Lyst, 65/24, pleasure, liking.
 Lyte, 85/225; Lytt, 152/394, flaw,
 error.
 Lythe, 340/87, go, travel.
 Lytter, 158/590, bed.

 Ma-fay ! 275/564, my faith !
 Make, 7/187, mate, wife; 21/442,
 match, equal.
 Malison, 19/355, malediction, curse.
 Malys, 179/453, bags, wallets.
 Mangery, 214/343, feast.
 Mangyng, 107/232, eating, meal.
 Mar, 27/129, hinder.
 Mare, 238/310, nightmare, goblin.
 Marke, 182/33, dark, dim.
 Maroo, 130/436, companion, mate.
 Mase, 68/135, makes, does.
 Masid, 358/165, 166; 359/195, mazed,
 dazed.
 Mastre, 3/81; 65/34; 223/610, lord-
 ship, superiority.
 Masyd, 220/510, dizzy, stupid.
 Mawgre, 287/270, ill-will, displeasure.
 Mawmentry, 260/78, idolatry.
 May, 80/70, maiden; 223/610, make.
 Mayll-casse, 132/485, discomfort, sick-
 ness.
 Mayn, 163/101; 265/241, power,
 strength.
 Maytt, 202/245, dejected, sorrowful.
 Measse, 34/389, mess, dish.
 Med, 341/111, mead, honey-drink.

 Mede, 17/294, reward.
 Medill-erd, 26/100, earth, world.
 Medys, 2/31, midst.
 Mekill, 16/237, much.
 Mell, 24/44, speaks (of); 260/82,
 meddle.
 Melland, 386/595, speaking, talking.
 Mene, 141/37, indicate, point out.
 Menee, Menye, 23/22, household,
 company.
 Meng, 166/15, mingle; 271/437, disturb,
 trouble.
 Menged, 41/31, disturbed, troubled;
 314/270, mixed.
 Menske, 82/140, dignify, honour.
 Menskfull, 365/389, honourable.
 Ment, 40/15, aimed at, aspired to;
 45/174, signified, intended.
 Menys, 225/688, bemoans.
 Merely, 77/419, merrily.
 Merkyd, 195/3, marked.
 Marshall, 264/198, farrier.
 Mes, 172/206, Mass.
 Mese, 209/151, soothe.
 Mesel, 16/264, leprous.
 Mett, 115/484, measured.
 Mevid, 39/542, moved.
 Meyne, 12/111, mean, middling.
 Meyne, Mene 12/113, complain, moan.
 Mo, 6/163; Moo, 8/237, more.
 Mode, 180/472, mind, mood.
 Modee, 260/86, proud, courageous.
 Mold, 243/3, earth, ground.
 Mom, 70/188, mutter.
 Mompyus, 107/210, teeth: 'mone-
 pyunes,' Lydgate.
 Mon, 16/265, must.
 Mop, 115/467; 139/724, bundle, baby.
 Moren, 101/39, morning.
 Mortase, 264/213; 267/304, mortice,
 notch for the Cross to rest in.
 Mos, 376/288, moss, for padding
 folk's shoulders.
 Mot, 16/254, must.
 Mow, 261/99, grimace.
 Mowchid, 385/571, preyed, pilfered (?)
 Moyne, 195/6, moon.
 Moyte, 213/298, discuss, moot.
 Moytt, 271/430, plead.
 Moyttys, 301/270, slippest, goest
 astray.
 Muf, 70/188, speak indistinctly.
 Muster, 298/177, punish (?)
 Mychers, 258/12, pilferers.
 Mydyng, 34/376, dunghill.

Myld, *sb.* 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.
 Myn, 26/112, less; 39/551, remember.
 Myn, 291/361, Mynnyng, 391/158, memory, remembrance.
 Myr, 157/557, myrrh.
 Myrk, 197/88, dark.
 Mys, 39/551, suffering; 195/26, evil.
 Mysfoundyng, 347/242, mistaken endeavour, mistake.
 Mysprase, 389/59, blame.
 Myssaes, 275/569, (?) discomforts.
 Myster, 107/231, need, require.
 Mytyng, 115/477, little one.
 Napand, 385/575, napping, catching, griping.
 Nar, 43/119; 124/246, nigh, nearer.
 Nate, 260/62, use.
 Nately, 121/158, quickly.
 Nawder, 14/193, neither.
 Nawre, 323/579, nowhere.
 Nawther, 132/504, neither.
 Ne, 297/118, nigh, near.
 Neemly, 123/271, nimbly.
 Nefe, 241/407, fist.
 Negh, 7/201, go nigh, approach.
 Negons, 385/571, misers.
 Neld, 13/123, needle.
 Nere-hand, 49/286, almost.
 Nese, 132/488, nose (?)
 Nesh, 133/545, soft, tender.
 Neuen, 23/13, name, relate; 194/266, speak of.
 Newys, 14/189, renews.
 Nokyns, 246/99, no kind of.
 Nold, 360/11, would not.
 Nome, 370/111, numb, benumbed.
 None, 32/317, noon.
 Nonys, the, 133/527 = then onys, then once, the nonce.
 Nores, 132/496; Norice, 396/79; Norysh, 262/141; nurse.
 Nose, 9/11, noise.
 Note, 31/264, occupation, business; 34/368, contention.
 Novels, 38/508, news.
 Nowche 391/138, brooch.
 Noy, 39/532, Noah.
 Noyes, 77/397, annoyances, hurts.
 Noynnyng, 281/65, noon-tide.
 Noytis, 69/154; 110/306; 194/266, notes, things: *see* Note.
 Nyfys, 377/323, trivialities.
 Nyghtertayl, 227/734, night-time.
 Nyk, 323/571, deny.

Nyll, 106/198, will not.
 O, 1/1, omega.
 Oker, 191/163, usury.
 Okerars, 376/297, usurers.
 Oneths, 182/42, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
 Onone, 4/99, anon, immediately.
 Ons, 238/326; Onys, 29/207, once.
 Oone-fold, 157/554, one.
 Oost, 202/256, host, company.
 Oostre, 32/329, hostelry, inn.
 Or, 196/32, before.
 Ordand, 26/119, ordain, make.
 Ore, 355/76, before, ago: *see* Are.
 Ostre, 386/603, entertainment.
 Other-gatis, 13/121, otherwise.
 Ouerlaide, 32/306, covered, flooded.
 Ouertwhart, 102/48, athwart, across.
 Out-horne, 232/139, hue and cry.
 Owe, 91/178, owes.
 Oy, Oves, 21/416, hear, listen, oh yes! (call for silence).
 Paddokys, 391/148, toads (or frogs).
 Paide, 31/283; Payde, 80/61, satisfied.
 Pall, 223/613, royal robe.
 Paramoure, 25/80, as a lover.
 Parel, 170/136, perils (?)
 Pask, 214/314, Passover.
 Paustè, 41/32, power.
 Pay, 76/373, satisfy, please; 175/326, beat.
 Payde, 218/470, pleased.
 Paynt, 117/28, painted, ornamented.
 Perche, 202/239, impeach.
 Pelt, 237/283, knock, thrust.
 Pent, 246/100, belonged.
 Perch, 251/233, pierce.
 Perles, 243/5, peerless.
 Pernafay, 80/67, by my faith.
 Pertly, 212/247, quickly, boldly.
 Peruyce, 240/387, church-porch.
 Peyre, 369/63, equal.
 Pight, 269/364, doubt (?)
 Pight, 285/188, fixed (?)
 Pik, 26/127, pitch.
 Pike-harnes, 10/37, plunderer of armour.
 Pilus, 376/290, folk with padded shoulders.
 Playn, 232/408; Plene, 189/99, full.
 Plenyd, 381/453, complained, bemoaned.
 Plete, 106/204; Pleyte, 287/248, plead.
 Plight, 327/56; Plyght, 88/91, guilt.

- Ply, 281/58, bend.
 Po, 117/37, peacock.
 Poece, 172/204, poet's (not Boece, as in margin).
 Pose, 113/423, catarrh, cold.
 Powderd, 107/216, salted.
 Poynt, 83/161, condition, danger.
 Pranky, 376/288, embroidered, be-decked.
 Pransawte, 385/561, prancing, showing off.
 Praty, 115/477, pretty.
 Prayse, 212/257, appraise, value.
 Prease, 65/19, crowd, throng: *see* Prese.
 Prefe, 72/255, prove.
 Prese, 253/313, crowd, throng.
 Prest, 220/510, ready, prompt.
 Prenaly, 253/292, privately.
 Preue, 151/338, private.
 Preuate, 80/125, privacy, secret.
 Propyce, 54/100, propitious.
 Prouand, 10/45, provender, food.
 Prow, 14/163, profit.
 Purs-cuttars, 291/375, purse-cutters.
 Purst, 107/209, put away.
 Purvay, 39/553, provide.
 Purvance, 117/33, provision, equipment.
 Pyk, 31/282, pitch.
 Pynd, 33/332, pinned, confined.
 Pynde, 47/220, pained, punished.
 Pyne, 29/227, punishment.
 Pystyll, 119/100, epistle.

 Quantyse, 66/65, skill, wisdom.
 Quarrell, 19/367, square bolt of a cross-bow.
 Quarte, 19/368, safety.
 Quell, 66/65, kill.
 Queme, 2/42, agreeable, pleasant.
 Querestur, 373/209, chorister.
 Quest-dytars, 373/185, inquest- or inquiry-holders.
 Quest-mangers, 205/25, inquest- or inquiry-holders.
 Quetstone, 230/80, whetstone.
 Queyd, 82/117, bad 'un.
 Qwantt, 135/593, clever, quaint.
 Qweasse, 132/487, wheeze, breathe.
 Qwelp, 113/425, whelp.
 Qweine, 365/365, please.
 Qwenes, 255/349, women.
 Qweyn, 83/164, woman.
 Qwite, 11/52, requite.

 Rad, 121/175; 270/384, afraid.
 Radly, 77/401; 168/65, readily, speedily.
 Rafe, 21/423, raves; 270/384, rave.
 Ragman (roll of), 374/224, document with seals.
 Rake, 168/65, course, path; 198/119, wander, go.
 Rake, 260/88, rack, torture.
 Rap, 237/300, hit, knock.
 Rase, 36/429, race, rush.
 Rathly, 270/402, quickly, promptly.
 Raunson, 269/354, ransom.
 Raw, 119/109, row, line.
 Rawth, 330/168, routh, pity.
 Rayd, 206/68, set in array, arranged.
 Recrayd, 321/507, recreant.
 Red, advice, plan.
 Rede, 4/111, advice, counsel; 7/202, command.
 Redles, 270/384, without counsel.
 Reepe, 16/235, sheaf.
 Refe, 245/65, rob, deprive of.
 Reffys, 371/146, thefts, spoil, plunder.
 Refys, 266/269, robbest of.
 Rehett, 171/161, rebuke.
 Rek, 16/247, care thou, heed thou.
 Reke, 372/168, smoke.
 Rekyls, 148/237, incense.
 Rekys, 5/129, care: *see* Rek.
 Reme, 252/258, realm, kingdom.
 Ren, 57/25, run, live.
 Renabyll, 231/110, reasonable.
 Renderars, 371/146, restorers.
 Renk, 168/70, man, warrior.
 Rentals, 371/134, rents(?).
 Rerd, 26/101, sound, noise.
 Res, 48/255; Resse, 273/481, race, rush.
 Rese, 245/62, crowd.
 Reue, 58/74, rob, plunder.
 Rew, 63/224, rue, be merciful.
 Rewyll, 222/585, order, line, row.
 Reyde, 7/114, advise, counsel: *see* Rede.
 Reyf, 83/174, deprive of, rob from: *see* Reue.
 Reyll, 125/274, set about it.
 Reynand, 26/111, running.
 Ro, 30/237; 266/269, quiet, repose.
 Roght, 78/11; 368/21, cared, recked.
 Rok, 33/338, distaff.
 Rok, 238/330, shake, agitate.
 Rose, 12/95, praise, glorify.
 Rost, cold, 21/421, cold roast meat.

Roton, 107/221, rotten.
 Route, 32/305, roaring noise.
 Rowne, 82/118, whisper.
 Rowte, 175/309, company.
 Royse, 4/111, praise.
 Roytt, 341/102, root.
 Rud, 391/145, redness of complexion.
 Rude, 271/440, rood, cross.
 Rng, 248/148, rock, agitate, shake.
 Runk, 82/118, whisper, talk.
 Ruse, 229/33, rose, praise.
 Rused, 273/492, praised, celebrated.
 Ryfe, 13/153, tear, split.
 Ryfe, 103/96, widely.
 Ryffen, 13/141, torn.
 Ryke, 103/92, realm.
 Rynes, 230/82, runs.
 Rype, 132/515, examine.
 Ryst, 65/47, rising, insurrection.
 Rytt, 198/109, disobedience (?)

Sadly, 206/60, firmly, seriously.
 Sagh, 56/16, saying: *see* Sawe.
 Sakles, 250/215, innocent.
 Sulys, 220/506, assails.
 Sam, 22/445, together.
 Samyne, 112/398, same.
 Sangre, 113/430, song.
 Santis, 40/555, saints.
 Saunce, 103/112, without.
 Sawe, 112/68; Sayes, *pl.* 55/107,
 saying, speech.
 Say, 323/563, tell.
 Sayll, 286/229, hall.
 Sayne, 43/107, bless; Saynyd, 55/106,
 blessed.
 Saynt, 123/209, show off (?)
 Seasse, 6/182, seize, give possession,
 install.
 Sectures, 392/167, executors.
 Securly, 34/372, surely.
 Sekir, 17/295; Sekyr, 8/249, sure.
 Selcowth, 67/103, strange, wonderful.
 Seme, 4/107, 112; Semys, 4/100, 104,
 suit, befitt.
 Sen, 212/259, since: *see* Sithen.
 Seniors, 204/8.
 Sere, 8/255, several, separate.
 Sese, 4/114, cease.
 Sew, 77/403, pursue.
 Seyll, 32/301, happiness.
 Seymland, 29/211, semblance, appear-
 ance.
 Seyr, 8/239, various, separate: *see*
 Sere.

Share, 351/329, cut, pierced.
 Shech, 205/52, speech, doctrine (?)
 Shene, 143/99, beautiful.
 Shent, 8/221, disgraced, destroyed.
 Sheynd, 76/376, destroy.
 Shog, 265/230, shake up and down.
 Shon, 46/200, avoid, escape.
 Shontt, 365/361, avoid, escape.
 Shope, 14/174, shaped, made.
 Shoterd, 370/98, shuddered.
 Shoynt, 13/153, shoes; 269/361, shone.
 Shrew, 19/341, curse.
 Shrogyss, 120/455, shrubs, brushwood.
 Shyld, 99/71; Outt-shyld, out-
 shelled (? *L. inanes*).
 Shyre, 18/317, clear.
 Sithe, 340/85, journey.
 Sithen, 12/103, afterwards, since.
 Sitt, 5/147, pain.
 Skar, 237/301, cross, angry (?)
 Skard, 124/289, scared, timid.
 Skarthis, 105/160, fragments.
 Skathe, 53/51, injury, loss.
 Skauuce, 20/401; Skawuce, 239/353,
 joke, make-believe.
 Skawde, 135/596, scold.
 Skawte, 385/559, blow, thrust.
 Skayll, 108/249, bowl, drinking-vessel.
 Skelp, 32/323, blow.
 Skete, 63/221, quickly.
 Skill, 6/260, reason.
 Skraw, 274/516, scroll.
 Skryke, 30/232, screech.
 Skryfte, 292/392, shift, trick.
 Skyllys, 44/133, reasons: *see* Skill.
 Slake, 249/189, loose, set free, humble.
 Slape, 21/414, slippery, crafty.
 Slef, 117/28, sleeve.
 Sleght, 169/121, scheme, trick: *see*
 Slyght.
 Slegthe, 263/157, sleight, contrivance.
 Slo, 19/371, slay.
 Sloghe (of-sloghe, ?) 128/385 (?)
 Slokyn, 138/677, quench.
 Slyght, 27/137, skill (?), 130/433, trick,
 contrivance.
 Slyk, 396/71, sleek, smooth.
 Slyke, 30/233, such.
 Slythys, 120/122, slides.
 Smeke, 17/286, smoke.
 Snek, 126/306, latch.
 Snoke-horne, 80/80, sneaking fellow.
 Soferand, 65/22, sovereign.
 Sogh, 109/274, sow.
 Sole, 34/391, hall.

- Somdele, 293/6, somewhat.
 Sond, 122/202, messenger.
 Sone, 63/221, soon.
 Soriorny, 300/237, sojourned.
 Sory, 31/264, miserable.
 Sotell, 67/83, subtle, clever.
 Sothen, 107/224, sodden, boiled.
 Sothfast, truthful.
 Sothle, 38/496, truly.
 Sow, 238/327, sound; 300/234, follow :
 see Sowys.
 Sowde, 110/312, sounded.
 Sowll, 105/152, sauce, relish.
 Sowre-loten, 119/102; -lotty, 232/
 123, sour-looking.
 Sowys, 73/283, follows.
 Soyne, 118/50, soon.
 Spar, 26/128, shut, keep; 27/130,
 beam, spar; 213/294, spare, scanty.
 Spart, 109/271, spare it (?).
 Sparyd, 296/104, enclosed, shut up.
 Spell, 113/412, speak.
 Spence, 251/249, expense, cash.
 Spill, 42/87, kill; 89/129, be de-
 stroyed.
 Spir, 373/206, ask : *see* Spyr.
 Spitus, 35/416, spiteful.
 Spra, 154/449; Spray, 172/219, sprout,
 spring, rise.
 Spreyte, 6/168, spirit.
 Sprote, 17/290, sprout.
 Spyll, 89/129, be destroyed.
 Spyr, 47/226, ask, enquire.
 Stad, 294/28, placed.
 Stald, 234/202, installed, set.
 Stall, 33/345, station.
 Stangyng, 228/11, stinging.
 Stanys, 10/47, stones.
 Stard, 179/427, stared (?).
 Stark, 31/268, stiff.
 Starnes, 2/50, stars.
 Sted, 7/206, stand, stop; 29/199,
 placed, situated.
 Stede, 2/38, place.
 Stegh, 53/37, ladder.
 Stenen (or stenen, steven), 221/546,
 ascend : *see* Stevyd.
 Stere, 235/350, move; 259/27, govern,
 control.
 Stere-tre, 36/433, tiller.
 Stersman, 293/259, pilot, guide.
 Steven, 14/175, voice.
 Stevyd, 364/336, ascended : *see*
 Stenen (*for* Stenen).
 Stevynd, 324/594, ascended.
 Stokyn, 299/205, fastened, shut up.
 Stold, 39/525, fixed.
 Stone-styll, 123/232; 125/280.
 Store, 114/456, stock.
 Stott, 133/518, bullock.
 Stoure, 297/131, tumult, battle.
 Stowke, 377/315, stook, pile of sheaves.
 Stownd, 336/337, moment, time.
 Stowndys, 313/254, fits of pain.
 Stowre, 155/497, trouble, vexation.
 Strayd, 180/481, strewd.
 Strenkyllid, 341/108, sprinkled.
 Strete, 52/7, road, way.
 Strewyd, 62/194, scattered, destroyed.
 Strut, 57/15, swelling, contention (?).
 Stry, 176/348, hag.
 Sty, 19/365, path, way; 361/262,
 ascend.
 Stynt, 6/161, cease.
 Styngyng, 156/525, rising, ascension.
 Stythe, 54/96, strong.
 Sudary, 318/390, napkin.
 Sufferan, 6/173; Suffrane, 80/81,
 sovereign.
 Swa, 155/486, so.
 Swalchon, 155/473, scamp.
 Swap, 247/136, stroke, cut.
 Swayn, 60/124, countryman, labourer.
 Swedyll, 130/432; 135/598, swaddle,
 wrap up.
 Swelt, 133/525, become faint.
 Sweypys, 272/470, whips, scourges.
 Swevyn, 128/384, dream, vision.
 Swogh, 162/68, swoon; 226/718,
 soughing, sound.
 Swongen, 272/470, beaten.
 Swylke, 351/333, such.
 Swyme, 10/27, dizziness.
 Swynk, 29/195, labour, toil.
 Swythe, 77/404, quickly.
 Syb, 191/167, relative.
 Sybre, 233/149, a term of abuse.¹
 Symnell, 292/389, sort of fine bread.
 Syne, 30/228, afterwards.
 Synthen, 190/113, since.
 Sythles, 332/234, times.
 Tabard, 177/357, short sleeveless coat.
 Talent, 83/157, service, disposal.

¹ The surname Sybry, Sibree is common in Yorkshire. Perhaps some malefactor of the name may have rendered it celebrated, so that it may have been half-jocularly put in here.—H. B.

- Tarid, 229/50, delayed (?)
 Tase, 146/185, takes.
 Tayll, 58/64, number.
 Temporal (law), 237/292, secular.
 Ten, 10/21, teeth.
 Tend, 11/73, tenth, tithe.
 Tendand, 245/89, attending.
 Tent, 3/291; 371/221, attend: *take*
tent, 1/211; 146/185, give attention;
 3/478, tenth.
 Tenys, 139/736, tennis.
 Tethee, 28/186, tetchy, touchy, testy.
 Teyn, 29/210, be vexed, injured; 123/
 218, vex, injure: 39/533, vexation,
 injury.
 Teynd, 5/144, tenth: *see* Tend.
 Teynfully, 167/56, cruelly.
 Thame, 21/420, them.
 Thar, 17/293; 43/117, is necessary.
 Tharnes, 128/391, bowels, bellies,
 children.
 Tharne, 149/272; Tharnys, 22/191,
 lack.
 Thaym, 20/412, them: *see* Thame.
 The, 32/328, prosper.
 Thee, 54/90, thigh.
 Ther, 282/106, must: *see* Thar.
 Thew, 14/185; 374/229, morals, man-
 ners, service.
 Tho, 30/228, them.
 Thole, 126/306, bear, suffer.
 Thoner-flone, 110/324, thunder-dart,
 lightning.
 Thoyle, 395/53, suffer: *see* Thole.
 Thrafe, 15/197, bundle, sheaf.
 Thrall, 22/464, slave.
 Thrang, 101/47, throng, company.
 Thraw, 10/30, short space of time.
 Thrawes, 348/250, throes.
 Threpe, 121/168, contradict, argue.
 Thro, 162/69, strongly, deeply; 328
 76, bold, eager.
 Throle, 291/357, boldly, severely.
 Throng, 112/416, pressed together.
 Thrug, 341/111, through.
 Thryng, 173/240, throng, press.
 Thurgh, 349/281, coffin.
 Thurt, 301/256, needed [=fallait]:
see Thar.
 Thwang, 123/211, be flogged.
 Thyrl, 251/234, pierce; Thyrllyd,
 271/429, pierced.
 Till, 61/151, to, unto.
 To, 266/268, according to, in, after.
 To, 60/152; 119/108; 270/385, till.
 To-draw, 321/506, pull to pieces.
 Tollare, 374/211, tax-gatherer.
 Tome, 133/547, empty; 210/201,
 leisure.
 Tou, 146/177, taken.
 To-name, 395/65, surname.
 To-tyre, 170/144, tear in pieces.
 Tonte, 3/63, fundament; 11/63, 64, arse.
 Toyles, 257/406, tools.
 Trace, 249/200, track.
 Trade, 340/87, trod.
 Traue, 95/330; Trayn, 163/93, trick,
 deceit, stratagem.
 Trant, 173/235, trick.
 Trast, 41/54, trusty.
 Trattys, 178/394, trotts, old women.
 Trauell, 13/152, labour.
 Trauresses, 298/153, traverses, thwarts.
 Traw, 12/115, trow, believe (*see*
Trow); 58/77, true
 Tray, 39/533, affliction, grief; 358/162,
 betray.
 Trew as steele, 26/120.
 Tristur, 373/208, tryst, station.
 Trone, 1/9, throne.
 Trow, 18/320, believe.
 Trowage, 84/198, fealty, allegiance.
 Trewth, 14/159, faith, belief.
 Trus, 31/316, pack up; 61/152, go
 away, be off.
 Trussell, 14/170, bundle.
 Tup, 104/117, ram.
 Twyfylys, 377/324, twirls, curls (?)
 Twyk, 263/171, twitch.
 Twyn, 18/325, 159/625, divide, sepa-
 rate.
 Tyde, 22/470, time, season.
 Tydely, 31/291, quickly.
 Tyme, 10/26, befall, happen.
 Tymely, *adv.* 133/524, early.
 Tynde, 101/39, lost: *see* Tynt.
 Tyne, 115/467, tiny.
 Tyne, 36/441; 339/72, lose.
 Tynt, 5/149, lost.
 Tyre, 149/285, tear, fight: *see* To-tyre.
 Tyte, 11/53; Tytt, 313/245, quickly.
 Tythand, 55/113, 128, tidings.
 Tythingis, 61/163; 320/479, tidings.
 Tytter, 73/293, quicker, sooner: *see*
 Tyte.
 Umbithynke, 5/123, bethink, meditate
 on.
 Umshade, 89/128, shade around, over-
 shadow.

- Umthynke, 303/318, meditate: *see* Umhithynke.
 Unbayn, 291/356, unready, disobedient.
 Unburnyd, 111/362.
 Unbychid, 291/356, disorderly (?)
 Unceyll, 100/3, unhappiness.
 Unconand, 204/1, ignorant.
 Undemyd, 235/230, unjudged.
 Under-lowte, 221/552, inferiors, subjects.
 Undughty, 291/368, unprofitable.
 Unethes, 181/7; Unoths, 273/476, scarcely, hardly.
 Unfylyd, 111/366, undefiled.
 Ungayn (at), 20/379, inconveniently.
 Ungrathly, 96/341, unsuitably.
 Unheynde, 224/642, discourteous, rude man (Jesus).
 Unnes, 391/158, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
 Unquart, 99/72, render unsafe, harass.
 Unrad, 285/214, imprudent.
 Unrid, 24/40; Unryde, 100/11, cruel, enormous.
 Unsoght, 26/97, unatoned for, irreconciled.
 Untill, 21/426, unto.
 Untrist, 332/210, untrusty.
 Unweld, 182/5; Unwelde, 91/171, impotent.
 Unwynly, 210/189, unpleasantly.
 Unyth, 164/135, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
 Upstevynyng, 357/123, ascension.
 Utward, 244/31, outwardly.
 Vales, 285/587, avails, is worth.
 Vantage, 243/17, advantage.
 Vanys, 4/111, vain, empty.
 Vayll, 243/19, avail, gain.
 Veray, 144/119, truly.
 Veryose, 107/236, verjuice.
 Vokettys, 367/9, advocates.
 Vowgard, 385/580, (?) place of security.
 Wafe, 21/430, wander (?)
 Waght, 286/218; 290/329, a bad way.
 Walk-mylne, 377/314, fulling mill.
 Walteryng, 124/236, rolling about.
 Wan, 13/139, won, acquired; 21/444, faint.
 Wandreth, 24/40, misfortune.
 Wane, 102/62, wagon.
 Wanhope, 220/507, despair.
 Wap, 223/593, wrap; 289/314, blow; 'at a wap,' in a moment.
 War, 43/113, aware; 10/25, 29, an exclamation, a hunter's cry.
 Wardan, 341/113, keeper, guardian.
 Wared, 50/14; Waris, 50/14, cursed, curses: *see* Warrie.
 Warkand, 52/8, aching.
 Wardis, 13/150, world's, wordly.
 Warloo, 137/640; Warlow, 71/232, sorcerer, traitor, devil.
 Warly, 366/409, warily (or wary) (?)
 Warpyd, 271/413, east.
 Warrie, 6/156, curse.
 Wars, 16/250, worse.
 Warte, 375/252, spend it.
 Wary, 29/208, curse: *see* Warrie.
 Waryson, 79/44, treasure, reward.
 Wast, 95/332, waste, void.
 Wat, 10/14, man.
 Wate, 382/485, wet.
 Wate, 36/444, know; Wayte, 118/75, knows: *see* Wote.
 Wate, 213/283, tricked.
 Waten, 358/161, watch.
 Wathe, 37/486, hunting, prey.
 Waue, 231/103, move to and fro.
 Wawghes, 36/426, waves.
 Wayrd, 300/238, ward, guardianship.
 Wel 11/53; 3/147, an exclamation.
 Wed, 339/56, pledge.
 Wede, 139/731, garments; 162/47, be mad, rage.
 Weders, 36/451, storms.
 Wedyng, 119/92, wedding, marrying (the evils of).
 Weft, 21/435, weft, woven stuff: "Ill-spun weft ay comes foul out."
 Weld, 44/126, wield, rule; Weldand, 38/494, wielding, ruling.
 Welke, 348/261, walked.
 Welland, 75/344, boiling, bubbling.
 Welner, 128/387, well-near, almost.
 Welthly, 6/185, happy, delightful.
 Wem, 87/37, spot, stain.
 Wemay! 13/148, an exclamation, Oh! by God! *see* We!
 Wemles 221/541, spotless.
 Wemo! 15/198; Wemmow! 334/291, Oh! by God! *see* We! Wemey!
 Wend, 8/250, thought, supposed.
 Wene, 83/165, believe, suppose: *see* Weyn.
 Wenyand, 15/226, waning of the moon, unlucky time.
 Wenys, 13/149, thinkest.

- Were, 41/22, doubt; 69/151, defend, save.
 Weyn, *vb.* 20/387, believe, suppose; *sb.* 67/108: 221/553, doubt.
 Weynd, 13/132, go.
 Whia? 319/439, who?
 Whake, 62/182, quake, tremble.
 Whannow, 345/184, what now.
 Whartfull, 52/29, safe and sound.
 Whynt, 208/144, quaint, clever.
 Wheme, 58/62, please.
 Whik, 134/548; Whyk, 236/265, living.
 Whyr, 104/117, be quiet.
 Whystyll, wett hyr, 119/103, drunk beer, &c.
 Whyte, 125/294, requite, suffer for it.
 Wight, 252/264, nimbly; *see* Wyghtly.
 Wilson, 324/604, bewildered.
 Wish, 142/72, guide, direct.
 Wist, 43/89, knew.
 Wit, 43/96, know.
 Wite, *vb.* 18/322, blame.
 Wittely, 338/41, wisely.
 Wode, 19/350, mad: *see* Wood.
 Wogh, 39/533, evil, harm.
 Wold, 57/32, wielding, dominion, power.
 Wols-hede, 232/139, wolf's-head, outlawry.
 Wone, 4/93, dwell; 46/196, wont, accustomed to do.
 Won, 240/391, wound.
 Wonden, 278/656, wrapped.
 Wone, 13/116, custom, habit; 'in wone,' habitually: 6/184, habitation.
 Womyng, *a.* 6/180, dwelling.
 Wood, 14/173; Woode, 14/159, mad.
 Worth, 292/404, become, be to; 'well worth,' farewell!
 Worthely, 6/184, worthy, stately.
 Wote, 19/375, know.
 Woth, 35/416, peril.
 Wragers, 102/58: Wragger, 371/143, wranglers.
 Wake, 27/138, injury, vengeance.
 Wrast, 69/150, wrest, twist.
 Wrears, 371/143, wrigglers, twisters: *see* Wryers.
 Wrich, 270/397, wretched.
 Wright, 301/246, carpenter.
 Wrichtry, 30/250, carpentry, workmanship.
 Wrokyn, 40/276, avenged.
 Wrongwosly, 58/58, wrongfully.
 Wryers, 102/58; 371/143, wrigglers, twisters.
 Wryng, *sb.* 235/237, twist.
 Wrytt, 59/106, writing, scripture.
 Wyghtly, 178/396; Wightly, 223/593; nimbly, quickly.
 Wyk, 236/262, wicked.
 Wyle, 71/233, wile, delude with sorcery.
 Wyll of reede, 80/75, wild in counsel, bewildered.
 Wyn, 6/185, joy; 23/24, get, move.
 Wyn, 283/153, labour, contention (? pleasure).
 Wyuk, 15/227, sleep.
 Wys, 58/49; Wyse, 82/122, teach, show, point out, guide.
 Wysh, 85/240, guide, direct: *see* Wys and Wish.
 Wyte, 95/332, impute; 252/278, be blamed.
 Wytterly, 58/59, surely, certainly.
 Yai, 11/51, yea.
 Yare, 44/121, ready; 156/514, quickly.
 Yate, 53/40, gate.
 Yede, 75/342, went: *see* Yode.
 Yeld, 56/135, recompense.
 Yelp, 32/321, boasting.
 Yeme, 237/292, take care of, carry out; 341/112, observe, regard.
 Yerde, 230/69, garden.
 Yerdys, 93/248, rods, wands.
 Yere-tyme, 15/200, (?) ear-time, plowing-time; or the proper season, time of year.
 Yerne, 191/174, yearn for, covet.
 Yheme, 58/61, observe, keep holy.
 Ylahayll! 72/258, bad luck to you!
 Yode (MS. yede), 41/29, went.
 Yowthede, 90/165, youth.
 Yoyll, 239/344, Yule, Christmas.
 Yrk, 197/84, unwilling, weary.

INDEX OF NAMES, OF PERSONS, PLACES, ETC.

(This does not pretend to be complete. The name of an Actor is often given only at his or her first appearance.—F. J. F.)

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 Abel, 11/57, &c.; 182/13
 Abiran, 303/331
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- White-horne, 10/42, Cain's ox (?)
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- Zachary, Elizabeth's husband, 89/136, and John the Baptist's father, 195/14

OMISSIONS FROM GLOSSARY.

Abowne, ? *vb.* ? 167/49.
 Agane, *adv.* with ellipsis of *go.*—He shall be sent to where he came from, 80/34, 150/318.—B.
 And, *sb.* breath, 182/34.
 Bat, *sb.* blow, 180/490.
 Bekkys, begs; or bows (?), 384/557.
 Befon, be found (?), 38/503.—B.
 Berd, beard, played them a trick, 171/189.—B.
 Bere, "draw," of ship (water), 36/434.
 Beyd, offer, 77/409.
 Bore, *sb.* bore, holes bored in the Cross, 313/253.—B.
 Chace, *sb.* privilege of hunting, 174/270.—B.
 Crisp, *sb.* fine linen, 377/323.
 Croyne, *vb.* croon, sing (punctuation wrong), 131/472.—B.
 Euer amang, continually, 20/391.
 Fed, bred, 52/63.
 Fele, conceal, 79/42.—B.
 Ffor, against, 204/9.

Hede, head-dress, 374/243.—B.
 Hose, hoarse, 129/416.
 Idyls, renders vain, 377/326.
 Lede, people, 295/62.—B.
 Lendyng, residing, 102/80.
 Loke, ordain, provide, 330/72.
 Nyk, *add*—with nay, 323/571.
 Ragyd, the=devil, 75/337.
 Sleght, *adj.* tricky, 173/235.
 Sloes, *pr. s.* slays, 345/195.—B.
 Somkyns, of some kind, 139/708.
 Sowchid, suspected, 385/569.
 Stevyn, set—, appointed time, 342/126.
 Stry, *vb.* strive (?), 177/380.
 Syde, long, 374/243; Side, 375/270.
 Take, give, 291/377.
 To-har, drag to pieces, 297/142.—B.
 Trete, on—, in order (?), 371/130.
 Unthankys, myn—, unwillingly, 14/187.
 Wheder, neuer the—, nevertheless, 93/265.
 Wyt, wit, 79/42.

SUGGESTED EMENDATIONS IN GLOSSARY.

Blure, 374/220, *i. q.* Blowre, pustule; *lit.* bladder.—See Blure, in *York Plays*, 85/294.
 Crate, 242/427, an error for Trate; Trot, old woman. It was in connection with this word that Halliwell in his *Dict.* (*s. v.* Crate) erred in correcting Ritson for reading (*Anc. Pop. Poetry*, p. 77), "my wyfe that olde *trate*."—See *Sir Ferumbras*, E.E.T.S., 50/1370, "that olde *trate*;" also *ibid.*, note, p. 205, last line.
 Haffes, destitute (have less), 180/484.
 Hak, stammer, 131/476.
 Kynke, pant, 372/152.
 Lak, fault, blame, 68/118.
 Lote, 129/409, bow, inclination of head.
 Merkyd with that measse, 70/175.

See *Messe* in Stratmann, and quotation from *York Plays*, xi. 162.
 Muster, shew, carry into effect, 298/177.—B.
 Quarrell, quarry, 19/367, Jamieson.—The Glossary rendering is no sense.
 Reyll, stray abroad, 125/274.
 Sathan, satin, 377/325 (a play upon the word Satan).
 Skar, to, in mockery (?), 237/301.
 Sowys sore, 73/283, afflicts: a not uncommon allit. collocation; *rid.* Barbour, xvi. 628; *Wars Alex.* (Skeat), 2313, 5348; L. Minot, v. 12.
 Wenyand, in the, 15/226, etc. (as much as), curse it, or, curse thee.
 Wone, in, 13/116, in abundance.
 Wyll of reede, at a loss for advice, 80/75.

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The Society intends to complete, as soon as its funds will allow, the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866, and also of nos. 20, 26, and 33. Dr. Otto Glanving has undertaken *Seinte Marherete*; and Dr. Furnivall has *Hali Meidenhad* in type. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noticed by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes.

March 1907. A gratifying gift is to be made to the Society. The American owner of the unique MS. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryus and Cleopar was sketched by Dr. Furnivall last year in his new edition of *Political, Religious and Love Poems*, No. 15 in the Society's Original Series—has promised to give the Society an edition of his MS. prepared by Dr. Hardin Craig of Princeton, and it will be issued this year as No. 132 of the Original Series. The giver hopes that his example may be followed by other folk, as the support hitherto given to the Society is so far below that which it deserves.

The Original-Series Texts for 1906 were No. 130, Part II of the englishting, ab. 1450 A.D., of the Deeds in the *Register of Godstow Nunnery*, edited from the unique MSS. by the Rev. Andrew Clark, LL.D.; No. 131, *The Brut*, or *The Chronicles of England*, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. F. Brie, Part I.; No. 132, *John Metham's Works* mentioned above will probably be issued in 1907 for 1906.

The Original-Series Texts for 1907 will be, No. 133, Part I of the *English Register of Osney Abbey*, by Oxford, edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark, LL.D., already issued, and No. 134, Part I of the *Coventry Lcet Book*, copied and edited for the Society by Miss M. Dormer Harris—helped by a contribution from the Common Council of the City:—it will be published by the Society as its contribution to our knowledge of the provincial city life of the 15th century.

Among the Texts for 1908 and 1909 will be Part II of *The Brut*; Part III of the *Alphabet of Tales*, edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks; Part III of the *English Register of Godstow Nunnery*; Part II of the *English Register of Osney Abbey*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark, and Part II of the *Coventry Lcet Book*, copied and edited by Miss M. Dormer Harris. Future Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, edited by Dr. Furnivall, with a Glossary of Wm. of Wadlington's French words in his *Manuel des Pechez*, and comments on them, by Mr. Dickson-Brown; Part II of the *Exeter Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthausen's *Vices and Virtues*; Part II of *Jacob's Well*, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative *Siege of Jerusalem*, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kölbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier's *Quadrilogue*, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford MS. No. 85, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough has given the Society a copy of the Leofric Canonical Rule, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. C. Cambridge, and Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the englisht Capitula of Bp. Theodulf: it is now at press.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1906 are to be No. XCVII, *Lydgate's Troy Book*, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. Hy. Bergen, Part I; No. XCVIII, *Skelton's Magnificence*, edited by Dr. R. L. Ramsay, with a special Introduction; No. XCIX, *The Romance of Emarc*, re-edited by Miss Edith Rickert, Ph.D.

Further Extra-Series Texts for 1907, &c., will be *The Harrowing of Hell*, four parallel Texts, re-edited by Prof. Hulme, with an Introduction tracing the history of the Legend from the East; *Lydgate's Troy Book*, Parts II and III, edited by Dr. Hy. Bergen; *Ballads and Carols* from Jn. Hyde's Balliol MS., edited by Dr. R. Dyboski; *The Owl and Nightingale*, two parallel Texts, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes; Dr. Erbe's re-edition of *Mirk's Festial*, Part II; Dr. M. Konrath's re-edition of *William of Shoreham's Poems*, Part II; Prof. Erdmann's re-edition of *Lydgate's Siege of Thebes* (issued also by the Chaucer Society); Prof. I. Gollancz's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, *Winner and Waster*, &c., ab. 1360; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital*, London, from the unique MS. ab. 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; *The Craft of Nombryng*, with other of the earliest englisht Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and Miss Warren's two-text edition of *The Dance of Death* from the Elksmere and other MSS.

These Extra-Series Texts ought to be completed by their Editors: the Second Part of the prose Romance of *Melusine*—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A. (now in India); and a new edition of the famous Early-English Dictionary (English and Latin), *Promptorium Parvulorum*, from the Winchester MS., ab. 1440 A.D.: in this, the Editor, the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, M.A., will follow and print his MS. not only in its arrangement of nouns first, and verbs second, under every letter of the Alphabet, but also in its giving of the flexions of the words. The Society's edition will thus be the first modern one that really represents its

original, a point on which Mr. Mayhew's insistence will meet with the sympathy of all our Members.

Later Texts for the Extra Series will include *The Three Kings' Sons*, Part II, the Introduction, &c., by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of *The Chester Plays*, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's *Orthographie* (MS. 1551 A.D.; blackletter 1569), and *Method to teach Reading*, 1570; Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Soule*, in English prose, edited by Prof. Dr. L. Kellner. (For the three prose versions of *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguilleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deguilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pèlerinage de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.¹ Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,² a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Land Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740.³ A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Land MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library:⁴ "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herrtage's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1464,⁵ Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguilleville's first verse *Pèlerinage* into a prose *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*.⁶ By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguilleville's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitellius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chaucer's englishing of Deguilleville's *ABC* or *Prayer to the Virgin*, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 main gaps, besides many small ones from the tops of leaves being burnt in the Cotton fire. All these gaps (save the A B C) have been filled up from the Stowe MS. 952 (which old John Stowe completed) and from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cotton, Tiberius A vii. Thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, a complete text of Lydgate's poem has been given. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 43997, and Additional 22,937⁸ and 25,594⁹) are all of the First Version.

Besides his first *Pèlerinage de l'homme* in its two versions, Deguilleville wrote a second, "de l'ame separée du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Iesus." Of the second, a prose

¹ He was born about 1295. See Abbé GOUJET's *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX, p. 73-4.—P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1833.

² The Roxburghe Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.

³ These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

⁴ Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.

⁵ According to Lord Aldenham's MS.

⁶ These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.

⁷ 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

⁸ 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

⁹ 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, *de l'Âme*: both incomplete.

Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Sowle* (with poems by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,¹ at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of addicions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisier's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose englishing of the *Sowle* will be edited for the Society by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner after that of the *Man* is finisht, and will have Gallopes's French opposite it, from Lord Aldenham's MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the *Pilgrimage of Jesus*, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press, a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—tho' it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Simmers would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints' Lives will be found valuable incidental details of our forefathers' social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be looked on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Land set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Land 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Trevisa's englishing of *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval Cyclopædia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfrie's prose,² Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfrie's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kölling left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Ancren Riwle*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thimmmler. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölbng, the living Hausknecht, Eikenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schliek, Herzfeld, Brandeis, Sieper, Konrath, Wülling, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (alas, now dead);—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noves Colvin, Miss Rickert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Perrin, Craig, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has cald forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

¹ Ab. 1420, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and danand souls, fires, angels, &c.

² Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfrie Society, are still in stock.

Of the Veredli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.

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